Barque Cicero Journal, na Voyage to Capt. D'wen Hillman, gr mein the Eleman Je b. Elinemiach 18 Jan. 180 4 Brick Cicero 252 Toj new Bidford, O went Hellensing, Cay Kollock & Grimell Owners Whaling Ground - South atlantie. June 2. 1835 - march 11, 1837 325 Bbls Sperm.
1,164. Whale vil.
8,808 L les Whalelone Java n. B South literatie june 18, 1833 - March 14, 183.5

6- age 29 Martie himmen

Ship Cicero - 252 Timo new Bedfind, mas. Capt. Hillman Whaling Ground- South atlantic June 12, 1838 to June 1, 1840 310 bbls. Sperm 1012 bbls. Whale-oil about to m bleaking hist a-M. F.) This Log Open Hellinger in procession of Turs Benul T. Hillman for her grandson O men Hillman)

Extracts copied meh 15, 1926 by E. M. W.



Journal of a voyage to the South attender commencing June 12 th 1838 Lutte Ship Cicers Treesday) at 6 a m tore the access and teat quell 2 out of the bay at 12 m Wed. June 3) The Pilot left at 5 Pm part homansland. Sunday The meather is peculiarly fair July 1st) or there should be nothing to disturb us was it not the strongly of leaving lime Oh home home itrat adoud place permit me i had me more to return to it again of theribe I shall never lunt it again. July 2. ... lime home sweet meet home there is no prace it come & nothing but poretty shall entice met leavi il a should I be permited one more to return in Safety when I reflect when I reflect on the many trappy hours of specif during to. year blist as I was with an affectione companion I say when I replies on this? mayer the the undertaken the



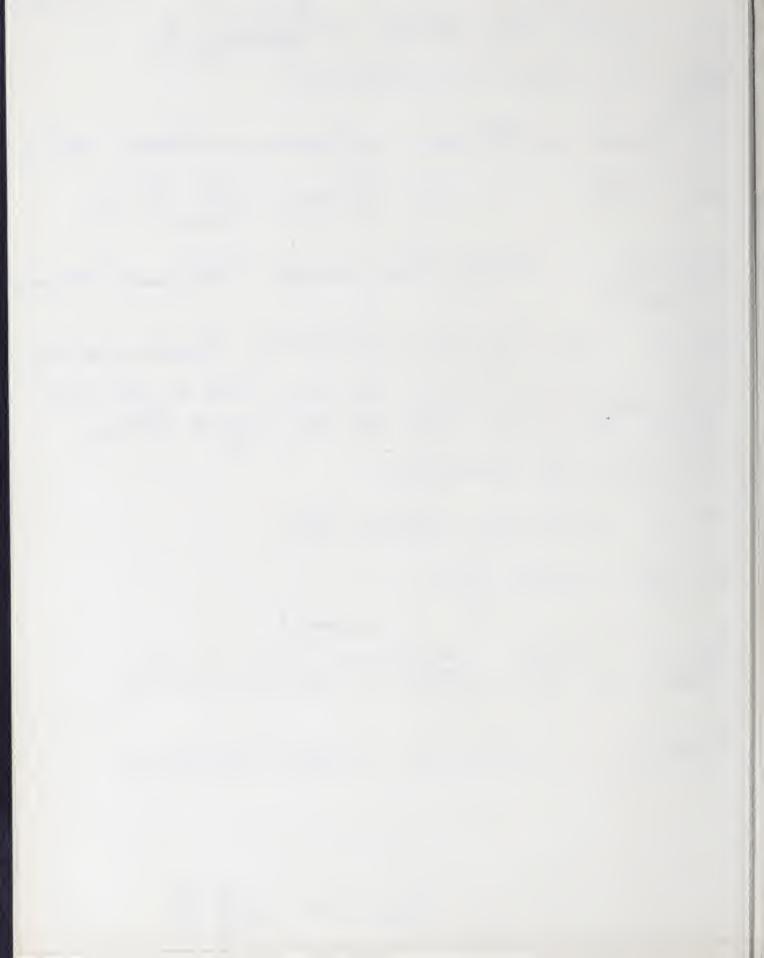
lying my and on the north us Midwiday tayal saw the land becasingly Justy 11 Figure shower 1 22 m and I can truly say this is the most lonesum part? nug life I believe staying at home me year has caused me many hours pane I Cen mly look back and the pleasure 9 enjuged title without seeing the perplication Thursday lying of Faralithe weather leas July 12) ben thick you more than a week and no sines of fair reacher this surtinely is discorrageing with a person that can thento of but ton Places one where his wife is the outer where she is not. July 18 ets | System Marlows of hew London with July 22 Steering along Perserva! I which goe last part lights muss o peracers brune July 24 Stord 17 South day Si Muchulo Buy topsing there is find what we were so long Vislus with success from perused by some of my friends which will worken all importections in the writer.



Oct 1 - all these 24 hours storm of m the North no oles, three days the Sun not Seen rain continually is their a life fr. a human being would not States prism for excell it and in fact the most Loneron dungen would not exceed it thus we drag out a miserable existance deprived of all Society hemed up with in the nurrow lunits of a Ship see nothing under you but the scan or desirable. I return that makes life hor, 20. I do not see the least property oftaining a cargo of the the wind reas where the north and west and three fourths the Time a perfect storm. It is sildam - see we les and nine sil com that we get fast to them und when we do is to feel theen we love them maccount to beather. Rec 15 - 70 bbl whale 36 31 Rec 19 - 100 le Whale 25.156 De 30 Sprhe the Bark Ocene rword 90 Rays out although and a construct came om the same tron that I helper to a him

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me Brother & 7 Sisters of Trust me green thought me worth wrighting to gave 27 Sam too Ships no whole no Whales no Whale no Whole mo bles. hay 17:125 14 ch - 130 bbl whale South Saw the Land Tristrand Fearing For at 2 PM saw 2" whealer factured of keld live to the Ship Took in all sing synthem the night at daylight Geoms. Cul 4 at 11 trushes. wr 24 - pastered & Relled To homes rulled to (Capt Perry - So adantic ing 4,1838 - may 20, 1840 375-725) may 30 langles Sward fish Lat 39 day I for my 70



Sansit Thesa a row and dislocked to the form of these to the form to the tree to the form of the tree to the tree The the Knight unployed in Free my My Ciert Capt of Jara 1833 Omn Hillman fr. 1804 married 1827



Factories Cambridge Chicago Ilion, (N.Y.) New York London

Library Department
Boston Division
G.T.Corning. Manager
89 Federal Street

Boston August 26, 1925.

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Mgr. Boston Library Division.

- - 7 Java 1928enur Lysa. It suip Cise o her. Land a sail on a person

SPECIAL EXTRA CASH PRIZES

PRIZES of \$10, \$7.50, \$5. and ten \$1 prizes will be amarded to the representatives who send the most Everybody's subscriptions in November.

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

PRIZES of \$10, \$7.50, \$5 and ten \$1 prizes will be awarded to the representatives who make the biggest improvement over their October records. All four magazines will count.

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PRIZES of \$10, \$7.50, \$5 and ten \$1 prizes will be awarded to the representatives in towns of 2500 and less who send the most subscriptions in November. Every order - to all four magazines - will count toward these prizes.

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

PRIZES of \$5, \$3, \$2 and ten \$1 prizes will be awarded to the NEW representatives - producing for the first time in November - who send us the most subscriptions. All four magazines will count.

co Galeforma on bon i sark Latter had time to rea anding out Alle should get into to the w. you do, Mr. Sper al slike cali "octed his fragments; pressed laughte asking ! = Sp the ligh turn his _ " fangi me reb's arm, strode to a space on the bank, and stood beckoning . and a yoke of one on the opposite shore. ives omen, I'm . In the few moments thus occupied Margain · 5 and an se bewong 'ved every expedient. She was comple " 35 fr Long to be to a bogon re's power; a fate lay before her from "would afford any release, and great on drive to "1d be withheld from her. opening back two line sut being him was, she re-She s. She s. mer / 1 23 LT hold to at which enver my little delig with a fle of my tre but nnel. he too! listen, 1 that he co he would aenly occurr Mem When he had finished his signals to his companion, he turned and followed her with a rapid walk. through the tunnel, along the line on which I was ee i oi ight wi mily As Margaret felt him nearing her she was paraproceeding, while the passenger train, now di iing. lyzed. The world grew black, she suffocated, her came on in the opposite direction? I had n limbs gave way beneath her, she staggered forward thought of this before. And yet I was aware that and fell. In doing so, with the last act of conthe number of casual trains on a well-frequented sciousness, she knew that a ball whizzed over her railway is very considerable at particular seasons. head. One of those flashes of expiring intelligence ידופת לחיים יי Should I turn back, reach the mouth of the tun-.nat hail-storm which reveal so much came to her. She realized nel again, and wait until the passenger train had e : n miles home. Now it's my opinion that she was killed, -and at the same time that passed, when I could then follow along the down that you couldn't do that little trick to-day with death was preferable to capture, and with this line of rails-knowing that no other train was any two horses in Illinois, not if you soak their conviction she sank upon the ground. likely to follow it for at least a full quarter of an tails in turpentine the night before, and touch a UNDER THE TRAIN. match to 'em, just as you say-Git out of this!" hour? But the shaft, down which the light now faint-Taking a furtive survey of his audience, and ly streamed, was nearer to me than the mouth of hooking his heel firmly on the round of his chair, I have been for many years in the employment the tunnel; and I resolved, therefore, to make he braced himself for a final tale. of the Telegraph Company, chiefly in the inspecfor that part where there was, I knew, ample "When I first came here in 1849, those oxen tion and repair of the telegraph wires, and their room outside of both lines of rail to enable me to were steers. Stock was rather scarce then, and fixings, which are subject to many accidents, and stand in safety until the down train had passed. I worked the critters in early. Well, one day, require constant looking after to insure their in-So I strode on. But a low, hollow murmur, as if old Tennessee Smith, down by the Lillycache, tegrity and efficiency. Even when carried through of remote thunder, and then a distant scream, had cut a red elm, and it got lodged in the Sloo, tunnels, in gutta percha casings, embedded in which seemed to reverberate along the tunnel, fell and none of them dared venture out to cut it leaden tubes, they are liable to accidents-from upon my ear-doubtless the passenger train whi clear. So they hitched on all the oxen they had, passing luggage wagons, or, in winter, from lumps I had been expecting entering the tunnel mout and tried to drag it upon the bluff. But with of ice falling down the sides of the shafts, and But looking ahead at the same time, I discersix yoke they couldn't make it let go. Then through the gleam of daylight, at the botte damaging the tubes. It appears that, oné day, somebody said send for Spencer's steers. When the doors of a coal-wagon had got loose in the the shaft toward which I was approaching. Smith's boy came, I told him you can have the long tunnel of a railway, and, dashing back seemed a spark of fire. It moved-consteers, Charley, but no one ever drives 'em but against the sides of the tunnel, had torn the tubes, one of the laborers of whom I was in se me. So I yoked up and went down. When I increased. For an instant I lost it. Again ? 64 and even cut across the wires in many places got there I said, gentlemen, take away your ox-The telegraph was, therefore, broken; it could time it looked brighter. A moaning, tir 02 and they did. Then I told 'em to cut a welt not be worked, and several workmen were sent noise crept along the floor of the vault. I, -9-nd the log, so that my chain would lie in into the tunnel to execute the necessary repairs. still with fear, for the noise of the train behi. h with the outside of the bark. Then I cut Then, in my capacity of inspector, it was neceswas rapidly increasing; and turning for an in that direction, I observed that it was on this welt to the end of the butt, so sary for me to visit the workmen, ascertain the 'aut of my chain wouldn't catch in the nature of the damage that had been done, and sight. I could no longer disguise from .h. Then I put the chain round and give directions on the spot, as to the repairs, the that I stood full in the way of another 36 a, and took up my whip, and just gave necessity for completing which was of the greatvancing from the opposite direction. ers a cheerful start with the lash. They est urgency. before me was the engine lamp; it wa to it, and jerked the log about two feet, I knew very well that the tunnel was of great liant as a glowing star, and the roar of and there it stuck fast. Then I yelled and put length-rather more than two miles long-and of the train was now fully heard amid . e two little fellows leaned that the workmen, who had set out in the morn-It came on with a velocity which ust shivered a minute, and ing from the station nearest to the tunnel, had

journal of a voyage from Mattah ett to Tan Francisco 1850 Stering by hinding to whole the mind hart heading Wife parter hart & string brune heading wall Judday Heb 26 # 1856. Hist part fine weather and god brute from It & Source heading Nap - Lear 14"37" Long 10737 Wednesday Jan 27/10/951 First part fam weather and moderate iter a good sisses in hading New by Momiddle part almost calm for of the time latter part a good brun sturing by heading full by the Long 189" 11 Home Thursday Jet 28th 1850 First-parities ine weather and good bruse from NAE steering by heading & My by windelle hast hearing, Lat-16:37" Long 110" 49 my . What a wy the March 1d 1850 First frast from weather and good sruce from. Inty to. steering by hearing wife forth model bart heading Rupe Latter part strong bruse heading the by & Jong 113 mp Tamurday March 3° 1850 First part hary and strong brien storing by wading Whyte at a the took in light sails at 8 Ph tacked ship and stood to the eastward with our courses handed up mindelle part tocked ato the westward a 12t Ochoch strong aruse and thick Atter hart he sed of Bests pland at 9 Relock at 10 bearing North The state of the s

s duty Middle and last spart the Sume a he Sauce as school of whales Spenned there their Some The Fails to the say & at daylight the Lity I gat Bookedast and Samed the Posts fastend have simpolary in taking them to the Ships Lang Dy At 42:11 Minthe slight ares from South singly in the Whates to the Ships at & Counst Cuting the thright at daythight lowns lating at many Dy Als 262 51 Lang By Chris 42:59 ing and Bailing the Case at to finished finish the sails and the mater to Why danth Get the mater hast when the sails and make mater heat De ales 25-240 hand Ty Start 42 h8 doesesday All these twenty faun hours The their advantage Lat & Jan newaing of semast heany Sic The The Buy all well will man



SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY PROFESSOR A. G. EMERICK. Published by G. B. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.



1

Nobly he stood in the midst of the fight,

With the flag of the west waving o'er him;

And its star-spangled folds were the pride of his sight

With the foes of his country before him.

Where the battle was fierce o'er the rugged ravine,

He thought not of pause or surrender;

But foremost and first of his ranks he was seen,

The nation's unshrinking defender.

2.

At wild Buena Vista the foc he had met,

To contend for his country and glory;

And twice o'er the fight, ere the red sun had set,

He fell on the battle-field gory.

"O, give to my sire my weapons," he cried;

"I have used them as duty commanded—

Press ye on to the fight," he repeated, and died,

As his soul for his country expanded.

3.

They buried him there on the field of the fray,
With the funeral guns o'er him booming,
To sleep till conducted in silence away,
Where the soil of Kentucky was blooming.
They mourn'd for the fallen at Ashland's retreat,
On the joyless return of the morrow;
And the heart of the nation in unison beat
With the throbbings of filial sorrow.

4.

His relies they bore from their war-crimson'd bed
That his bones might his birth-sod encumber;
And many a tear for the hero was shed
O'er the last hallow'd place of his slumber.
An army of friends form'd his burial train,
And with funeral garlands they crown'd him;
And they laid him to rest, and they let him remain
With the flag of his country around him.

The above Song was written by Thomas G. Spear, Esq., on hearing of the death of Lieu Col. Henry Clay It. 2. Buena Viets. It is intended to some the beair of the Burial of Sections. Moore

UATORING A MARSHAL

Ingion street (says the Boston Daily 2.) behind an anim which he prized very highly for her many good qual. She is not the best piece of horse flesh, to look at, that was, but she is really a "great one to go." Just bey Boyleston street, the gentleman espied the city marsh heading towards the Neck, probably to take some moto put a stop to the fast driving. The marshal was to ride and accepted. The two rode together entered upon the ground where the racing usual'

At this point the gentleman passed the reins shal, with the request that he would hold them (the gentleman) adjusted his coat. The mars) nerously complied. No sooner were the ribbons in I key's hands, than a familiar word wos spoken to the aniby her master, when she carefully laid her nose breast, and "put." Away she went, tearing the leading every other "team" upon the track, and shal holding on for dear life. When we last saw then police officer was in chase, to learn the driver's name the purpose of entering a complaint against them driving.

A TEA-SING REPLY.

A poor mechanic in Dublin, having signed the pledge of abstinence at the earnest request of his wife, took it into his head one day that his better half should also sacrifice some of the "creature comforts" not only for economy's sake, but also that she might know from experience what it is to stain from a favorite indulgence. He began his reforstriking out the item tea from the domestic expenditures This was almost too much for the wife, who went about complaining of such ungenerous conduct to all the neighbors. Her lamentations reached the ear of a charitable old maid, who knowing how to feel for a fellow-being deprived of what in her mind constituted the charm of life, coasent and promised to make her a small weekly allowance of fragrant shrub. When the mechanic returned home to night, he found his wife in high spirits. She had somethin to taunt him about now. "There!" said she, as she conclu ded the story of her good luck and exhibited the first insta ment. "Well," quietly said the husband, "if your rich frien keeps you in tea, I shall have to keep you in hot water."

SAVING THE "ILE."

An amusing story is told of a newly appointed light hor keeper:—Immediately after he took possession of the light complaints were made that his lights went out by twel o'clock. The proper officer was at once sent to look in the matter, and he was told that complaints were managainst him.

"For what?" was his inquiry.

"Why," replied the officer, "they say your lights do burn after 12 o'clock at night."

"Well," was his reply, "I know they don't, for I put the out myself then, for I thought all the vessels had got in that time, and I wanted to save the ILE!"

STAMMERING.

Stammering (says Coleridge) is sometimes the cau a jun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's present cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restricte Duchess in rushing up to the embrace of her son, she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisted receiving him in state.

"How horribly cold it was," said the narrator.
"Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way, "but you
he is the Duke of Cu-cum-ber-land."

JUDICIAL ANECDOTE.

In a note to his life of Chief Justice Mansfield, Lord bell tells us that he once heard a judge at Stafford set a prisoner convicted of uttering a forged one pour when, after having pointed out to him the enormity offence, and exhorted him to prepare for another widignitary thus concluded: "And I trust that, thromerits and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, you rexperience that mercy which a due regard to the the paper currency of the country forbids you to here!"

A CHILD'S WITTY LOGIC.

"I have," writes a correspondent, "a pretty, br juvenile friend, some five years of age, named Rodays ago she was teazed a good deal by a gently visits the family, who finally wound up by saying I don't love you." "Ah, but you've get to be said the child. "Why?" asked her tornient it is aid Rosa, "the Bible says you mist is not you, and I am sure I hate voin." Was



Colores de con . 7 15 1. enst fart on in wine tron the - whoring by 6 at 40th to a ... id mizen appails · HiDE fort more haveste for - Me, are weath and light as in me the forth made it the tare I do do the 474 1/1. Inidan in , milan think of at free tree in the the it is priar it is the the is 'A , ' or sur to also lound . hrece rule " I get het it miet he breats er o har that ti de et levis henre le brom the 15.57 10 11 16 2.11 This :10 the tag Le m'e. 6 -1 + 15 1. The strong war. . I'm rail dut deure wow is troken suit . to Min moderate de -Just Wir way 2 th 1847 a tock Hin 12 15 13 - 63 78 16.55 5. 12 15 13 - 63 78 16.53 15. 13 0, 46 32 06 13 66.45. 8.21 1, 5136 269 61 9 34 08 73.07 6.1913

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Lenday let 1 - 1339 the from the eng ittet il 4 mi tring citie but he recho in the Epsin's the series of cheer one sail. ine wer diff to byt do a die Colon 12 11 11 11 11 12 16 1 1. 176301 The series of th Continue dies un com The higher well the from the should were the stands.

White history "I'd I'd Let 23.308 Lux lux pet si 1811 in with light winds from the in a liter feet strong truck de la la lack of sails. / "-A. A. Minking the ment of the service of the servic Ly the when no you to be

Wednesday May 15-th Come a with calm with lasthick fog wind of &. watch Employed in Ships duty whales in sight Which part saw a Sail off the Starbard been baring Med. W. loared too boats in chas of whales being a thick fog cam on board latter part last the sain took in Sail So Enods lying we heading to the western Thursday . May 16 th Come, the with Strong breezes at Mo. E under short sail water Employed in chas of whales dictant git fast cam on board besing a thick fog latter part the sam last part clear took in sail so Ends lying too heading Preday may 14 th Come de with strong breezes at el ander short sail watch Employed in ships lity hick part Saw whales laired three hoats in chas cuant get fast cam on board latter and last the same so boards heading too the westered Last 9 of 19 149 48 Suturday May 18 11 Come the with mortrat breezes from the el. E with a thick for water Employe in Ships duty sur a ship on the larbard bout mid furt foggy latter and last part the sam so Ends this day Souding Edge late 85 5 5 0 M Long 149 0 52 stunday May 19 th Come, a with light breezes at I by Mand a thick fing wenter Compleyed in Ships duty Whiddle part cleared off saw whales loured three boats cudent git fast cam on board latter and last part light breez took in sail so Ends heading of Eby E. Monday - May 20 th Come it with moderat breezes from the S. M. with fog Middle part the sam insten part cleaned up at holock lared three boats in chase of a whale didant git fast cam on boand took Come, in with Strong breezes at Swith forg at 9 Oclocked M. loaved all for bouts the Bow Bout Struck and parted the line then the boats carry on board Mid. part the same latter part loaved all four loats the larbard Boat Stouck a cafe and a cour drowed from both cam on board sor Ends with hand luck

Wednesday May 22 m Home, I with Strong breezes from the IS. E. at. 7. Colock lowed three bouts the larband bout struck and down then can in boan Mid part the how bout struck the lamband and Mast bout struck the sum whale last part cut from him and cam no board so Ends this day heading & Thursday Heary 23 0 Come to with moderat breezes at SE and plasant at f. Celocket. h lound the boats in chas of whales the Mast boat struck and gost fourt line and cut cam on bound at 2. Oclock P.M. at 3. Velock So In lowered three boats cudant git fast cam on board took in sail so Enels heading IS IN Lat 58-04/5 M long 1/1/80 ho Grow, de with fine wether wind I. E. at. o. Celoco c & Mr louved three boats the landard boat Struck the Mist boat and bow bout Struck the sun whale at 1/2 past 11. Ochock that him a long sid at 1. Colock So. Mr. commenced cutting at. I. Oclock St. Mr. finshed culting and egypmened better at it. Oclock do Ends heading I mo St. J. Commenced better late 5555 Ming 149001 Saturday May 25 h Come de with moderat breezes at Ebych with a thick for Comployed a beiling Middle and last part the sam so Ends heding of E. a boiling Sunday May 26 th Come to with light breezes at S. M. saw too Ships One of the a boiling Mid part spoak a French Ship loaned twise in chas of wholes latter and last part a boiling do Ends heading S. Ely & Monday May 27 th Come to with needent breezes at Ely. N. a boiling at 1. Caled A. M. finshed boiling at . Y. Oclock A. Mr. louned those bouts the bone bout struck and drowed Mid all hands Employed a mending the lambard bout latter funt loaved too brats in chas cam an bound blowing strong took in the fore and mixon tepsail so Ends lying under short Sail leading it by by it

Dupday. May 28 th Come, it with strong breezes from the M. E. watch Employed a craping bon Middle part downed three bouts after wright what cam in w. thick for cam on wound latter part the sam last part The sail so bould heading Est & lat by als 50 80/1 Mednesday, May 2 9 th Come to with fine welher wind Me at . H. Oclock et M. commenced Stowing down oil in the after hoad at In past of Oclock loaned the harbard bout after so whale struck then the Starbard and Mast bout lowed and fusing too the sam whale at A. Colock took him a long sich at is Oclock . P. M. commenced cutting at dark finished cutting do Ends the Staback watch a cleaning up dacks Thursday May 36 th Some it with fine wether living at ME under short sail at I Polock of the commenced briling and towing down hid and latten pant the sum last, part finshea stowing down so Enels -as boiling heding of & lattorage whong Friday Many 31 15 Come, with strong breezes at Ear & Employed a biling and setting up shooks one ship in sight Middle and latter and last part the sam so Ends a boiling heading of lat by old 50 60 00 Ms beiling heading of Saturday June 1 th Come to with fine wether winds of M. under short sail a biling at. 4. Oclock. ct. In loaned too boast didnot fast then cam on board Mid part saw w Ship latter part loaved Tow bouts the larland bout struck a whale and sunk him then cam on board last part a hick fog so Ends a boiling lat by old or for some Sunday June 2 m I with strong breezes at . Why Mo. under shoot sail at . I belock A. M. finshed boiling nt. P. Celick et M. loaned the beals after whiles distant git fast cam on board mich a Ship in sigh a cutting latter South and last pant whales all galest cam on lower took in

Monday june 3 ... Come, it with strong breezes at Mo W by No under whort sail at . S. Volock loaned three bouts after whales endant get fast cam on board Middle and latter and last. Three times mour gut now whales took in Sail for Ends heading Mo "lat 56 29 N bong 150 39 Juesday gune, 4 th Come it with light breezes at . M. W. all sail out at & Celock et - We lowed the beats after whales the wast hat struck the larle bout struck the sam whale at: 12 Oclock cut line and can on board latter part loaned is gain the starband bout struck and Saved him at 4 Delock of the look him a long sich at 5. Octock commenced cutting at. 10 Colock & Me finshed putting look in still so Ends heading Nby M Hednesday June 5 Come it with fine wether light breezes at of & Steering by the wind under Short Sail at day light commenced boiling and setting up Shorts. Mid wind last the sam do lands a boiling lato 86048 No Thursday fune of the Come it with fine wether light breezes at & Employed a boiling and Stowing down and at 4. Oclock. O. M. finshed boiling and finshed stowing down oil in the stowing of birds lat 5-5- 418 ft.

Swidery fune 7 the

Come it with fine wellen light winds under Short dail Employed a stowing down oil Mid part haved three boats in has of wholes cam in board so Ends Saturday. June 8th Some with Strong breezes at SE Gerafing boan. Mil & Set hart. thick weather all hands below so Ends - heating to the . 6.

Come? with moderat bridges from the of M. Comployed a boiling at 3. Oclock of Mr. finshed biling middle part Strong breezes with rain latter part the sam last part blowing a guil from the of Mily M No. Ends lying too Saturday July 6. 1 Come blowing strong at the Med Me watch Employed a rigging a burtan for stowing down one Ship in sight Wid part Commerced stowing down latter and last the sain so Ends heading of lat by obs 55048 Whom 151051 Sunday July 7th Come with Strong breezes at the Mod. If watch Emply at Ships duty This land latter office sam last part fick up a dad whale and took him along sid so Ends with ar whale along sid lat by abs 88 4 1 Come, with fine wether at 4. of Mi commenced culting at In past & Colock to Mr. finshed certify and commenced hilling Mid and latter and last the daise so fands heading chiling is briling lat by of or off & peading chipso Come, I with light airs from the De Minteh Complayed a briling at . Y. Colock A. M. finshed briling leared three Boats Middle part Saw to Ships latter part boared too Brats cudant the Sit then cam on board last part took in sail heading to Come, with hight breezes at el & Employed at Miss duty three Ship in sight at 10.08. The board the Boats in chas of whales mid part cam are lourd and goot dinen then we went in chas of the same whate the larbon bout struck and moured from him then the larbourd st. Oclock to the commenced within along sich in the head and like

Thursday July 11 th Come ? with strong breezes at the Est. & at . 5. Colocked in commenced cretting in the Boyda off the whale at . 8. Oche 6 firshed cutting and commenced biling Middle and latter and last the sam so Could a boiling heading stall Friday July 12 th Come, with light breezes with fog wind & M. awatch Emple briling and Seting up Shooks Middle und latter an last the such for Ends briling heading W. No. 11 Come with light breezes from the & No. E with a thick fog watch Employed a biling at of Colock of the commenced altowing wind and at 10. Orlock finished briling Mid and Latter part the sum last part loared all from bouts after whales ent non com on board one sail in sight to Ends Lat by obs 55 09 le Suday July 14 th Come, with Strong breezes at Ella & water Employed Ships duty Spoak the Ship gave of Woran in months out 1000. Alls of whale oil this and latter part the san last took in sail heading I.S.E Lat by of s for & Al Come, with strong breezes from the SM with rain all hands Employest Stowing down oil in the main hatch Mid and latter and last part Stowing the after houl finshed at 7. Colock. So M. de Ends heading S.P. E Tuesday July 16 th Some with Strong breezes at III under Short Sail watch Employed scraping boan mid part the sam latter and last part at This duty so End heading & Kel under topsailes and courses Lat 56 010 long 1/5/ 9-13 Come, with light breezes from the sept muith fog watch Comployed a washing Ship middle and latter part the same last part spoak the At. Jonge of Mew Bedford 12. months out 2 700 bils of whale vel so Ends hending of & with a stron bows.

Ships Duty Middle and latter part more blasant with Theading of & last part the sam so Ends this Day Shuresday July 20th Come a with fine and plasant weather from the IS Wall sail out at " past 5.00 A M. saw the Land watches Comployed of washing Ship and pointer Ship Thiel and taller part the salm last part saw A school of Blackfish lowered 3. Bouts the S. Bout Good 2 and the I Bout Foat a the Row bout one Large one watch Employed . A. Clearing up Jack the Point de la Gulera Barina SE. Dist. 15. Miles de Conds Standing off lat 10 08 K long Come & with fine breezes and plasant weather wind I Wall sail set watches Employed & boiling out the Blackfish turned up at the cooler. Tobbs Middle part and latter the sam last part tacked off shor so Ends beeting up too Kayta Heading Will Middle Let . 00 03/ Ap / Saturday July 22 no Come a with fine and plasant breezes from the SSMO all sail out watches Employed at Ships July at 8:00 A. M. saw & school of Spurm whales at g. a lowered the Bouts the Larbard Boat Struck A. whale and saved him at 12 Oc took him in tow in chas of the school at 3. 10 Mr Comenced Cuting in at 4.00 finshed Couting then cleared up Jack the land in sight do Ends Heading of E by of & ha let voulo of long Sunday July 23 nd Come with moderat breezes with light rain wind from the I & all sail set at . 5. Oc. A. M. Commenced bailing Heading ISE in Shoar Middle and latter part the sam Plast part finshed foiling turned up at the Charles 23 bols of ail & Ends Heading W. off Shows Lat 100 14 of long 8/020

Monday July 24th Come of with Strong breezes from the Sall sail out waches Employed in Ship Duty Middle and latter part the sam last part tacked off Shoar the Island de la Plata N. P. baring of E. Dist. 15° Miles so Ends Heading off Shoan Wby of lat Of Wo of lang Come a with fine breezes and plasant weather winds from the IS Wall soul out watches Employed at Ships Duty Middle and latter part the sam last part Steering I E. for Tombur So Ends with all sail out lat 01040 of long 820419 Come I with light breezes from the SS Wall sail out watches Employed at Ships Duty Cours of Ely E. Middle and latter part the sam last part took in the fore and Mizan topgallant bailes and Main Sail and halled up the fore Sail shand Puna baring I & th & Dist 20 Miles so Ends Cours IS & heading in at tombus Sounding avry half hour Sat 120 30 of long 810 250 th Come it with light breez from the IS Wall sail out watches Employed et Giting up the chantsthen Sent. to Boat in at tombous on board . to Spanis Brig from St. blas bound too Velparaiso found the Tellow fevar inraging too to. Frat asetent we suplied the Brig with bread and beef Se now bound for tay to Come it with light winds from the old Wall sail out watch Employed . to washing Ship Which and latter part the sam last parter Land in Sight and it. Sail so Ends Heading in Shoar I by Mo lat 030/9 of long 8/001 Talurday July 29 th Come to with light breez from the I Wall sail

Come I with strong breezes at No W with syulles of rain all sail up shooks for walter this part the sam latter and setting part slowing way boan and setting up shooks so Ends Steering last bill sail out Lat hip 10 10 long 134 19 out watch Complayed a Stowing off the for heal and setting Thuresday congast Come with fine breez at 16 Mall suit out watch Employed in Ships duty Rainted the best over head Mid and last at Ships duty thus Ends this day efteering Elatifyshor 4600 lang fisher blood lang fisher to so lang fisher to so lang fishers Come I with fine bruges at part the sail out witch Employed in ships duty Mit and latter part the sain last part calm So Genes Collering & late by the 4024 long by oly 129 18 Come with light air from the Mit all set watch Employed in this duty Middle and latter and last part the same Altering & by & Lot 39-4.00 plang 124042 Sunday bugast 4 th Come with fine breezes at 16 Wall will out water at This doity Wied and latter part the sam Steering E. in half past & Dolock maised a school of speining whals at 4. Oclock all for bats the Mast boat and the bow bout and lamborne bout struck and saved them at 4. Oclock took them along six dublet nech the tofisailes for Ends lying with head yards aback heading dewich three whales along sid . lat by whon 32 solong by monday obigast 5. th Come, with strong trees from the of Mat 5. Oclock co. Me comme outting at it past 10 Colock of . M. finshed at 11. Oclock comme filling and cleaning up the dack at 4. Oclock to Me finished cleaning up the dack so leads heading of the byelling Lat 39020 M bong 125.028

Tuesday . Jugast . 8, th Come with fine wether wind at . Wall hands Emplayed a boiling at . To. Oclock . of Mr. saw the main land baring M. E. Dis . 50 Miles Mid and latter and last part the sam Steering A.S. E under short sail a boiling 194.

lat 39009 to long 194.

Wednesday August 4 th Come with light breezes from the M. under short sail a hilling land in sight steering of Eby E. Mid part the sam at. 2. Ochet 10. M. finshed boiling latter cleared up dack last part took in the fore and migah topsail and halled aback the main yard so Ends with fine wether heading of M with the main yand about Thursday Jougast & to Come, I with light breez at M. M. M. under show dail all hunds Comployed stowing down oil Steering Eby & Middle and latter part the sam last part findled stowing down and lide off Ship se Ends heading I M with head yards abuck stowed and 98. All of oil Sorday - congast 9th Come !- with fine brees from To M. lying with head yards I about at . 4. Volock . ct. M. breased full and mad all sail Steering . For Montry Mid and latter part the sam at 4. P. M east . Anchor in Montoy in company with to dail after hids and the , Leavant blue off Mar, so Ends at arche lat 34000 in long 12/048 Come, with fine wither wind to My lying at ancher in montry one Match on libanty the ather at Ships duty do Ends lying at anchor Sunday eduyast 11th Come with plasant wether the Starand watch on liberty. on board a catting and beiling a humback last the Sein So Ends boiling hing at anchor in Montry

unchor took on board To turpin and . 6. Boats lods of word middle and latter part stool it away in the heal and a lot of turpin last part took the Starbord anchor on the bow do Ends bying at anchor Thuresday bugast 24th Come, with Strong winds from the of & at 6.00. A. W. took our wheher in coumpany with the Ship Coral of Fuirhaven watches Employed lashing the anchors latter part at Ships Duty last part took in topgallant sailes and mainsail Steering WS. W the land Battle Island Baring Nell With 15 miles No Ends hing with the head yards aback Late over 5th flooding 190036 Friday bugast 25 th Come, the with Strong breezes from the SE under easy Sail watches Employed a blacking chances and unchors at 12. Oc saw a school of whales at 1/2 past 20c Jo. M. loured 4 Bouts the W. Bout Struck then the other three bouts pasend too him at 5 a. P. In took him a long sid commenced cuting sare a Ship too the luard South head baring EDist 20 miles Iv Ends with a whale along six with the head yards aback Saturday August 26th 9 13 80 bbls Come, with modrat weather from the I & at Taylight commenced enting at 11.0c & M finshed cuting at 12 Oc commenced boiling at 3 Oc cleared up dack at 12 past & Co saw a school of spurm whales loved & Boats in chas goot non cam on board the whales of the lea beam South head baring & Tist 25 miles sor Ends boiling Sunday buest 27th Sor Ends boiling Come " with Strong breezes from the & & under short sail a boiling middle and latter part the same last part runing down the weather bay Narbar esland baring & ME Dist 12 miles so Ends with the main

Monday Jugast the 28 · Come it with strong breezes from the of & under short sail a boiling at . 3. Oc et . M. finshed boiling Middle part cleared up dacks latter part running down too the lea bay last. hart shortend sail split the gib so Ends heading off shoar the Albamarle baring N. & Dist. 150. miles Quesday Sugast 29 th Come, in with fine breezes and plasant weather wind at & & all sail out watch Employed a mending the Gib and bending it middle and latter part at Ships Desty last hart took in topgallant sailes so Ends with the head yards aback Wednesday August 30 th Come it with light breezes at I to Laying with The head yards alack off the I head of Albarmarle galands the land in sight baring of & Test 20 Miles at day light Commenced Stowing down wit in the after hate at day got the deck ful at. 1.00. 80. Mr. Baised a Chool of whales to off vein untill in past 4 a. Som Lowered all & boats in chas of ar larg school of spurm whales giv up the chase at Sun down and look up the boats thus ends a handing in for vodundo Bock Dist 25 miles Thuresday congast 31 to Begins fine wether light breezes at Sto Employed Stowing down it day light Commencea at 8. Ce. et. In mised as larg shoale of Spurm whales lowred 3 bouts chasea untill 12' Cc. et. In and then cam on board raised a mother school of whales at 4 00. 18 M lowred one boat Struck a whale to Sunset the Landond and Wast boat took them along sid one at the other at 10 80 m this Ends a Stowing Down oil at 8 to som and a handred bles to Ends with the whales along sid. MB 30 lol £ 13 33 All

Thursday Sept 21 -Come, with Strong winds at I & under singal neef topsailes and courses watches Employed at Ships Tuty Mid and latter part the sum last part light raines to londs heading I'Mgd lat words It long 1020 150 Friday Sept 22 mi Corne, de blowing Strong with squales of rain from the & Eunder horsailes and courses Middle and latter the sam at 1 Cc. S. h saw a chool of spurm whales lowed the boats cheed them cudant git fast then cam on board this is hard luck so Ends under singal reef topsailes heading IM staturday Left 23. Come, i with strong breezes from the I'm with the main Topquellant, sail out watches Employed at Ships Duty Middle and last part the sam so Ends Steering of Why Wunder lapsailes and courses lats vir 574 ling 164" 55 Sunday Sept 24 th Come it with fine breezes at I & all sil out Steering of It by I watches Employed in Shiff Duty saw a plenty of finbacks Middle and latter part the sam last part took in the topgallant sailes and mainsule and File So Eneds the day Steering of Mby I under short Sail lat 1000 4 of long 10 g a 37 Monday Sept 25 th Come & blowing Strong from the of & with toposailes and course Steering I M watches Employed a monding the main topsail Middle and latter parts the sam at 4 to 8. M. bent the main topsail too the yard last part look in the Gib and mainsail and dubled reefed the fore and migan topsail so Ends heading Syll Let 01035 of long 1080 46 Quesday Sept 26 th Come it with strong breezes at I & under lopsailes and cours and main topquellant sail watch Employed a setting The vigging mid and latter part the sam last part at Ships Duty so Ends this day Sleering et in Munder topsailes and formail bets 0205 45 long 11044 1

Mednesday Sept 27th Come, de with fine breezes at SE all sail out watches Employee at Ships duty and painting the Larbord Boat Middle and Steering Aby M lat voused long 1120 55'

Sheering Sept 28 th Come, I with fine and plusant weather with the I & treads all sail out watch Employed a painting the Mast hoat Mid and last part at Ships Duty do Ends Steering too The Suthrest and westred lat well et long Holoho Friday Sept 29 th Come, I with plasant weather wind I E all sail set Steering I by W watch temployed a painting the Starbord Boat and Starting water Which and last the sawing wood to Ends Steering I by & all sail out at 10033 d lone 1/1010 Saturday Sept 30th Come, with fine breezes from the SE with all sail set Steering I by W wateres Employed at Ships Duty Middle and latter the sam last part look in topgallant sailes and Gily and halled up the main sail so Ends heading ISE lat oh ous w long 116016 Sunday Oct 1 st Come, it with plasant weather wind It all sail out steens IS W watch Employed in Ships duty middle and latter part the sam saw a plenty of findacks last part took in topgallant sailes and haled up the courses and haled back the head yards so Ends heading of lat or on by long 11/0/9 Monday Oct 2 and Come it with fine breezes at I Eall sail out Steering IS M watches Employed a taking out the pumps mid and latte part at Ships Duty last part took in topgallant sailes and Giles and mainsail so Ends Steering Mby & in for the line lat 04043 of long 11.40 53

The best stock a plan can invest in is the stock of form the best whares are file on where and the best hanked are the fertile banks of a rural estream the more these Biniel Manton West district Site North Janes Look West tisbury flat Voint of Sissen a mans mind unanders this wide word over my. Lody is for from my mind for them then that I am then king about are 12 000 miles from here I am on Mew pealand a cruiseing for whales without much prospect of geting any for the weather is very bad and whales werry searce but in all probability I whall be it home in 6 monts more it nothing happens were seen my health is go my mind is unearly and I think ofte . of her ? line finden away corry reloved but a terait has gone it of him short jou it toesnot lying whales so that it can come home but when the tinner leax is enty I shall have to whales of ne wholes it now thick fog and light wind stearing to the wester and with all Ins out of an in hopes of get more wit there is a chance to get whates Il the home but iff I should to any I must go without them I'm fully de l'isine if health, writes int nothing lunger up to my Fishmanlage to go into some Nec country and wetters for I have her a cestring the world it is enough writ a three years whale voyage is not very agreeable dife to live ... and of think that it it it is much batter to live contented with a little the to wir untaffly trying to get a good deal more requires but of think the Och am in exception dur farente of com now witing in states room think of your and all times atto home and and acquaintances I fonce to four see all the a to praces that if have expents my ple went hours in they buck ... Though it was but yesterday that I same Them I hart that fame Look hought just friend for 18 " Parlans he must be geting wich Le : 1 1 many 4. 41846 Lat 49:00 And In 159 9:57

Vilouary Thursday 4 H 1847 of 18 11 22 pape the xthe Climpia of Will heafirs + 4600 hundre Lat 54 45 Sout at 4 Ph daw staten land bearing Sel Mistant 30 miles the Oblingia Lon was at 4Bn 164:2 at 9 Him - 12 Late 54:45 Chow lekse rfi Chri 1.29=58-34-98 -30-24-37 41 1-36-34-39-23-16-15 47 Je lang The true of the state of state of state of state of the state Widny Hebrus & 4 10 1,0 16 Full to Jetruary 7 1847 1/2 Lit 5 5 = 34 Page from the Osmulger)

MAKE A VIRGINIA FARM PRODUCTIVE.

THE AUTHOR OF "A FOX HUNT IN THE CLD DOMINION.

Ir. C .-- , now known as one of the most sucsful farmers of Eastern Virginia, came into possion flis fine estate when he was a young in; a . . ine when the property bore quite a bad putation. The quality of the land was acknowdged to be excellent, and the force of laboring ands amply sufficient to till it; but somehow the whole of the produce had been always eaten up year after year, and far from yielding the former owner any considerable income, the estate, at the time of his decease, was in a somewhat embarrassed condition. Our young farmer, who as the reader will not be slow to perceive, was a man of considerable acuteness of mind and great energy of character, was satisfied that something was wrong, and before commencing operations, like a good general, took a deliberate survey of the field of his future exertions. It soon became very apparent to him that under a lazy, worthless overseer, a large part of the force, which ought to have been actively employed, was worse than useless on the farm, and even those who were classed as efficient hands, did not do half service. There quite an extended sick list, as may be supposed: one was unable to work, because he had "sich a misery in the breast;" another was a little and disposed of them, too, and he was strongly inclined to the opinion that in proportion as men can eat heartily, so can they work, if they feel disposed to.

His first step was to discharge the overseer, and to employ one in whose energy and probity, according to the representations of his neighbors, he could place confidence. Before installing Mr. Brown, the new overscer, into office, he gave him distinctly to understand that he expected always to be obeyed, in every particular, to the very letter. "It." said Mr. C—, "I order you to turn the plougn into the wheat field a week before harvest, it is to be done. If I order you to pull up the

plougn into the wheat field a week before harvest, it is to be done. If I order you to pull up the corn and wash the roots after the first ploughing, you are to have it done without question. I am to be the loser or gainer by the system practised here, and my will is to be the supreme law. Your duty must be to carry my will into effect, and this I wish clearly understood by the negroes. If you cannot engage with me on these terms, why our negotiations are at an end."

Mr. Brown, making no objection to the terms on

Mr. Brown, making no objection to the terms on which he was to be employed, and promising implicit obcdience, was duly installed in office. The day after he had entered upon his duties, he was

and the old ploughs, broken hoes, and useless farming implementations. At the same implements of every description. At the same time and place, you will also have all the hands, sick, lame, blind, superaunuated,—men, women and "Yes, sir."

The next description and useless farming implements of every description. At the same time and place, you will also have all the hands, sick, lame, blind, superaunuated,—men, women and "Yes, sir."

The next description is the same time and the same ti

The next day, accordingly, at the designated time and place, were collected a huge pile of ploughs, with broken shares, harrows destitute of teeth, hoes with nothing left but the handles, axes without blades, toothless rakes, &c. &c. Close by were assembled the whole force of hands, able to move out of the house.

Mr. C. made his appearance in due time.
"Set fire to these things, Mr. Brown."

It was done at the word, and in a short time a heap of smoking ashes and some fragments of iron were all that remained. The negroes seemed were all that remained. somewhat bewildered.

The master continued-

"To-morrow morning, Mr. Brown, at ten o'clock, I desire you will have brought to this place all the old oxen, unable to work, all the sick, blind and lame horses—in short, every animal on the plantation unfit for service."

"Yes, sir," was the ready response.
"Dismiss the hands, and order them to come up

"Dismiss the hands, and the same hour to-morrow.

At the appointed time, all the old horses, oxen, pigs, every unserviceable animal cows, sheep, pigs, every unserviceable animal which could be found on the plantation, was huddled together, in a pen near the pile of ashes above alluded to. The whole army of servants stood by, open-mouthed, to know what they were next to

The master made his appearance.
"Knock these useless animals in the head, Nr.

It was immediately done. The mazed, as may well be supposed. The negroes were

The master assumed a stern aspect.

"To-norrow morning, Mr. Brown, you will please have brought here, at ten o'clock precisely, every negro on the plantation, lame, sick, blind or

every negro on the plantation, lame, sick, blind or old, who is unfit for service, and who is not in the field, or at his appropriate duties, by sunrise."

The spectators to the scene just enacted were stricken suddenly aghast at this eramand. Many who five minutes before had been unable to get on the ground without assistance, now movedoff with astonishing alacrity—arms, which for months had not touched axe or plough, suddenly became sinewy—bent frames rose up erect—and the place of execution was soon cleared.

Next morning before the sun's fresh rays glanced.

Next morning before the sun's fresh rays glanced.

Next morning before the sun's fresh rays glanced across the river, which bounded the farm on the east, a crowd of very unusual magnitude stood before the overseer's door, waiting for orders.

At ten o'clock, Mr. Brown appeared, alone, to report that the hospital was cleared—that the sichlist was clean—that there were no expressions.

list was clean—that there were no superannuated hands-in short, that all on the land were at work.

In two years after it had come into his possession, Mr. C—'s land yielded a double crop; and the yield has continued to increase till his farm become the pride of his section of country

has become the pride of his section of country.

The reader must not suppose, from the simple relation of this fact—for what he has just read is almost literally true—that Mr. C. was an unfeeling man. This was far from being the case. He saw, at once, that not only his own prosperity, but the welfare of those dependants which had come into his possession, made it absolutely necessary that some decisive, striking lesson should be given. one he read was effectual. Its results, too enabled him to discover (and he never doubted The one lame; another had a sore toe; another had run a splinter into his finger; and so on through a long and infirm, and unfit for service. For these he list of ailments. C— observed, however, that there were such) those who were really sick and infirm, and unfit for service. For these he provided comfortably, and his servants are well known as among the best and most happy in the

DINNER STORY. - The following from A DINNER STORY. — The following from Noah's Weekly M. senger, beautifully illustrate the principle of charity, at teaches us that it is often for a interest to need the hungry and clothe the make different actions are a good plain dinner, said a melaneholy individual to the waiter, at one of our principal hotels.

The dinner was brought and devoured, and th eater calling the landlord aside, thus addresse

You are the landlord?

'Yes.

'You do a good business here?'

Yes,' (in astonishment.)

You make probably ten dollars a day, clear?

'Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have nsumed. I have been out of employment sev eonsumed. en months, but have engaged work for to-morrow
I had been out of food for four and twenty hours when I entered your place. I will pay you in a week.

in a week.

'I cannot pay bills with such promises, blustered the landlord; 'and I do not keep a poor house. You should have addressed the poor authorities. Leave me something for security.'

I have nothing.'

'I will take your coat.'
'If I go into the street without that I will get my death such weather as this.

You should have thought of that before you

I will leave the coat.'

The coat was left, and in a week afterwards redeemed.

Seven years after that, a wealthy man entered the political arena, and was presented at a caucus, as an applicant for Congressional candidate. The principal of the caucus held his place—he heard the name and Fistory of the applicant, who was a member of a church, and one of The vote was tie, and he cast a negative, thereby defeating the wealthy applicant, whom he met an hour afterwards, and to whom he said:

'You don't remember me?' He was chairmau.

I once atc dinner at your hotel, and although I told you that I was famishing, and pladged my word and honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat and let me go out in the inclement air at the risk of my life without it?

'Well, sir, what then?'

'Not much. You called yourself a Christian.

To-night you were a candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have been elected for Congress.

Three years after, the Christian hotel-keeper Bellevee. The poor dinnuerless wretch that was, is now a high functionary in Albahy; we know him well. The ways of providence are in-

deed wonds, and a orld's Lac pail, as almost beyond conception and belief.

Lines to Mrs. Hammett, on the Leath of their Child.

Weep not, dear friends; that gem swinght Plucked from soon latte houselold band, Dwells now with God, in realms of light, A scraph in the sprit land.

The lilac and the rose shall bloom.

And spring flowers ope their petals ta

The shed sweet tragrance over his ton

There exist mean that attle mound

A father's pride, a mother's joy, leep till the last trump shall sound, the to life to ir much love boy.

When sorrow's wa; I o'er thy head-Thy first born in the grave doth sleep.

But Christ shall bless the sleeper's bed.

A dazzling crown, in splen vriglet, Description of the chaptes of the ch

en griene no more a acon you'll jo

For the American Messenge

tos.

the

As for-

"I cannot Die as I Am."

Early one morning of the last summer, a messen with hurried pace, entered my garden-gate, and has orning the door-bell. He came with the request o woman, that I should hasten to her bed-side to minister the consolations of religion. A few minutes me and I stood by the bed of the apparently dying and frighted woman. She heard the loud summons from throne, and now felt for the first time that "it is a f ful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." I seen her before, when hope of recovery made her com atively fearless. I had endeavored to convince h fatal delusion in which her soul was wrapped—th trine of Universal Salvation. But in the most ea manner she had expressed her confidence in the doc her willingness to die, and that she should reign Christ for ever. But now the crisis had come. seemed near and real. Her hope was shaken. Confid in her long-cherished belief was extinct. Her mine in agony. I spoke, and the first sentence that hurst her quivering lips was, "Oh, I cannot die as I am!" A not now willing to die? I inquired. And again s claimed, "I cannot die as I am!" But have you yield all confidence in your former belief? I asked. "Ol she replied, "it can give me no support. I must rected to the Saviour. I cannot die as I am. seemed impatient for counsel, as if she could fe finger of death reaching for the strings of life, wit a moment left her to prepare. At this crisis she ap to revive. I gave her instruction, entreated, God spared her until she rejoiced in hope. warnings, to her dying hour, were directed again delusion that would have ruined her soul.

For the American Mess

"He ever Liveth to make Intercession for us

It has been said, that when Æschylus the Greek p condemned to death, his brother, who was an orato hero, was summoned to plead his cause. While the was gazing with intensity of interest to hear what v said, he silently lifted up the stump of his dismembe which he had lost in the service of his country, ar a word.

The multitude burst into a shout of applause, brother the poet was pardoned. The dumb elognen mutilated arm spoke more powerfully than words So Jesus cur great high-priest, while interceding heaven, presents his hands and side which were us, and thus speaks far more powerfully in our be could the eloquence of angels.

" Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers, They strongly speak for me: Forgive in, O forgive, they cry, . .nner die." Nor lei e ro.



WEEKS BEFORE MARRIAGE.

DRY GOODS OR GROCERIES.

A friend tells us, that some dozen or fifteen years ago, when he had the "melancholy duty" to stand behind the counter in a country shop, dealing out the "best selected stock west of the Alleghanies," he was once brought very suddenly to a state of unutterable wonderment. A youthful and pretty woman, robed in "deep black," approached him and asked to look at his "Gleam of comfort."

"At what, madam?" said he, puzzled, confounded, and confused, at what appeared to him a singular request.

"Gleam of comfort, young man; haven't you any, or don't you know what it is?" replied the lady.

"Yes, madam, most likely we have it; what is it like—is it dry goods or groceries?"

"Dry goods or groceries!" echoed the lady, looking at our friend in a way that made him feel decidedly uncomfortable. "Sir, it is a mourning calico of the second grade, for widows of three weeks. It is well known, sir, with us in the city. I'm astonished at your ignorance."

The frightened young man could only stammer out-"They hadn't any of that particular kind of calico."



SCANDALOUS TABLE, 1. 1 Table-talk, or knocking, sometimes leads to em

resently her husband came in, and asks the same

nestion. "Tap, tap-or two," was the answer.

he effect produced by this may be better conceiv-

• • • IRISH WIT.—An Irish cab-driver made a

ery happy and characteristic reply, the other

ay. A gentleman had replied to Pat's "Want a

arriage, sir?" by saying, "No, I am able to

but seldom willing."

lk;" when Pat rejoined, "May your honor long

AWFUL ARITHMETIC.

A well known and very decent kind of an "adopted citizen" of New York, not long since visited Albany, upon a festive occasion, and in due course of time he was called upon at the supper table for a "few remarks." The citizen arose, gracefully waved his hand, and wiped his mouth; then says he-"Gentlemen-gentlemen-" "Order, order?"

"Gentlemen, I am proud, very proud, of this honor: I am proud of having it in my power, an humble citizen of that vast, tremendous city of d than described. This might be termed "scan-fi the a-the new world, New York-to-a-to have it in my power, a citizen of a city the population of which is over five millions!---

"Oh! oh! oh!" cries a friend or two.

"A city of three millions-"

"No, no, no! not three million, Dan."

"Well, gentlemen, a city the population of which is a million, be-, and I won't take a soul off that for a d- one of you!"

As they say in the theatre, Dan -- "took down the honse."

ALL THE BERRIES!

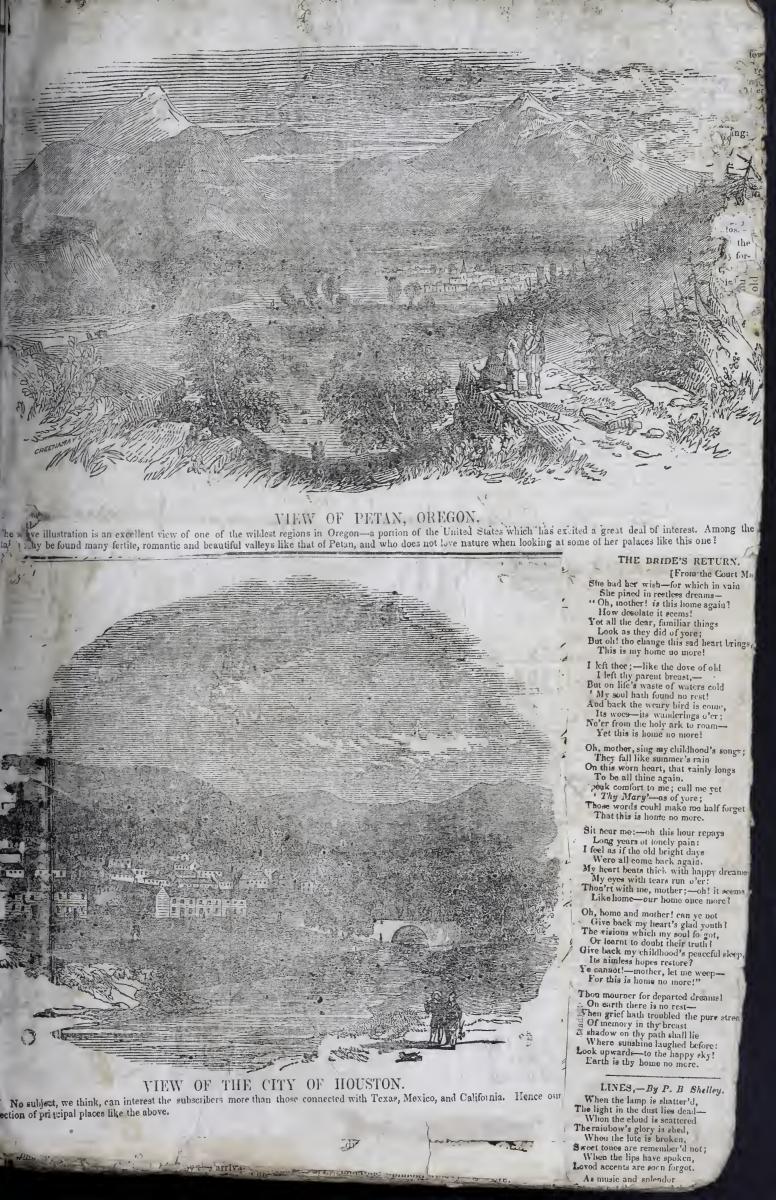
A celebrated comedian arranged with his greengrocer-one Berry-to pay him quarterly; but the green-grocer sent in his account long before the quarter was due.

The comedian, in great wrath, called upon his green-grocer, and laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said-

"I say, here's a pretty mul, Berry; you've sent is your bil', Berry, before it is due, Berry; your father, the older Berry, would not have been such a gooss, Berry. But you need not look b'ar' Berry-for I don't care a straw, Berry-and she pay you till Christmas, Berry."

braseing results, as proved by the following gos p, current at Berlin. A party met the othe ight, and formed a chain, and when the "fluid" as in movement, a married lady present put th uestion, "How many children have I?" "Tap p, tap, tap-or four," replied the table. "True onderful!" exclaimed the lady, and all others .-

dalous table-talk."



The heart's echoes render No song when the spirit is mute:— No song but sad dirges, Like the wind through a ruin'd cell, Or the mournful surges
hat ring the dead scaman's knell. When hearts have once mingled, we first leaves the well-built neet: The weak one is singled endure what it once possest.

O, Love! who bewailest the frailty of all things here, choose the frailest gradle, your home, and your home. cradle, your home and your bier ons will rock thee,
ons will rock thee,
orms rook the ravens on high,
B. and reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

"Seeing it's You."

"I don't drink any thing very often; but seeing it's you, I don't care if I do now"-so replied a young man who had won a game of quoits to his comrade who invited him into the bar-room In multitudes of cases social feeling is perverted to forming habits of intemperance. The young man would not drink, but he joins the glee-elub, and there cannot resist. The young lady on festal days, to show hespitality, invites the young man to drink, whose hard fist may yet bruise her own person as the martyr to a drunken husband. The head of a family would be sober at home, but he forms associations in clubs or the beer-shop, where, "seeing it's you," he must drink. "Resist beginnings," is the grand maxim. "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

turkeys, geese and chickens without stint; and fearing that some child might be attacked and carried off by it, one of the owners of the woods reluctantly consented to have it shot. On Sunday last, the female, after being absent for a while, came back with two others

lately

ton)

of

cargo of terra

terrapins

a ton)

of her old domain. FLORENCE VANE. Thy heart was as a river
Without a main:
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane.

A large white headed male ende, which, with its mate, had inhabited Dole's woods'

at Stroudwater, and reared young juy ear after

year, for forty or fifty years past at least, was

shot a few days ago by a person living in the

vicinity. It had latterly got to be very fero-eious, and had carried off two lambs—and

-determined apparently to keep possession

"But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

"The lilies of the valley "The lilies of the vane,
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying
Florence Vane

"I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early
Hath come again;
I renew, in my foud vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

"The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

"Thou wast lovelier than the roses In their prime; Thy voice excelled the closes

SUCH IS MAN.

Like to the falling of a star:
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue, Or silver drops of morning dew; Or like a wind that chafes the flood, Or bubbles which on water stood, Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light Is straight call'd in, and paid to night. The wind blows out, the bubble dies; The spring entomb'd in autumn lies. The dew dries up; the star is shot; The flight is past; and man forgot.



THE EVENING PARTY NOTHIT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

MONTEREY. SCATHEDRAL, CITY OF

The tobacco chewer is like a goose in a dutch oven-always on the spot.

When is the weather like a crockery shop? When it's muggy.

When is a pigeon like a young lady in the ? sulks? When it'r a pouter.

FA pleasing paradox. When a young lady wishes to bring her engagement to an end, it is usually a circular termination that she sighs for.

The grand jury of Baltimore have found true bills against Captain White and his two mites, late of the ship James Cheston, abandoned

There is no doubt that when our ships are ploughing the main, they must meet with sony very harrowing scenes!



Why are gree peas like Sebastop

1. or ha shelled before taken, wa

"A short time ago, I dined at a Bralian merchant's. urned upon the well-tutored chimpanze Vanneck, a Creole gentleman, thos slave had brought him the money, which he had caught in the woods. every one praised the accomplished anial, siving accounts of its talents so wonome incredulity. My host smiled, sayng that I was not the first one who would ot believe in these results of animal eduation, until he had seen it with his own yes. He therefore proposed to me to all with him on Mr. Vanneck.

I gladly consented, and on the followg morning we set out. The house of e Crole lies on the road to Olinda, bovt a hour's ride from town. We proede! along splendid hedges of cactus. ingth observed its charming villa. A er ro received us at the entrance and wk us to the parlor, hastening to tell his a ster of our visit. The first object ich caught our attention was the mony, seated on a stool, and sewing with rest industry. Much struck, I watched attentively, while he, not paying any trention to us, proceeded with his work e door opened; Mr. Vanneck, reclining n an easy chair, was wheeled in. s legs are paralyzed, he seemed bright 11 ' marfu!; he welcomed us most kindmonkey went on sewing with earleal. I could not refrain from exlammy, "how won erful !" for the mans practical tailor. He was sewing a air of striped pantaloons, the narrowled for himself.

A negro now appeared, announcing darame Jasmin, whom Mr. Vanueck inr aced as his neighbor. Madame Jasn was accompanied by her little daugh-, a girl of 2 years, who immediately an to the monkey, greeting him as an old riend, and beginning to prattle with him. ack furtively peoped at his maste, but s Mr. Vanneck's glance was ster., the ilor went on sewing. Suddenly his read broke, and he put the end to his outh, smoothed it with his left paw, and meaded the needle again. Mr. Vanneck hen turned to him, and speaking in the me calm tone in which he had conversd with us, said,

"Jack, put your work aside and sweep ne floor."

Jack hurried to the adjoining room and me back without delay, with a broom n his paw, and swept and dusted like a lean housemaid. I could not perfectly hake out his size, as he always walked pright, not on his four paws. He was bout three feet high, but stooped a little. .. le was clad in linen pantaloons, a colorshirt, a jacket, and red neckerchief.— At another hint from his master, Jack vent and brought several glasses of lemnade on a tray. He first presented the ray to Madame Jasmin and her daugher, like a well-bred footman. ad emptied my glass, he hastened to reeve me from it, putting it back on the ay. Mr. Vanneck took out his watch and showed it to the monkey; it was just Pree. Jack went and brought a cup of roth to his master, who remarked that e monkey did not know the movements the watch, but that he knew exactly ostion of the hands when they of three and kept it in ...

THE MAN A KEY OF BRAZII. If he water was shown in at any other the captain of the French scattle of a tame monkey:

If he water was shown in at any other was shown in at any other was shown in the broth; while, if three o'clock, with while, if three o'clock, with the got out the lunch being at the got out the got out the lunch being at the got out the got out the lunch being at the got out the got out the got out the lunch being at the got out th some sugar plums.

"You have no notion," told Mr. Van-neck, how much time and trouble, and especially how much patience, I have bestowed in the training of this animal.— Confined to my chair, however, I continued my task methodically. Nothing was more difficult than to accustom Jack to don his clothes; he used to take off his could, unless they should be so full as to pantaloons again and again, until at last I had them sewed to his shirt. When he walks out with me, he wears a straw hat, but never without making fearful grimaces. He takes a bath every day, and is on the whole very cleanly."
"Jack," exclaimed Mr. Vanneck, point-

ing to me, "this gentleman wants his handkerchief. The monkey drew it from my pocket, and handed it to me. "Now show your room to my guests," continued his master, at which he stopped to let us, pass, and then followed himself. Everytoys; a gun hung on the wall. The bell is there?"

was rung; Jack went out and room. with his master, wheeling in the chair .-Meanwhile I had taken the gun from the wall; Mr. Vanneck handed it to the monkey, who fetched the powder flask and shot bag, and in the whole process of loading, acquitted himself like a rifleman. open window, took aim, and discharged the gun, without being the least startled r and process of the animal were those by the report. He then went through the sword exercise, with the same skill.

It would be too long to jot down all Mr. Vanneck told us about his method of education and training; the above facts, witnessed by myself, bear sufficient evidence of the abilities of the animal, and its master's talents for tuition.

We stayed to supper, to which came more ladies and gentlemen. Jack again exhibited his cleverness in waiting, at which he acquitted himself as well as any man-servant. Going home, my companion missed a small box of sweets, out of which he had regaled the monkey with almonds. Jack had managed to steal it from his pocket, and on being afterward convicted of the theft, he was severely punished by his master .- Chambers' Jour

the latest "speciality a lep ed and played everywhere by the Orleannist difference in the scale. is that of a very beautiful soprer o song called The Mailen's Complain, "the composition of Robert Muser matrices

good Parson F. ____ I think that I must have a pow neared device was followed. the desk than where I now sit."

"Why." said the parson hear well where you are."

O yes," was the reply bu that and like to know which Smith it is. it The fact is there are so many people between me and the pulpit, that by the time what you say gets back to where am, it is as flat as dish-water!"

"Do you think you are fit to die?" said a slattern mother to her neglected

"I don't know," said me little girl, taking hold of her dirty dress and inspecting it-"if it ain't too dir

ENOUGH FOR ONE BED.

Emigration to the State of Michigan was so great during the years 1835-6 that every house was filled every night with travelers wanting lodging. Every traveller there at that time will remember the difficulty of obtaining a bed in the hotels, even if he had two or three "strange bed fellows."

The Rev. Hosea Brown, an eccentric Methodist minister, stopped one night at one of the hotels in Ann Arbor, and inquired if he could have a room and bed to himself. The bar-keeper told him he render it necessary to put another in with At an early hour the reverend him. gentleman went to his room, locked the door, and soon retired to his bed, and sunk into a comfortable sleep. Along to-ward mid-night he was roused from his

slumbers by a loud knocking at his door.

"Hallo! you there," he exclaimed,
"what do you want now?"—particular stress on the last word.

"You must take another lodger, Sir, with you," said the voice of the land-

methodist preacher, and myself, already, and I should think that enough for one bed even in Michigan."

The landlord seemed to think so too,

and left the trio to their repose.

A German writer gives the following: A young girl is a fishing-rod." To tonishing, that I hardly felt surprised at make all complete he avers the eyes to this feat. Jack now placed himself at the be the hook, the smile to be the bait, the lover the gudgeon, the "marriage the butter in which it is fried."

Boys, what is all that noise in the school?" "It's Bill Sikes, sir, a imitating a locomotive." "Come, William, if you have turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

INVALUABLE .- "The skin of his teeth," by which so many politicians have been elected, and persons saved from peril and

There are about fourteen thousand stitches in a shirt, for making which a woman receives twelve and a half cents.

The ague rages so, in some parts of Iowa, that people are obliged to sleep with corn cobs in their mouths to keep from shaking their teeth out.

LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS .- The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below NEGRO airs are entirely superseded by your means. Comfort and enjoyment are the latest "speciality aloped in Nev more dependent upon easiness in detail of Orleans. The ir now whistled hummet expenditure, than upon one degree of

Mrs. Partington advises all people afflicted with the preparation of Mrs. Charles Howard, the same lieus the heart to apply the cataract of mustard to draw out the information. She says she has never known a fail tre where this

It is rumored that one of the Smith " can't von family is about to get married. We don't want to appear inqusitive, but we would;

> Mlle. Nan, the prima donna of Niblo's opera, troupe, is described as a bright, agreeable looking woman, with a sharp, nose, sharp chin, and sharp eyes-a very pretty piece of music set in three sharps.

The hog is 'said to have been the firsanimal sacrified to the gods and eaten by men.

There are twenty-eight millions of specie Treasury opinion, wordlying idle, and profitless in the Treasury

FANNY VILLIERS: OR.

THE WIDOW AND THE MARQUIS.

Fanny Villiers, at twenty-one years of age, had just returned with her father to London, after a long continental sojourn. Her mother had been dead many years, and she was the idol of her sorrowing parent, who beheld in her the reflection of all the eauties and accomplishments which had ndean d him to his lost wife; and he was now anxious, as he was advancing in years, to see his daughter well and worthily bestowed. It was with this object he had returned from the Continent, and many were the suitors for her hand, that the knowledge of this fact, which soon got abroad, brought round the young maid; her graceful, and yet withal rounded and developed figure, her glossy tresses, that descended gracefully and playever her shoulders, her large hazel eyes, mile, and beantiful complexion, were resistless charms for some, while with others it was the amiable, yet espiégle temper, and lastly, and perhaps not the least powerful tempters, were her wealth and expectations; be it, however, as it may, there were wooers enough. They were all equally well received, langhed with, and when the eventful moment came upon which they hazarded their hopes, they were either politely and steadily refused, or, if the case deserved it, langhed at .-! Net with all this could it be said that Fanny Villiers was a coquette, far from it; but perhaps from having seen more of the world than other girls of her age, she had less timidity about the male populatien in general, and a better appreciation and perception of their characters. Learned then in love, and herself lovely, it was to be expected that she should obtain a paragon of men. Semething like this did really present himself in the person of Edward Lascelles, for he was endowed with manly beauty, an amiable disposition, wealth, and, moreover, had also sufficient discernment to see that so difficult a maid must be skilfully played for; and he was master enough of the art of love to pretend indifference when he had momentarily

armed her, and she was in expectation of the customary declaration with which such successes were always followed; her disappointment induced pique; which when again overcome by fascinating attentions and apparent devotion, made her his illing captive; and such was his tact, that the ove he entertained for Fanny Villiers was rewarded at a hint, by a full, impassioned, confiding

Thus was she won, and by her father willingly resigned to him who was in every way worthy of

Happy was the wedding-day, and full of promise, for it saw two really loving hearts united, and though in first love, yet in love's ways no inperienced pair. Nor was the marriage unproductive of that real happiness which it promised, nd the years that passed by secmed rather to trengthen the tie which had been thus joyfully commenced. But the sixth year was to be one of trial for the young and beautiful wife, for in it sho was fated to lose this leving partner of her life, and not him alone, but that parent who had watched through life with such care and tenderness.

For every heart, whatever its grief, there yet mains a ray of joy, and though, in the first burst of poignant grief and anguish, there seems nought n this earth for the afflicted ones to live for, yet, ke the mariner tossed in the storm, when darkless and desolation surround him, his eye at ength catches the faint dash of light npon the sky thich bids hope once more enter into his despondng heart. So too the young widow was, in all er poignant grief, yet bound to earth by one tie her boy-and in him she concentrated all her hopes and love, and through him she once more d on to that life she had else renounced. But pugh she dwelt in the haunts of meu as a duty, he seemed to be without one of those impulses which incite to the enjoyment of life.

The third year of her widowhood had already assed, and the occasional glimpses, that were n in the world of the widow Lascelles had been scient to create more than usual sensation, for be more just to say that her beauty was now first, bestow one look of pardon for this proceeding, fully developed into womanly perfection. Can it, and yet net banishment, but one ray of hone for therefore, be wondered at that admirers began te fellow the young widew-at a distance, it is true, fer they well perceived that their addresses would, at the present carly date, have excited the indignation of one who had suffered much, and who still retained, though not an acute, still a subdued melancholy feeling of her bereavement. Still they hoped, believing that in no woman's heart yet young and beautiful, and surrounded with all the luxnries of life, could grief maintain a settled sway. The fenrth year after the death of her hus-

taste for life and society, but it might have been that now her boy was advancing to an age which prevented her continuing her seclnsion .-Her air appeared, toe, less melancholy, and the hopes of the male portion, and the indignation of the female, rose with the circumstance, and wherever the young widow was, there assuredly might be met some of her expectant but silent admirers. They were of all ages and positions, from the lisping, self-satisfied élégant, to him of ripe, almost mellow age, and whose respectable and staid pesition in society gave him, in his estimation, a greater chance, when she who was concerned was an unprotected female. Amongst these silent admirers, however, was one more sednlons in his attentions than the rest; he was a young Frenchman, of good family and fortune, extremely handsome exterior, and highly accomplished; he was amiable to her, and appeared most fend of her child, and, under the plea of bringing him trifles, he found a ready admission into her honse. His visits gradually extended in length and frequency, until it became almost a certainty to find the young Marquis de Vincy at the house of the fair widow at a certain period of the day; and, joining this circumstance to her increased gaiety, rumor was, it is possible, not altogether to blame in foretelling the speedy alliance of the pair.

Upon one of these visits the Marquis de Vincy was, perhaps premeditatedly so, unusually tacitnrn, and, after more than an ordinary long panse in the conversation, when the Marquis was apparently lost in deep thought, the widow broke the silence-

"I trust, Monsienr le Marquis, that nothing unpleasant has occurred to you since our last meeting?"

"No, madame, you are very good to interest yourself; bnt"-a momentary silence ensued, and the Marquis heaved a deep sigh, and looked most expressively, "can you not feel for me, madame?"

"I really do not understand you, Monsieur le

"I trust that you will pardon me, then, when I confess to you my admiration and love, and my hopes raised by your kind reception."

Half pained and insulted at these words, which were the first she had ever heard of his affection, she sprung from the sofa, regarding him with

The Marquis perceived the effect of his sudden nouncement, and though but little flattered at s reception, he still persevered.

"Ah! cold-hearted woman," he exclaimed; "is there, then, no hope for me-can you not see the true affection which I feel for you?"

The young widow had now recovered her former serenity, and with her kindest manner, that she might somewhat soften the blow, and inwardly blaming herself for the impropriety of so often receiving his visits, she declared that she was irrevocably determined never to wed again. But the marquis was resolved to press his suit, and, seizing her hand, he bent over it, and, bedewing it with tears, implored her not to tell him that there was no hope. Regardless of the torrent of passionate words which fell from his lips, the young widow drew her stately form up, and as far from him as possible, requested him to rise.

"Ah, madame!" he exclaimed, in tones of most touching sorrow, "have you not a woman's heart! Cau you witness my agony-my humiliation before you-these tears, from a man? Is it possible that you cannot feel pity fer me. You shrink from me, but I will not rise from your feet.

and yet net banishment, but one ray of hope fer the future. Oh, madame!" he exclaimed, as she sunk back upon the sofa with averted looks, as if vexed and wearied out with his efforts, "can you feel no pity for me?"

"Monsicur le Marquis," at length exclaimed the widow, wishing to end a scene which was beginning to agitate her beyond her control, "why will you continue to appeal to me fer my love er for my hand, after you know, what I once more repeat, that I will never marry again? Do not think this position, which I regret to see you in, band, Fanny Lascelles did, indeed, seem to have or even year tears, will for one instant move me from my fixed resolve."

The Count slowly arose from his position, abashed and crest-fallen.

"Since I cannot have your love, grant me at least your pity."

"I do pity you, from my soul I do," and her voice trembled slightly; "and now, for pity's sake, leave me in peace."

The disconsolate lover at these words, which sounded too much like mockery for even his humbled pride to brook, bowed respectfully before her.

"Since my presence so unhappily disturbs you, madame, I will leave you; but will you permit me to return? Do you refuse me this sole gratification, which I humbly ask?"

This modest request was preferred with such an air of deep sorrew and humiliation, and such a timid fear of refnsel, that the heart of Fanny Lascelles could not resist.

"I will permit you to return, Monsieur, only on condition that you never again speak to me of your affection or allude to this scene, which has been as mortifying to me as it must have been to 2

She waved her hand with a majestic air the poor Marquis, bowing in eloquent silence. sighed himself out of the dear but forbidding presence.

As the door closed behind him, she sank back utterly exhausted and trembling with agitation, and she laughed a little langh that was full of sorrow, vexation, and pity. "Poor man," she sighed, "what a fool he is! Can it be possible he loves me so much? I cannot believe it. Well, I suppose he won't return any more, and then he'll soon forget me. But, poor fellow, how he wept! A man's feelings must, indeed, be poignant when he comes to that. I could scarcely command myself, yet I was determined that he should not perceive that he distressed me. Heigh ho!" half Q. yawned the widow, settling her soft cheek down into the yielding cushion, and abstractedly regarding her wedding-ring, and then passing her white hand through her falling tresses, she continued her soliloquy. "Well, he is certainly very handsome," and then again, as if half chiding herself for the thought, she continued, "Not that I can love aught else but him who is gone, let me render whatever praise I may to those who are worthy of it. But was I not somewhat harsh with him? fear I must have been; yet I was compelled to it, or he would not have believed in the truth of my determination not to marry, and that, dear husband, I never will;" and as she said this, she rose and walked across the room to the full-length portrait of her husband, and she stood some moments silently contemplating it; but she turned from it, the tear glittering in her eye, the proof of the sorrow of a first thought, and the half-smile yet lighting her countenance showed it had been chased by gayer visitants, and the ejaculation, "Ah! poor Marquis!" told the direction of that smilc.

Thus it was that pity, the only thing for which her lover prayed, made its way into her soft heart, and reigned there with gentle influence. Pity, 'tis said, is akin to love. It was, therefore, very thoughtless of the young widow to let him continue his visits, and how could she expect him not to speak again of the feelings which consumed hip of t was utterly impossible, and it is the hip of t

brightness, and then she would pity him still more. Still, however, she did not distinguish him from any of the others who secretly aspired to her hand; her manners were to all alike coldly digni-

fied and merely polite.

The Marquis de Vincy was a most accomplished man, and it was impossible for any one not to have felt pleasure in his society, embellished by attainments which, though not profound, were varied and pleasing. He was an excellent mnsician, and had a well-cultivated voice. The young widow, too, was passionately fond of mnsic, and would gladly accept his invitation to sing with him, and if he flung fire and meaning into passages which bore npon his unrequited passion, it was natural also that she should sing with expression, and not too nnnatnral that it should, in some measure, beaddressed to the object before her when the thome was not altogether of so ideal a character that she might be carried away in imagination to the dear defunct. Such a rehearsal of love the young widow but too plainly felt might not altogether be indulged in with impunity, for it had already heig's. ned the character of that pity she had expresser into something of real sorrow at the nnfortnnate position of the Marquis; and, lest this phase of feeling should develope itself till it assumed a more decided character, the prudent wido w for a time gave up these mnsical disconrsings. But then, again, the Marquis read romarkably well, and he had the tact, by describing the character of some particular book, to interest the young widow until he obtained permission to read it to her. But his ooks were all of one class and one theme, the one on which he appeared most eloquent, and when he read some particular passage, it came from him as though he were addressing his own sentiments to the beautiful listener. Not that he ever spoke of his love, an occasional sigh was the only and the indirect allusion to his particular state of feeling. What woman could have resisted? And the young widow was to be pardoned if she felt her heart gradually softening to him. Half ashamed, she would question herself as to her changed feelings, and then make a sudden resolve to banish him from her honse. But then, again, she would reason, would this not seem strange, and mark my own weakness and mistrust of myself after so long an acquaintanceship? This reasoning would shake her determination. The Marquis continued his visits-ho read his favorite anthors (they became her own), was permitted to sing his songs. He sang so well that she would no longer deny herself the pleasure of joining her voice with his, and the neglected duetts were once more daily repeated. Her boy, too, was an especial favorite with the Marquis, and he was really so kind to him; he would often, too, give him a little lesson in French, or please the boy by teaching him fencing or drawing, and she doubly regretted that he was left to a woman to bring up, and would lose many advantages.

"Ah! if I dare think of it, for his sake I would make the sacrifice, and might take compassion upon the poor Marquis. He really is very handsome."

Snch were her thoughts, and they must have continued to gather strength and decision by time. for about four months after, she had just returned from a drive alone, when her boy came rnnning to her, and, bursting into tears, buried his head in his mother's lap, and thus sobbingly replied to her tender inquiries:-

"Oh! mamma-dear mamma; Janc tolls me that you will not love me now!"

"And why not, my precious one?"

"Because she says I shall have another papa?" "And would you not like the Marquis do Vincy, who is so kind to you, for a papa?"

"No," replied the boy, "I will have no other papa than my own papa there," pointing to the picture.

The widow's eye followed his little hand, but hastily turned away,-her face was momentarily flushed.

"But, my dear, it is for your good. You will then have one who will care for yon, and know how to guide your future career, which I, as a woman, cannot."

sinterruled by the arrival

of an elderly lady, a friend of the widow's.

"My dear Fanny," she exclaimed, after she had been a few minutes with her, "I have come to know whether the report which is circulating of your intended marriage with the Marquis de Vincy is true?"

"Indeed, my dcar it is," said the young widow, casting down her eyes. "The Marquis has prevailed npon me by his constant entreaties, and I think it will be for the future advantage of my child, for whom, God knows, I am willing to sacrifice myself in any way."

"Well, my dear Fanny, you are perfectly mistress to do what you like, and, at your young time of life, it would, perhaps, be asking too much of you to give up your future days entirely to the memory of him who is gone. But there is only one thing that I sincerely regret, and that is that you did not choose a man of a more amiable temper."

"A more amiable temper, my dear friend?" said the young widow, in surprise.

"Yes, my dear; but, perhaps, I should rather say, of a less hasty temper. To you, of course, he would never have shown it, but I happen to know the fact. But it would be wrong of me to set you against him," said she, with rather a malicious expression, "and might not be considered quite disinterested, as I was the dear friend of poor

iward there," looking at the picture, upon which she gazed for some time; and then, turning to her friend, said, with that peculiar kind of small malice for which women in general, and old maids in particular, have a well-earned reputation, "My dear Fanny, how remarkably well preserved that portrait of Edward seems to be; surely you must take great care of it, or have had it re-varnished recently, eh?"

A month after this interview, the Marquis called early in the morning. There was an air of confidence, nay, even of command, which he now assumed in the establishment of the young widow, that' was quite unknown before. He was waiting in an ante-room, and was pacing up and down as though somewhat excited, when the little boy eutered, who, upon seeing him, turned away hastily to leave the room.

"Come here, sir," sald the Marquis, impatiently; "do you not see me?"

"Yes; but I was not looking for you-I wanted my mamma."

"And when I speak to yon, sir, for the future, you will please to pay the same attention to me as to her. But come, tell me what was that your mamma was saying to you the other day about Mr. Powis?"

"If you're so angry I shan't speak to you," replied the spoiled boy, "and I'll tell my mamma."

The Marquis bit his lips, muttering between his

"An, my little fellow, wait a short time longer, and we shall see."

In this not very amiable mood he was nshered into the presence of his intended, who graciously extended her hand to him, and motioned him to take a seat beside her.

After exchanging a few short sentences, the Marqnis relapsed into an unusual silence.

"What is the matter, Marquis? You are decidedly not amusing this morning."

"I believe, madame, that it would be impossible for any one to be amiable when they are so ill-satisfied."

"And what in the world can you have to be dissatisfied with me?"

"Well, madame, since you will know, I highly disapprove of your conduct yesterday."

"My conduct!" said the widow, in a half-offend-

ed tone. "Yes, madame, did you not accept the arm of Mr. Powis at the concert, and did he not afterwards see you home, when I, through unavoidable circumstances, could not be present?"

"And is this all that puts you out of temper?" said the widow, laughing playfully.

"Well, madame, since you will have me to tell all my complaints," said the marquis, who was evidently in a bad humor, which was heightened by the playful badinage of the lady, "I have fe :ther to complain of your general coldness to

since, and now I here can get you to your mind."

Trne, marquis, but I am sorry your memoly is so tracherous. Did I not say that when I had completed shis purse which I am knitting for you, I would then name the day?" and she held up the see purse in her haud, and, as If to tease him, she pulled ont two or thice meshes.

The marquis suddenly rose-"I can't bear this any longer!"

"Then I must pull out some more rows," and, sniting the action to the word, she continue tio undo the purse.

"Very well, madame, very well, as you please.", continued he, pacing up and down the room; "laugh at me-torment me," and then, suddenly stopping before the picture of her late hasband, he continued, "and have I not also to submit to daily affront as well as petty annoyances? Is this picture never to be removed? Will you eternally insult me by this old attachment-this imbecile, who still mocks me? I will myself remove it," and he was advancing towards it in the heat of his passion, when of a sudden he felt his hand seized with violence, and, turning round, he beheld the woman he had believed so tame and implacable standing before him, her eyes literally flashing fire; for a moment her indignation seemed to choke

"So, sir!" she at length exclaimed, "do you then fling off the mask and outrage my feelings in this unmanly way?"

The marquis shuddered-he felt in an instant how his temper had led him to overstep the bounds of prudence, and he feared to demolish in a day the plan of years.

"Madame, you must feel that you have trifled with me," he at length exclaimed, "and I have some right to accuse."

"Me you might accuse, and I would pardon you, bnt when you once attack my husband, do you not know, short-seeing man, that you call back into my heart, when I seek to defend him, all those feelings with which it once overflowed; but which I have allowed to pass into near forgetfulness, that you might tranquilly obtain some little spot therein?"

"Pardon, madame: I did bnt-

"No pardon, sir; open war from henceforth and for ever. Leave this house, and know that I de-

"Oh, hear mc, madame."

"Never!"-and she advanced across to the door and opened it. "Either yon, sir, or I."

The marquis, crest-fallen, and fearing to provoke her further, with one short, unsuccessful appeal, reluctantly obeyed her commands.

Scarcely had he left the room, when she advauced towards the picture, and, with an impassioned glance and outspread arms, sank upon her knees.

"Oh, that I should ever have forgotten thee, dear one!-have lent a willing ear to him who is no more worthy to be compared to thee than I am to an angel. I am saved, and never more shall thy dear memory quit my heart."

The rage of the unfortunate Marquis was soon dispelled; in vain he wrote to her, suing for pardon, and employed the good offices of their mutual friends. She declared that she was resolute, and broke off the match for ever, and the Marquis thus saw the prize for which he had waited with years of anxiety snatched from his hands by a momentary betrayal of that passion which he had hitherto always carefully concealed in her presence, and he was driven to the deepest despair. All written communications being now returned, and the assistance of his friends continuing unavailing, he resolved to risk all, and pay a visit to her house, even though he should receive the ignominy of a repulse at the threshold. On the afternoou of the fifth day after the rupture, with a faltering heart he knocked at the door; it was opened; it was evident that the servants had received no commanis. and were not aware of the change in his position, for the entrie was given to him as to the master of the house. Taking advantage of this circumstance, and hoping to enter her presence before she could dony him, he bade the servants not an

12:19 - as he would proceed to the ro 124

But when alone he passed rapidly along the corridor to the saloon which had witnessed his misfortune. She was not there, the door was open, and he passed from one room to the other till he arrived at her houdoir; at this hallowed precinct he paused; the door was half opened, and there, reclining upon a conch, lay the heautiful widow; she was asleep, her hair falling negligently over her fair hust, her heautiful, jewelled little hand hanging negligently hy her side; her face was reclining is the soft pillow, a flush o'erspread her cheeks, and a smile lighted up her countenance, as though the pleasing passage of the hook which was open by the side of her were still passing though her mind. The Marquis was entranced; could it be possible, could be have indeed lost this beautiful creature, and could she cruelly discard him from her for ever? No, she would relent, and now that smile upon her face, a happy omen; he approached gently to her, for an instant

he gazed npon her, then kneeling by her side, seized her hand. At the same instant the widow awoke, and seeing the Marquis hy her side, sprang up, indignation and anger darting from her eyes.

"Ah, bold man," she at length exclaimed, "do' yon dare to approach me again, and now not even respect the privacy of this room? Begone, sir, ere I call my servants to drag you hence," and she shrunk loathingly from him, and placed her hand upon the bell.

"Cold and heartless woman, you shall hear me, or if not, I will never leave this spot with life."

"You shall not force me from my fixed resolve; each word you now ntter hut adds to my contempt, and I do not fear your idle threat."

"You will not pardon me?"

"No."

"My death he upon your head then," and before she could recover from her surprise, the Marquis had plunged a small stiletto-knife, which lay npon the reading-table, into his side.

The scream of the widow, as she saw the rash and nnexpected act, brought assistance to the wounded man. A few minutes after, the friend who had previously warned her of the character of the Marquis entered the room; she ordered the wonnded man to he removed to his house, and hrought back the consoling information that the physicians had prononneed the wound not to be dangerous. Six weeks long he lay suffering from the effect, but his illness was not without good results, for it apparently cured him of the wildness of his paroxysm of love in his growing anxiety after health and strength; and in a few days after, by the advice of his medical men and at his own desire, he left England for Italy, leaving Fanny Villiers still a yonng widow, happy in her widowbood, and in this hlessed state she ever after remained, declaring, when still a handsome old lady, and the offspring of her own curly-haired boy were clnstered happily about her, that she was thankful for her escape from a second marriage.

Original Poetry.

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round, And mingles both their graces. By degrees, The human blossom blows; and every day, Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm, The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.

[Thomson's Seasons.

Written for the Model American Courier.

THE FLOWERS OF EARTH.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE. "

I turned away all wearily From the cold stranger's gaze, And mournful thoughts came o'er me-The thoughts of other days;
The soul grew sick within me,
Of weariness and pain,
And the heart yearned for the soft caress
It ne'er might feel again.

Near by went manhood's lofty form, And woman's softer grace,
And hright the light of beauty beamed
From many a youthful face;
Yet woman oft unworthy is
Of woman's holy name, And manhood bends his lofty brow

Thus as I sadly mused, there came
A hright and joyous band; Flowers twined around each tiny brow-Flowers in each little hand. Oh! pleasant were their forms and fair, And their wild and merry shont On the clear and halmy summer air, Like silver hells rang out.

I thought, sweet prattlers, as I heard
Those tones of guileless mirth,
Though bright the gathered hlossoms bloomed
Ye were the flowers of earth; And my thoughts grew calmer as I gazed
Upon each sunny brow,
And I hlessed you "darlings" in my heart, E'en as I bless you now.

And I prayed that you might ever be As beautiful as now; Each little heart from care as free, As pure each stainless brow.

Oh! there's a nameless, touching charm About sweet childhood's face— Its merry, artless, winning wiles— Its wild, untutored grace— Like huds of Eden blooming fair Amid surrounding dearth, As pure and innocent they are The loveliest flowers of earth. Nashua, New Hampshire.

Written for the Model American Courier.

THE THREE MARYS.

BY RICHARD COE.

We should love the name of Mary, For the sake of her who hore Jesus on her gentle bosom, In the days of yore: Soothed and oftentimes caressed Him, Blending with His own her hreath; Stood heside and fondly blessed Him, At His death!

We should love the name of Mary,
For the sake of her who bowed
At the Saviour's feet in sorrow,
And with wailings loud,
Did lament her lost condition, All before the face of men;

Thine hc glory's full fruition,

Magdalen!

We should love the name of Mary, For the sake of her who cried, "Lord, had'st Thou but heen anear us,
Brother had not died!"
Tears of kindly recollection,
Mingling with her bitter sighs,
As they met a like reflection, In His eyes!

We should love the name of Mary,
In that they together stand
'Round the pure white throne in Heaven,
Joining hand in hand;
And the while all circumspectly, Jesus, Saviour, praising Thee, Shedding on us indirectly Blessings free!

LADIES' NAMES.

Ann is too plain and common, And Nancy sounds but ill; Yet Anna is endurable, And Annie better still. There is a grace in Charlotte, In Eleanor a state; An elegance in Isabel A haughtiness in Kate: And Sarah is sedate and neat, And Ellen innocent and sweet.

Eliza is not very choice, Jane is too hlunt and bold, And Marian somewhat sorrowful,
And Lucy proud and cold.
Amelia is too light and gay, Fit only for a flirt; And Caroline is vain and shy, And Flora smart and pert. Louisa is too fat and sleek, But Alice, gentle, chaste, and meek.

And Harriet is confiding,
And Clara grave and mild;
And Emma is affectionate, And Janet arch and wild. And Patience is expressive,
And Grace is old and rare,
And Hannah warm and dutiful, And Margaret frank and fair.

And Faith and Hope and Charity Are heavenly names of sisters three.

THE TWO WEAVERS.

As at their work two weavers sat, Beguiling time with friendly chat, They touch'd upon the price of meat, So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my hrats and sickly wife," Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life; So hard my work, so poor my fare, 'Tis more than mortal man can hear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state! His house so fine! his wealth so great! Heav'n Is unjust, you must agree; Why all to him? Why none to me?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches, In spite of all the parson preaches, This world (indeed I've thought so long) Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range, 'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange; The good are troubled and oppress'd, And all the wicked are the hless'd.''

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause Why thus we hlame our Maker's laws: Parts of His ways alone we know; 'Tis all that man can see below.

"Seest thou that carpet, not half done, Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begnn? Behold the wild confusion there, So rude the mass it makes one stare!

stranger ign'rant of the trade, Would say, no meaning's there convey'd; For where's the middle, where's the border! Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits, But still in ev'ry part it fits; Besides, you reason like a lout— Why, man, that carpet's inside out!"

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean, And now I hope to cure thy spleen; This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt, Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends, We know not what the whole intends; So, when on earth things look hut odd, They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace; All wants proportion, truth, and grace; The motley mixture we deride, Nor see the heauteous upper side.

Bnt when we reach that world of light, And view those works of God aright, Then shall we see the whole design, And own the workman is Divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there All order and design appear; Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd, For then the carpet shall be turn'd."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick; "no more I'll 7 grumhle, That this sad world's so strange a jumble; My impious doubts are put to flight, For my own carpet sets me right."

The Poem of the Age.

But seldom (as if fearful of expense)
Vouchsafes to man a poet's just pretence—
Fervency, freedom, finency of thought,
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought;
Fancy, that, from the bow that spans the sky,
Brings colors, dipp'd in heav'n, that never die;
A soul exalted above earth, a mind
Skill'd in the characters that form mankind.

[COWPER.

[Continued from the Courier of last week.]

A LIFE-DRAMA.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH, LONDON, ENGLAND.*

SCENE X.

A Bridge in a City-Midnight-WALTER alone.

WALTER.

Adam lost Paradise—eternal tale Repeated in the lives of all his sons. Repeated in the lives of all his sons.
I had a shining orh of happiness,
God gave it me, hut sin passed over it
As small-pox passes o'er a lovely face,
Leaving it hideous. I have lost for ever
The paradise of young and happy thoughts,
And now stand in the middle of my life
Looking back through my tears—ne'er to return.
I've a stern tryst with Death, and must go on,
Thongh with slow steps and oft-reverted eyes.

Tis a thick, rich-hazed, sumptuons autumn night; The moon grows like a white flower in the sky;
The stars are dim. The tired year rests content
Among her sheaves, as a fond mother rests
Among her children; all her work is done.
There is a weight of peace npon the world;

It sleeps: God's blessing on it." Not on me:
Oh, as a lewd dream stains the holy sleep,
I stain the holy night, yet dare not die!
I knew this river's childhood, from the lake
That gave it birth, till, as if spilt from heaven,
It floated o'er the face of jet-black rocks,
Graceful and gauzy as a snowy veil.
Then we were pure as the blue sky above ns,
Now we are black alike. This stream has turned
The wheels of commerce, and come forth distained: tained:

And now trails slowly through a city's heart,
Drawing its filth as does an evil soul
Attract all evil things; putrid and black
It mingles with the clear and stainless sea. So into pure eternity my soul Will disembogue itself.

Good®men have sald
That sometimes God leaves sinners to their sins,—
He has left me to mine, and I am changed;
My worst part is insurgent, and my will
Is weak and powerless as a trembling King
When millions rise np hnngry. Woe is me!
My soul breeds sins as a dead body worms!
They swarm and feed upon me. Hear me, God!
Sin met me and embraced me on my way;
Methought her cheeks were red, her lips had
bloom; Good men have sald bloom:

I kissed her bold lips, dallied with her hair: She sang me into slumber. I awoke— It was a putrid corse that clung to me, That clings to me like memory to the damned,
That rots into my being. Father! God!
I cannot shake it off, it clings, it clings;
Soon will grow as corrupt as itself.

[A pause. God sends me back my prayers, as a father Returns nnoped the letters of a son Who has dishonored him.

Have mercy, Fiend!
Thou Devil, thou wilt drag me down to hell.
Oh, if she had proclivity to sin
Who did appear so beauteons and so pure,
Natnre may leer behind a gracions mask.
And God himself may be—I'm giddy, blind,
The world reels from beneath me.

[Catches hold of the parapet.

(An outcast approaches.)

Wilt pray for me?

GIRL (shuddering.)

'Tis a dreadful thing to pray.

WALTER.

Why is it so? Hast thon, like me, a spot upon thy soul That neither tears can cleanse, nor fires eterne?

GIRL.

But few request my prayers.

WALTER.

I request them.
For ne'er did a dishevelled woman ching
So earnest pale to a stern conqueror's knees,
Pleading for a dear life, as did my prayer
Cling to the knees of God. He shook it off,
And went upon His way. Wilt pray for me?

GIRL.

Sin crusts me o'er as limpets crust the rocks. I would be thrust from ev'ry human door; I dare not knock at Heaven's.

WALTER.

Poor homeless one! There is a door stands wide for thee and me— The door of hell. Methinks we are well met. I saw a little girl three years ago,
With eyes of azure and with cheeks of red,
A crowd of sunbeams hanging down her face;
Sweet laughter round her; dancing like a breeze. I'd rather lair me with a fiend in fire
Than look on such a face as hers to-night.
But I can look on thee, and such as thee;
I'll call thee "Sister;" do thou call me "Brother."

A then and

GIRL.

O, thou strange wild man, Let me alone: what would you seek with me?

WALTER.

Your ear, my Sister. I have that within Which urges me to utterance, I could ac A pensive angel, singing to himself Upon a hill in heaven, and leave his mind As dark and turbid as a trampled pool, I have that within tterance. I could accost As dark and turbid as a trampled pool,
To purify at leisure.—I have none
To listen to me, save a sinful woman
Upon a midnight bridge.—She was so fair,
God's eye could rest with pleasure on her face.
Oh, God, she was so happy! Her short life
As full of music as the crowded Jnne
Of an unfallen orb. What is it now?
She gave me her young heart, full, full of love:
My return—was to break it. Worse, far worse;
I crept into the chambers of her soul,
the a foul toad, polluting as I went.

I pity her—not you. Man trusts in God; He is eternal. Woman trusts in man, And he is shifting sand.

WALTER.

WALTER.

Poor child, poor child!

We sat in dreadful silence with our sin,
Looking each other wildly in the eyes:

Methought I heard the gates of heaven close—
She flung herself against me, burst in tears,
As a wave bursts in spray. She covered me
With her wild sorrow, as an April clond
With dim dishevelled tresses hides the hill
On which its heart is bray he clung to me
With piteous arms, and show me with her sobs,
For she had lost her world, her heaven, her God,
And now had nought but me and her great wrong.
She did not kill me with a single word, is
But once she lifted her tear-dabbled face—
Had hell gaped at my feet I would have leapt
Into its bnrning throat, from that pale look.
Still it pursues me like a haunting fiend:
It drives me out to the black moors at night,
Where I am smitten by the hissing rain; It drives me out to the black moors at night, Where I am smitten by the hissing rain; And ruffian winds, dislodging from their troops, Hustle me shrleking, then with sudden turn Go langhing to their fellows. Merciful God! It comes—that face again, that white, white face, Set in a night of hair; reproachful eyes, That make me mad! Oh, save me from those eyes! They will torment me even in the grave, And burn on me in Tophet.

GIRL.

Where are you going!

WALTER.

My heart's on fire by hell, and on I drive To outer blackness, like a blazing ship.

[He rushes away.

SCENE XI:

Night.-WALTER, standing alone in his garden. WALTER.

Summer hath murmured with her leafy lips Around my home, and I have heard her not; I've missed the process of three several years, From shaking wind-flowers to the tarnished gold That rustles sere on Antumn's aged limbs.

I went three years ago, and now return,
As stag sore hunted a long summer day
Creeps in the eve to its deep forest home.

This is my home again! Once more I hail
The dear old gables and the creaking vanes.
It stands all flecked with shadows in the moon,
Patient, and white, and woeful. 'Tis so still,
It seems to brood upon its youthful years,
When children sported on its ringing floors,
And music trembled through its happy rooms.
'Twas here I spent my youth, as far removed
From the great heavings, hopes, and fears of man,
As unknown isle asleep in unknown seas.
Gone my pure heart, and with it happy days;
No manna falls around me from on high,
Barely from off the desert of my life Barely from off the desert of my life I gather patience and severe content. God is a worker. He has thickly strewn Infinity with grandeur. God is Love; He yet shall wipe away Creation's tears, He yet shall wipe away Creation's tears,
And all the worlds shall summer in His smile.
Why work I not? The veriest mote that sports
Its one-day life within the sunny beam
Has its stern duties. Wherefore have I none?
I will throw off this dead and useless past,
As a strong runner, straining for his life,
Unclasps a mantle to the hungry winds.
A mighty purpose rises large and slow
From out the fluctuations of my soul,
As, ghost-like, from the dim and tumbling sea
Starts the completed moon.

[Another pause.

[Another pause.

ther."

And spirit-thews to work my daring out;
And spirit-thews to work my daring out;
I'll cleave the world as a swimmer cleaves the sea,
Breaking the sleek green billows into froth,
Will we not, Sister?"

With scornful break in the season of the seaso Pil cleave the world as a swimmer cleaves the sea,
Breaking the sleek green billows into froth,
With tilting full-blown chest, and scattering
With scornful breath the kissing, flattering foam,
That leaps and dallies with his dipping lip.
Thou'rt distant, now, O World! I hear thee not!
There's no pale fringes of thy fires to-night
Around the large horizon. Yet, O World!
I have thee in my power, and as a man I have thee in my power, and as a man By some mysterions influence can sway Another's mind, making him langh and weep, Shudder or thrill, such power have I on thee. Much have I snffered, both from thee and thine; Thou shalt not 'scape me, World! I'll make thee

weep;
I'll make my lone thought cross thee like a spirit,
And blanch thy braggart cheeks, lift up thy hair,
And make thy great knees tremble; I will send
Across thy soul dark herds of demon dreams,
And make thee toss and moan in troubled sleep;
And, waking, I will fill thy forlorn heart
With pure and happy thoughts, as summer woods
Are full of singing-birds. I come from far,
I'll rest myself, O World! awhile on thee,
And half in earnest, half in jest, I'll cut
My name upon thee, pass the arch of Death,
Thereon a stair of stars go up to God. weep;

SCENE XII.

An Apartment-CHARLES and EDWARD soated.

Enward.

Have you seen Walter lately?

CHARLES.

Very much;

I wintered with him.

Enward. What was he about?

CHARLES. He wrote his Poem then.

Enward.

That was a hit! The world is murmnring like a hive of bees: He is its theme—to-morrow it may change. Was it done at a dash?

CHARLES.

It was; each word sincere, As blood-drops from the heart. The full-faced moon.

moon,
Set round with stars, in at his casement looked,
And saw him write and write: and when the moon
Was waning dim upon the edge of morn,
Still sat he writing, thoughtful-eyed and pale;
And, as of yore, round his white temples reeled
His golden hair, in ringlets beautiful.

Great iow he had for thought came all dead the His golden hair, in ringlets beautiful.
Great joy he had, for thought came glad and thick
As leaves upon a tree in primrose-time;
And as he wrote, his task the lovelier grew,
Like April unto May, or as a child,
A smile in the lap of life, by fine degrees
Orbs to a maiden, walking with meek eyes
In atmosphere of beauty round her breathed.
He wrote all winter in an olden room,
Hallowed with glooms and books. Priests who
have wed
Their makers unto Fame. Moons that have shed

Their makers nnto Fame, Moons that have shed Eternal halos around England's head; Books dusky and thumbed without, within, sphere

sphere
Smelling of Spring, as genial, fresh, and clear,
And beautiful, as is the rainbowed air
After May showers. Within this pleasant lair
Le passed in writing all the winter moons;
May came, with train of sunny noons,
Lose a leafy snmmer-honse within
The greenest nook in all his garden green;
Oft a fine thought would finsh his face divine,
As he had quaffed a cup of olden wine,
Which deifies the drinker: oft his face
Gleamed like a spirit's in that shady place While defines the drinker: of his face Gleaned like a spirit's in that shady place, While he saw, smiling upward from the scroll, The image of the thought within his sonl; There, 'mid the waving shadows of the trees, 'Mong garden-odors and the hum of bees, He wrote the last and closing passages. He is not happy. He is not happy.

> EDWARD. Has he told you so?

> > CHARLES.

Not in plain terms. Off an unhappy thought, Telling all is not well, falls from his soul Like a diseased feather from the wing Of a sick eagle; a scorched meteor-stone Dropt from the ruined moon.

EDWARD.

What are these thoughts? CHARLES.

5

Walked with him upon a windy night;
We saw the streaming moon flee through the sky
Prished by all the dark and hungry clonds.
He stopped and said: "Weariness feeds on all.
That Vampire, Time, shall yet suck dim the sun.
God wearies, and so makes a nniverse,
And gathers angels round Him.—He is weak;
I weary, and so wreak myself in verse,
Which but relieves me as a six-inch pipe
Relieves the dropsied sea. Oh, for mad War! Which but relieves me as a six-inch pipe Relieves the dropsied sea. Oh, for mad War! I'd give my next twelve years to head but once Ten thonsand horse in a victorions charge. Give me some one to hate, and let me chase Him through the zones, and finding him at last, Make his accursed eyes leap on his cheeks, And his face blacken, with one choking gripe."

EDWARD.

Savage enough, i' faith!

CHARLES.

He often said, His strivings after Poesy and Fame Were vain as turning blind eyes on the snn.
His Book came out; I told him that the world
Hailed him a Poet. He said, with feeble smile,
"I have arisen like a dawn—the world, -that is all." Like the touched Memnon, mnrmurs-He said, as we were lying on the moss, (A forest, sounding o'er us, like a sea Above two mermen seated on the sands,)

"Our human hearts are deeper than our souls, And Love than Knowledge is diviner food—
Oh, Charles! if God will ever send to thee
A heart that loves thee, reverence that heart.
We think that Death is hard, when he can ki!!
An infant smiling in his very face:
Harder was I than Death.—In cup of sin

a-aid dissolve thee, thou most precious pearl, a hen drank thee np." We sat one eve, Gazing in silence on the falling sun: We saw him sink. Upon the silent world, Like a fine veil, came down the tender gloom; A dove came fluttering round the window, flew Away, and then came fluttering back. He said, "As that dove flutters round the casement, comes comes

A pale shape round my soul; I've done it wrong, I never will be happy till I ope
My heart and take it in."—'Twas ever so;
To some strange sorrow all his thoughts did tend,
Like waves unto a shore. Dost knew his grief?

EDWARD.

I dimly guess it; a rich cheek grew pale,
A happy spirit singing on her way
Grew mnte as winter. Walter, mad and blind,
Threw off the world, God, unclasped pleading

arms, Rnshed wild through Pleasure, and through Devilworld.

Till he fell down exhausted .- Do you know If he believes in God?

CHARLES.

He told me once,
The saddest thing that can befall a son!
Is when it loses faith in God and Woman;
For he had lost them both.—Lost I those gems—
Though the world's throne stood empty in my

path,
I would go wandering back into my childhood,
Searching for them with tears.

EDWARD.

Alone upon his waste and dreary road,
He will return to the old faith he learned
Beside his mother's knee. That memory
That hannts him, as the sweet and gracious moon
Haunts the poor outcast Earth, will lead him back
To happiness and God To happiness and God.

CHARLES. May it be so!

SPRING.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

Again upon the grateful earth, Thou mother of the flowers, Thou mother of the flowers,
The singing birds, the singing streams,
The rainbow and the showers;
And what a gift is thine!—thou makest
A world to welcome thee;
And the mountains in their glory smile,
And the wild and changeful sea.

Thou gentle Spring—the brooding sky
Looks we'come all around:
The moon looks down with a milder eye,
And the stars with joy abound;
An I the clouds come up with solier glow,
Up to the Zenith blown,
And float in pride o'er the Earth below,
Like banners o'er a throne.

Thou smiling Spring !- again thy praise Is on the lip of streams; And the water-falls loud anthems raise, By day, and in their dreams,
The lakes that glitter on the plain,
Sing with the stirring breeze;
And the voice of welcome sounds ag in
From the surge upon the seas.

Adoming Spring!-the earth to thee Adoming Spring:—the earth to thee
Spreads out its hidden love;
The try elimbs the cedar-tree,
The tallest in the grove;
And on the moss-grown rock, the rose
Is opening to the Sun,
And the forest trees are putting forth
Their earth leavage one by time Their green leaves, one by one.

As thou to earth, so to the soul
Shail after glories be,
When the grave's winter yields control
And the spirits' wings are free;
And then as yonder opening flower
Smiles to the smiling sun,
Be mine the fate to smile in heaven
When my weary race is run.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

I give you a fragment of an old popular song fo my text:

"Here's to him that drinks small beer, And goes to bed suber; He falls as the leaves fall, He falls as the leaves fall, That fall in October.

"Here's to him that drinks strong beer,
And goes to bed mellow;
He 'wes as he ought to live,
He wes as he ought to live,
And dies a d—good fellow."

DAMAGES 3 REFAIRS.—'Helio, Sharp!' said Pop, Earth is not all fair, yet it is not all gloom, we ting him, in the street; 'you helble, my boy. And the voice of the grateful will tell.
That He who allotted Pain, Death, and the Tomb, Gave Hupe, Health, and the Bridal as well. meeting him, in the street; 'you hobble, my boy. What's the matter with you?'

'Oh, I had my feet or whed through the careless-

And don't you mean to sue for damages?'

Skould Fate do its worst, and my spirit oppression of a co. luctor, the other day, between rail-road Skould Fate do its worst, and my spirit oppression of a co. luctor, the other day, between rail-road Skould Fate do its worst, and my spirit oppression of a co. luctor, the other day, between rail-road Skould Fate do its worst, and my spirit oppression of a co. luctor, the other day, between rail-road Skould Fate do its worst, and my spirit oppression of a co. luctor, the other day, between rail-road Skould Fate do its worst, and my spirit oppression of a co. luctor, the other day, between rail-road Skould Fate do its worst, and my spirit oppression of the control of the contro

'Damages?—no, no. I have had damages enough already. Hadn't I better sue for repairs?'

[FOR THE HERCURY.]

Written off the Western Islands.

BY CH. C RABOTEAU.

Clouds rest on *Pico's tall and lofty brow,
And all noruffled is the tranquil faco
Of gentle Ocean, which resembles now,
One wast extent of smooth and level glass,
Save the long, restless swell which ever o'cr
Its bosom heaves, when storms disturb no more.

So tranquil is the scene—so ca'm, so still,
Fain would my bosom catch its peaceful hue;
Forsake its sorrow, and forget its ill,
As twilight gathers o'er the waters blue,
And busy Memory, wrapp'd in balmy sleep,
Disturb, no more, the wanderer o'er the deep,

His mind revisits now his native shore.

Where foud affection round the household hearth, With anxious bosom hears the tempest roar, And howl around the mansion of his birth, And weeps to think that such a storm may be Her brother's dirge—his grave the treacherous sea.

Yet o'er those bounding billows fleet and free, With heart undaunted, has this wanderer come, And leaving, for the dangers of the sea.

The fond endearments which adorn his home, Has smiled to think that e'en the stormy wave Can bring no terrors to the free and brave.

But now no storms disturb the ocean's breast,
No angry billows dash toward the sky—
Its heavings cease—its waves a e all at rest,
And smiling nature slumbers peacefully—
The breeze from off the land blows fresh and mild.
And glads the lone heart of the ocean's child.

* The peak of Pico, I have understood, is next in height to the peak of Tenerille.

HUNTING SONG.

From the London Athenaum.

From the London Athenaum.
The stars are still in the cold blue sky.
The mists have sped away;
The chimes ring blithe in the belfry high,
"Twill shine a glorious day.
Our prancing steeds before the gate,
And the eager hounds I hear;
What, he! rise up! you lie too late,
Rise up and hunt the deer!

My lady and her maidens tall,
Like bright flowers in a row,
Lean, blushing, o'er the terrace wall
To see the hunters go:
And when dusk evening ends our toils,
Their music thou shalt hear,
Then up. Sir Sloth! deserve their smiles,
Come out and chase the deer!

The droning sage may high is bed, With nightly poring weak, But give me early morning red, With its fresh breeze on my check. My merry wates, who love me well, Are all around me here:

Trilla! trilla! through wood and dell, Away! and hunt the deer!

(From an English paper.)
THE WORLD. BY ELIZA COOK

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thrall.

Yet—yet, there is bloom on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow-cloud stay, And note all the shades of our lot; But the rirb scintillations that brighten our way, Are bask'd in, enjoyed, and lorgot.

Those who look on mortality's ocean aright, Will not moan o'er each billow that rolls, But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might, As much as the shipwrocks and shoals.

How thankless is he, who remembers alone
All the bitter, the drear, and the dark,
Though the raven may scare with its wor-boding tone.
Do we ne'er hear the song of the lark ?

We may utter farewell when 'tis torture to part, But in meeting the dear one again. Have we never rejoiced with wildness of heart, Which outbolances ages of pain?

Who halls not had moments so laden with bliss, When the soul in its fulness of love Would waver, if bidden to choose between this And the paradise promised above?

Tho' the eye may be dimn'd with its grief drop awhile, And the whiten'd lip sigh forth its lear, Yet pensive indeed is that face where the smile Is not oftener seen than the lear.

There are times when the storm-gust may rastle around,
There are spots where the potson shrub grows;
Yet are there not hours when nought else can be found.
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose?

O haplessly rare is the portion that's ours, and strange is the path that we take, If there spring not beside us a few precious flowers. To soften the thorn and the brake.

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife,
The sonl's harmony often may mar,
But I think we must own in the discords of life,
'Tis ourselves that oft waken the jar.

THE FOLLY OF NOT KEEPING COOL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"There, sir!" said a debtor, against whom a man had prosecuted a claim, and recovered the amount due him, by execution and sale. "Thère, sir!" And the words were spoken with rebuking emphasis. "You have got your own, and may it do you much good! But, while enjoying it, let the fact come in to sweeten the remembranee, that, in getting a thousand dollars rightly your due, you saerifieed two thousand dollars belonging to others. That, in foreing your debtor to pay, you took more than your own. While enjoying every luxury that money ean bring, it will, I am sure, add much to your feelings of comfort and ease, to know that you have broken up my business, destroyed my prospects, and turned my family out of a pleasant home."

Having said this, the man went off quiekly, and left the person thus addressed, who walked away with his eyes upon the ground. The name of the ereditor who had been so warmly assailed was Albright. Notwithstanding the extreme measures he had pursued, he was not entirely devoid of sympathy for others' misfortunes. He had tried, for some time, to get a settlement with his debtor, but without effect, and at last made use of legal measures to obtain what was justly due him. The immediate cause of his eoercive proceedings, we will relate.

The debtor's name was Blake. He owed Albright a thousand dollars, and was not able to settle it when the money was demanded. Instead, however, of meeting the demand in a right spirit, and explaining, in a satisfactory manner, the reason why he was not able to pay the account immediately, he became fretted at being "dunned," as he said, and sent Albright a very indifferent and really insulting answer.

The ereditor did not exactly like this, but kept eool about it. After waiting for three or four weeks, he sent one of his clerks to Blake again, with a request that his elaimmight be settled.

It happened, that, on the very day this second demand was made, Blake was in trouble about money matters. He had several notes to pay in bank, and between borrowing and trying to collect, was almost worried to death. The sum he was under the necessity of raising, or elsc suffer protest, was a thousand dollars. Until within a few months, he had not done much in the borrowing way, and, therefore, had but limited facilities for raising money out of his regular business. As he had already borrowed, to meet previous payments, quite largely for him, he found the effort to obtain what was now required, exceedingly difficult. At ten o'elock in the morning, when he began to look his note-paying matters in the face, he found aimself with a balance in bank of two hundred and fifty dollars. He had, therefore, just the sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars to raise, the most of which would have to be obtained by bor. rowing. Still, he had some hope from collections's and the first movement he made was to send fortle one of his elerks with a number of bills, directing him, before he went out, to return by twelvo'eloek, and report his suecess up to that time.

After the clerk lcft, Mr. Blake spent nearlh quarter of an hour in determining who to eal upon and request the favor of small temporarb loans. The few friends, to whom he usually man, application, when he wanted a little money, hen all been borrowed from during the preceding weets and he could not think of going to them for new f. vors until the old ones were eaneelled. The fact was, Mr. Blake could not think of a single indi vidual to whom he could apply with any certaint, of success. But, as matters were pressing, a seven hundred and fifty dollars must be raised tefore three o'elock, no time was to be lost. ea must be up and doing. So, to begin, Mr. Bha/ started out, determined to apply to a mercha with whom he oceasionally dealt, and who we ports. 1 to have plenty of money.

Humorous and Sentimental Line,

Co-OPERATION OF THE WIFE -No man ever prospers in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what by them that they can hardly eat at all. confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for this voyage who finds him an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no spmpathising partner is prepared.

IF you would keep spring in your heart, learn to sing. There is more merit in melody that most peoble have any idea of.

A coblar who smoothes' his wax ends with a song, will do as much work in a day as a cordwainer given to "ill-nature and cussing" would effect in a week Songs are like sunshine, they run to cheerfulness, and so fill the bosom with buoyancy that for the time being, you feel like a yard of June, or a niedow full of bobolinks. Try it on.

A French paper thus traces the sensations of a reader of advertisements: The first advertisement.-He don't

don't read it.

The third insertion.—He sees it.

The fourth insertion .- He looks at the

The fifth insertion.—He speaks of it to his wife.

The seventh insertion.-He purchases. Perhaps advertising in a paper which is read on a day of leisure is quite as good as during the whole week.

Good DEFINITIONS .- At the printers' festival in Lowell, the following definitions were given:

True progress-Subscriptions in advance Old Fogyism-owing a printer's bill.

RICHES are an unfortunate invention. Find a man with millions, and he is almost sure to be made up of three parts gout, two dyspepsia, five rheumatism, two and a half lumbago, sixty-six and a half trouble lest his stocks depreciate, and two hundred and seventy-four botheration from poor people calling for cold victuals, charity and old clothes. Therefore if you want to live easy, and be free of all the above snags, just look out from becoming rich. Three doors above poverty is the best site to live on in the

A roung man was frequently cautioned my his father to vote for "measures, not men,." He promised to do so, and soon after received a bonus to yote for a Mr. Peck. His father astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired his resons for doing so. "Surely, father," said the youth, "you told me to vote for measures, and if Peck is not a measure, I don't know what is."

SELF-CONTROL .- To live happily with others we must first learn to live happily with ourselves. He who rules his own spirit well, can so adapt himself to the rifting phases in the life of his friends, ever to be drawn into harshness, to do violence to the feelings or those who are bound to him by ed ties of friendship or love.

passing through New Hampshire, observed the following notice on a board : "Horses taken into grass. Long tails three shillings and sixpence, short tails two shillings." The lady asked the owner wo shillings. of the land the reason for the difference of price. He answered, "You see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies; but the short tails are so tormented

FAMILY vs. COMPANY.

OR, FOUR KINDS OF CAKE.

CHAPTER I.

"It is all folly, wife!" exclaimed Mr. Jotham Somes, a matter of fact, plain spoken sort of a man, to his better half. "There you have got, no less than four kinds of cake, three kinds of took tea there." pies, two kinds of preserves, to say nothing of knick-knacks, and gim-cracks."

The fact was that Mrs. Somes was having the minister, his wife and two grown-up daughters. to take tea with her. She had been engaged for three days in the preparation, and such a display of nice things was calculated to astonish the minister and his family-to give them a two-fold surprise, first at the variety and extent of her culinary resources, and secondly at her folly in attempting to make a display beyond

The Somes's were in comfortable circumstances. Mr. Somes was a farmer, and probably his income might have amounted to four hundred dollars per year.

Mrs. Somes was a prudent, careful housewife, who wasted no more of her culinary skill The second insertion—He sees it but upon her own family than was absolutely necessary. But she delighted in making a grand appearance when she had company. Somes and the boys were sometimes so ill-natured as to growl at her careful catering, when the house contained no company; and it cut The sixth insertioni-She in willing to them to the bone to see such extraordinary preparations for the neighbors. It was "kiss the cook" when they were alone, but the board groaned with plenty when there were guests

Mr. Jotham Somes had just come from the sitting room, where the table, with its tempting array of viands, was spread. He did not like it a bit, and after passing the time of day with the parson, and his family, he proceeded to the kitchen, where his wife was just taking the biseuit out of the oven.

"What do you mean by folly, I should like to know?" replied Mrs. Jotham Somes, somewhat tartly.

She was a second wife, and having been redeemed from one of the advanced stages of maidenhood, her temper had grown a little sour before she became a wife.

"The folly of setting such a table as you have," replied the husband. "I should think you were going to have the President, or the royal family to take tea with you."

"I am going to have the Rev. Mr. Mceklie, and his family, and I will take care of my business if you will of yours," replied the lady, slamming the oven door.

"Perhaps it is not my business."

"No! I am sure it is not."

"Who pays for all them gew-gaws and gimcracks?

"You do of course."

"But it is none of my business!"

"No! I never thought you were so confounded mean!" said the lady, her face reddening with anger.

"Mean! I'm not mean! But when you get victuals for your own family; you think almost anything is good enough for them. We never see any pies and cake and knick-knacks."

"Do you think I'm going to make pies and cake for the men folks to eat every day?"

"Then don't do it for company. What is good enough for me, is as good as I can afford to give my visitors."

"I really believe if you had your own way, you would have mc as mean as the Smiths."

"The Smiths are as good folks and as liberal as any in town; and I'll warrant Parson Meeklie thinks a heap more of them than he does of you with all your kinds of cake."

"You're a fool, Mr. Somes!"

"I am fool enough to know that folks are not judged by the quantity of sweet cake they put upon the table when they have company. I repeat it; there are no better people in town than the Smiths."

"I s'pose not; but they had nothing but cold biscuit and molasses gingerbread, when we

"That's as good as they can afford; but it is no better than they have every day, and I admire their independence."

"They're contemptible, mean folks, there!" "Why? because they do not attempt to make folks believe they live better than they do? For my part I don't think it any better than hypocrisy, to make such a parade of victuals as you do, especially when it is hard work for me and the boys to get a decent meal of

"Did anybody ever hear the like," groaned the lady, who had by this time arrived at the Lea pitch of excitement, when tears are more effec-

"Perhaps they never did; but if ever I see anything of this sort again, they will be pretty likely to hear of it," replied Mr. Somes, throwing off his blue frock, and commencing his preparations for taking tea with the minister.

CHAPTER II.

The plate of hot biscuit was placed in the midst of the profusion of fancy eatables, with

which the table was crowded. The minister and his family were duly seated, and the ceremony was proceeding decently and in order.

Mrs. Somes had not wholly recovered from the excitement of the interview in the kitchen, and her hand trembled slightly, as she handed Mrs. Meeklie her tea. Mr. Somes had donned less the his best blue coat with brass buttons, which had done duty as a Sunday garment for fifteen

He seemed to be somewhat uneasy, and though he and the minister had always been on 2 the best of terms, his answers were too short and crusty for a courteous host.

"Won't you pass the biscuit to Mrs. Mceklie, husband!" said Mrs. Somes, with her swectest smile, albeit not very sweet at that.

Mr. Somes did pass the biscuit to Mrs. Meeklie, and she took one; but when he passed them to Mr. Meeklie, he smilingly declined.

"No I thank you, Mr. Somes; I never eat hot bread. It does not agree with me," said he.

Mrs. Somes passed the cold bread, thinking all the time how very uncivil it was in the parson, to refuse the hot biscuit she had taken so much pains to prepare.

But Mr. Meeklie was very respectful to his stomach; for he found when insulted and imposed upon, that it was tyrannical and disagreeable; and he paid more deference to his digestive organs, than he did to the feelings of his vain parishioners.

"My biscuits are not very nice; I did not have as good luck as I generally do," suggested Mrs. Somes, as Mrs. Meeklie took a second cake.

"Better," interposed Mr. Somes.

The lady looked at him with very evident marks of displeasure. "They are very nice," said the parson's wife.

"Take a little more of this quince preserve, Miss Mceklie. I dare say it is not so nice as your mother makes; but the truthis-

n has stood too long," interrupted Mr. lioned "tit-bits," which might have been set be-Somes. "The jar has not been opened since fore Noah and his friends in the ark. Six long you were here last fall."

Mrs. Somes looked daggers; but the parson very considerately asking Mr. Somes if he was done plauting, just at that moment, her anger evaporated, without any unpleasant effects.

"Husband, won't you pass the cake to Mr. Meeklie ?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Somes, I never eat eake; unless it be something very simple, such as gingerbread or molasses cake."

What a calamity! Four kinds of cake, and the parson wouldn't touch one of them.

"But you will take some of these jumbles; I made them on purpose for you."

"That's a fact, Mr. Meeklie," added Mr. in the mean time?" Somes, maliciously.

never made pies and cake for her own family, but he was afraid of frightening the parson.

"You must excuse me; I doubt not they are very nice, but I have to be eareful.'

Mrs. Meeklie and her two grown up daughters were more courteous, and each nibbled a 2 small bit of the rich pound cake; but they seemed to do it against their better judgment.

The truth was, they felt embarrassed by the s extraordinary display Mrs. Somes had made. They did not feel at home. The whole affair was too set and artificial to be enjoyed, and at can early hour the whole party withdrew, mentally determined to make it a long time before they took tea with Mrs. Somes again.

CHAPTER III.

"Wife, where is the piece of meat I sent home for dinner?" asked farmer Somes, as he and the boys came in for their noon day meal, on the day following the tea party.

The farmer glanced inquiringly at the table which was spread before them. Involuntarially his nasal organ contracted longitudinally; it would not be polite to say "he turned up his nose," though such was the fact beyond the possibility of denial.

Farmer Somes was not in any sense an epicure. He liked a plain, substantial diet, that "which was good and enough of it," as he forcibly expressed his ideas of able economy.

Lest the reader should suppose he was one of those grouty, ill-natured "feeders," who would grumble at the ambrosia and nectar of the gods, we deem it necessary to particularize the articles on the board of the lady who had placed four kinds of eake before company.

Certainly there was variety enough to satisfy the most fickle taste. (In a broken platter-the my guests." best dishes were religiously reserved to the use of company—was the half of one sausage and drawing up his chair. "My business relates to one-sixth, all told. They were in suspicious looking fat, and altogether, the aspect of the dish was singularly forbidding.

extending quite across it, lay in an aggregated mass, three dozen baked beans, and an infinitessimal fragments of pork rind. This was an antiquity. Farmer Somes and the boys had ery distinct remembrance of having seen his dish on the table every day during the previous fortnight; proving that Mrs. Somes was not only the most economical, but one of the most obstinate dames in the world. The farmer and his boys had virtually said they would not eat these same beans; and Mrs. Somes had virtually said they should.

On a worn out blue plate, superannuated; and "nicked" in a thousand places, were four perk bones, looking as though they had been picked by that army of mice which Whittingfor 's cat destroyed. These bones had seen making a vain show of three kinds of pics, two service for the last twelve days. The joint of kinds of preserves, and four kinds of cake; h they were the disintegrated members had he were the table just one fortnight before. rticles, antique old-fash-

red potatoes, unpeeled, even unsprouted, completed the array of edibles, ornamental and substantial.

The farmer's nose contracted, as before re-

"Where is the meat I sent home?"

"Hanging in the well."

"Had n't we better eat it ?" "I want it for company next Sunday."

-ahem! Company again!"

"I expect my brother will dine with us then," and I want something fit to set before him." Mrs. Somes looked sulky.

"And you mean to starve me and the boys

"I should like to know if there is not enough He would further have added that his wife | for you?" said the dame pointing to the table. Farmer Somes turned up his nose.

"Did I ever refuse to buy victuals when you wanted them ?" he said rather sternly.

"Not that I know of; but I didn't suppose you wanted to buy fresh meat every day," returned the wife sourly, "I am sure I try to be as economical as I can."

"Four kinds of cake, which nobody would touch, I suppose is prudent, ain't it?"

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Somes, I am glad to see you at home," said Mr. Meeklie, walking into the room unannounced.

Good gracious! the minister, and with such a table spread for the family! What a commentary on four kinds of cake for company.

Mrs. Somes was all confusion. Though the parson intended to look at the farmer, she could see that more than once his eyes wandered over the table.

"Glad to see you parson; sit down and take some dinner with us," said Mr. Somes, taking the minister by the hand.

"Thank you, I don't care if I do," replied Mr. Meeklie. "I have a long walk to take before I return home."

Farmer Somes was pointing him to a chair, when the lady interposed.

"We have got a pieked up dinner to-day. Husband sent home a joint of veal, but it didn't get here until after eleven, so I had no time to

"Got here by eight o'clock," said farmer Somes; "no fibs to the parson."

"But if you will wait only a few moments I will fry some of the veal."

"Sit down, parson; it's every day fare, but what is good enough for me is good enough for

"Right, Mr. Somes," replied the minister wo-thirds of another, making one sausage and the new bell for the meeting house. I am carrying round a subscription paper."

"I am with you, parson."

Farmer Somes was in a most malicious good On a white plate, with a long black fracture humor, and with a broad grin on his honest phiz, he opened the paper the minister gave

> "Twenty dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Somes, "Ishould not think they could afford it."

> "He gave his friends nothing but gingerbread," said the farmer. "Put mc down thirty; we have four kinds of cake."

The parson consumed one "long red," and one of the vulgar fractions of cold sausage. He preferred brown bread to white, and would not touch any of the pies which the prudent housekeeper set before him.

Mrs. Somes was awfully mortified. Her reputation was sacrificed, and farmer Somes never had occasion to find fault with her for

"Can you spare me two or three hundred dollars, for a week, Mr. A---?" he asked, on entering the store of this individual.

"I am sorry to say that I cannot," Mr. Areplied, with a bland smile. "I shall not have a dollar over to-day."

Mr. Blake tried not to appear disappointed. But his feelings showed themselves in spite of his effort, and he was conscious that this was the case.

He left the store of Mr. A--, with the thermometer of his feelings at least ten degrees lower than when he entered it.

He next called on Mr. B--, a neighbor, with whom he had a speaking acquaintance.

"Have you any thing in bank, to-day, that you do not wish to use?" he asked of Mr. B-

"Not much, I think," replied Mr. B-"But, whatever I have, is at your service."

And Mr. B - took out his check book, and made a few figures on the margin thereof.

"Will ninety dollars be of any service to you?" heasked.

"It will help a little."

"You can have that in welcome. And I wish it were more, for your sake."

And Mr. B-- drew a check for ninety dollars, and handed it to Mr. Blake, who took it, and went on his way. Mr. C--, and Mr. Dto whom he next applied, could do nothing. Mr. E-- he obtained a hundred and fifty dollars. And this was all he received up to twelve o'clock, when he returned to his store, to see what success his clerk had mct with in the matter of collections. The young man had not yet come in, although he had charged him to be punctual. Impatiently he waited for full half an hour, before the clerk made his appearance.

"What success have you had William?" asked Mr. Blake, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"None at all, sir. I have only collected one bill of twenty dollars."

"Gracious! Did you see Parker?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well? What did he say?"

"Had no money."

"Humph! And Elder?"

"Yes. He will pay on Saturday."

"And Green?"

"Green was out of town."

"What did Winter say?"

"There's a mistake in his bill, so he alleges."

"A mere excuse for not settling it."

"So I think. Williams will give his note at three

"He's already had nine months' credit."

"So I told him. But it's the best he will do."

"Have you seen Elwood?"

"I called there; but he was not in."

"And Harper?"

"He was out also, and so was Morsc."

"Try and see them again, at one o'clock. In all probability they will be in then.'

"Yes, sir;" and the clerk turned away.

It was nearly one o'clock when Mr. Blake started forth again, and two o'clock when he came back, with only one hundred dollars additional in his pocket. His clerk had been out, and returned as he went. The parties he called upon were not just' then prepared to pay.

Four hundred dollars were still to raise, and the minute hand had passed the hour mark of twelve, and was on its way for a new revolution. When that was made, unless this money had been procured, the commercial good name of Mr. Blake would be lost, and his business, perhaps, be broken up as

While the distressed merchant was sitting in a bewildered state of mind at his desk, trying to think of some new and certain resource in this, his great extremity, a young man entered his store, and came

back to where he sat; -Mr. Blake looked at him

"Mr. Albright," said the visiter, "wishes to know if you can't let him have the thousand dollars you owe him?"

"No, tellhim I can't!" replied Blake, in a half augry tone. The demand, coming as it did, just at that time, seemed almost like an insult, and he could t control the feelings of indignation that instant's

rose in his mind "When will you settle it?" enquired the young

Can't tell." And Mr. Blake, as he said this, vitha kuit brow, arose from his seat, buttoned up is coat, and turned away, leaving the young man tanding where he was. The latter felt angry, for he manner of Blake was insulting. When he went rek to his employer, Mr. Albright said-

70 Did you see Blake?"

Myes, sir." 4t What did he say!"

3,2He insulted me!"

stalusulted you!" o Yes, sir."

rdHow!"

in By the manner in which he refused to pay your 8 Gunt."

terne refused to pay it, then?"

al Me did what was equivalent thereto. When I ked him if he could pay you the thousand dollars, e replied, in a quick, angry, insulting tone-'No! ell him I can't.' I then said, When will you ittle it?' 'Can't tell,' was his frowning answer, s he got up, and turning from me, buttoned his coat, nd left the store."

"That won't do. I can't stand that," said Mr. ill ight, compressing his lips and knitting his brow. I don't believe he means to pay, if he can help it."

"Nor I either," said the clerk.

"This is the second or third time he has sent me an insulting reply when I asked for my money.-But it is the last time, for I will not give him another opportunity. When next he hears from me, it will be through a different medium. I will bear with another, if he is eivil, as long as any body. But, when a man who owes me, acts as this person does, I have but one way to deal with him, and that is to give him over into the hands of the law."

Mr. Blake's efforts, between the hours of two and three o'clock, were, fortunately, successful .-He was able to borrow the money he wanted, and get his note out of bank.

Albright was in earnest in his threat. On the very next day he placed Blake's account in the hands of his lawyer, with directions to push it through as quickly as it could be done.

When the writ was served upon Blake, he became very angry. Instead of going to Albright, and making some apology for the rude and unsatisfactory manuer in which he had treated his application for money, and seeing what effect that would have, he let things take their course, under the in-Auence of a kind of dogged spirit.

When the case was called in Court, there was no defence, and judgment went by default. But not until a levy was made on the goods in his store, under an execution immediately issued, did the angry it deeper. debter fully realize the extremity to which things were about being driven.

"You had better call and see Albright, and try and settle the matter with him," suggested a

iend. "It would do no good. It is plainly his determi-Gation to make use of the advantage he has gained." "There would be no harm in trying."

"No, sir!" was firmly replied. "I will ask no favors of a heartless man like him. He knew, very did not think of the provocation he had given. well, that I was hard pressed, and determined to tet his own, regardless of loss to others. He is a in spirits, and her hushand went off to his store in ad man."

theriff seized upon and sold the best part of the morrow, he would be adrift, without a hundred debtor's stock, and obtained enough to pay Albright dollars in hispocket, and no certain means of suphis thousand dollars and settle all court charges and officers' fces. But it was at a serious waste of property.

There remained but one thing for poor Blake to do after this, and that was to give up what remainal into the hands of his creditors, and begin the world again upon nothing. While this closing up of desk, making up an account, when the shadow of poor wife and children." is affairs was going on, he happened to meet Al- some one who had entered the store, and walked right, when he addressed him in the rebuking lan-back to where he was without being noticed, fell tone, as he uttered the closing sentence. uage with which our story opens. .

nan, utterly indifferent to others. He had adopted Instantly the brow of Blake fell, and both eyes igid proceedings, partly from the belief that his and countenance assumed an expression of anger ebtor did not mean to settle his account if he could and stern dislike. up it, and partially influenced by his feelings .-

Had Blake asked a httle forbearance—had he stated speaking in a calm voice, "angry words never his inability to pay for one, or two, or even six any good." months,-no thought of a legal resort would have entered the mind of Albright; but to have his appli-sir?" Juickly retorted Blake. caiton for the account due him treated with indifference and insult, was rather more than he was to talk with you as a reasonable man." willing, tamely, to bear. And it must also be said, in justice to the creditor, that, had he known the condition of Blake's affairs, he would have been on settling the matter in the quickest way possible self as upon any one else." under the influence of a fretted and indignant state of mind, arising from the unjustifiable manner in which Blake had treated his applications for money.

The words of the unhappy man, uttered with so much bitterness, surprised, startled, and deeply pained the individual who had caused his business to fall in ruins upon his head. He went home to his luxurious and comfortable dwelling that night; but, as his innocent and happy children gathered around him, he thought only of the desolate hearth of the man against whom he had recovered a thousand dollars, and of his wife and little ones turned out of their pleasant home. Every happy word, every loving smile, every gay burst of laughter, rebuked him. As early as he could, he retired from the presence of his family, to muse alone over the error he had committed, and to determine upon some scheme of reparation.

After Blake had enjoyed the satisfaction of telling Albright a piece of his mind-a singular kind of enjoyment!-he went home to his family. He had several children. The two elder were daughters, and had nearly arrived at the age of womanhood. His wife, who was in very delicate health, was a timid, shrinking, nervous woman, to whom almost every breath that passed was a shock. Thus far he had kept his misfortunes to himself. He had feared to speak of them at home, for he knew, too well, that his wife would sink under the intelligence, and, perhaps, become seriously ill. But every thing was coming to a crisis. His business was nearly closed up, and, in a very little while, it would be necessary to give up their comfortable home, fall back from their social position, and become familiar with privation in many distressing forms. No time was, therefore, to be lost. His family must know the truth he had been so careful to conceal from them. It was his duty to speak plainly.

On arriving at home, he found his wife in one of her low, nervous spells. Something had occurred to depress her spirits. A shadow was, therefore, over his family, and he could not think of making

"Ah!" he sighed, gloomily, to himself, "the sad truth must soon be told-and what, what will he its effects? I tremble to think of them !-Ciuel, heartless wretch!"-he thought of Albright. "Oh! that you could but feel as I do, the consequences of your own act!"

Not once did it occur to Blake, that he was more to blame for these consequences than the creditor who had forced him into extremities. He

On the next morning, Mrs. Blake continued low a state of mind but little better. This was to be And so the matter was suffered to proceed. The his last day in his old place of business. On the porting his family within his reach. It would be mpossible to conceal his affairs much longer, for

economy.

Gloomy and restless sat the unhappy man at across the paper upon which he was writing. Mr. Albright was not really a hard, grasping looked up quickly, and there stood Mr. Albright.

"Well, sir?" he said sharply.

Mr. Blake," said the individual who had called,

"Have you come to heap insult upon injury,

"No," was replied in the same calm way, "but

"Reason! Talk reason to a criminal on the rack to a slave under the lash! Mr. Albright!"

"For your own sake, for my sake," interrupted very far from molesting him, even under the aggra- Albright, "let your mind fall back from its excitevating circumstances that existed. Such a conse- ment into calmness. I have come to talk to you quence as the destruction of his business he had not as a man. I already sympathize with you as a calculated. In fact, he had not reflected very close- man. As for your misfortunes, which you blame ly upon the result to his debtor,-being too intent upon me, they are chargeable as much upon your-

"Upon me!" exclaimed Mr. Blake.

"Yes, upon you."

"And how will you make that appear, pray?"

"You owed me a thousand dollars!"

"I did?"

"I sent for it."

"Well?"

"Was there any thing wrong in my doing so?"

"It wasn't very kind, in you, to dun me to death."

"I am not aware of having sent to you over three or four times; and not once, on my doing so, did you give my clerk the smallest satisfaction, but, rather, treated him with great incivility, according to his statement to me. In fact, he, at last, expressed a wish not to be sent to you any more. You never said even so much as that you would settle my account soon; or, that you would like it to stand longer. You desired no respite and gave no satisfaction. Now, I will ask you, what you would have done, if I or any one else, had treated you in a similar way?"

"That's a very strange statement," said Blake, in an altered voice.

"If it is not true, correct me at any point.-But, do me the justice to believe that nothing but a feeling of indignation at such treatment, united with a suspicion, arising therefrom, that you were totally indifferent about settling my claim, ever would have induced me to put my account in the hands of a lawyer. And, further, believe me when I say, that, notwithstanding all this, if I had supposed my ordering an execution and sale was going to break up your business, I would have thrown my claim into the river before I would have pressed it. You now see, I trust, that the error is not all on my side. That if I am to blame for the unhappy consequences that have followed, so are

you."
This was a mode of putting the question altogether unexpected by Blake, and one for which he was not prepared. He saw and felt, instantly, the error he had committed, and the blame that justly belonged to him, for he remembered, very distinctly, the manner in which the clerk of Albright had been received.

"I suppose, I was wrong," he said, in a low, subdued voice. "But a man, situated as I was, hardly knows what he does sometimes."

"How do you mean?"

"In no case did your clerk call upon me for the settlement of your account, that I was not worried and fretted about money matters; so much so, that my feelings were hardly under my control. And a demand for the payment of so large a sum as a thousand dollars, coming upon this state of mind, completely unhinged me. It was wrong, I see, but I couldn't help it at the time. Or, at least, I did not reflect. The last time you sent to me, your clerk called when my mind was in a state of feverish anxiety about some payments into Bank, that I saw no certain way of meeting. I don't know what I said to him. No doubt my language was important changes must be made in his household offensive. But, it is all past now. Sorely have I paid for my part of this unfortunate businessstill sadder penalties are to be visited upon my

The voice of Blake fell into a low, unstead

"A word of explanation: a kind reception messenger; almost any answer but such sent me, would have prevented do not consider myself to hav

less in the matter. I 200 sion more than fr"

does this, he

Thas strikeir deads so fierce and void-SATURDAY.

In glowing terms I would this day indite— Its morn, its noon, its afternoon and night; The husiest day throughout the week—the latter day:

A day whereon odd matters are made even:
The dirtiest—cleanest too—of all the seven;
The scouring pail, pan, plate and platter day!
A day of general note and notability;
A plague to gentlefolks

A plague to gentierors

And prime gentility,
E'en to the highest ranks—nobility!
And yet a day (barring all jokes)
Of great utility,
Both to the rich as well as the mobility!
A day of din—of clack—a clatter day;

For all, however they mince the matter, say

This day they dread;
A day with hippish, feverish frenzy fed,
Is that grand day of fuss and bustle—Saturday.

POLITICIANS WITHOUT CREDIT.

A correspondent of the New York Express, writing from Saratoga, relates the following anec-

Dinners at the Saratoga Lake, you are aware, form a prominent feature in the enjoyments of the season here.

Many of these take place every day, and It is customary to send the day previous to "mine host" announcing the number of which the party will consist, and at the hour at which they propose discussing his fish and game. Well, the other day, a gentleman gave orders for a repast to be served the following day, at 2 o'clock, for a select company from the United States Hotel.

"Very good, sir; but who will he responsible for this dinner? I only wish one person to be so, that is my rnle."

"Mr. Kennedy, of Baltimore, late Secretary of the Navy."

"That may be, but I don't know anything about hlm," replied "mine host."

"Well, Mr. R. C. Winthrop, of Boston, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Senator, &c., &. &c.: will he do?"

"Never heard of him either-won't do," shaking his head, with a doubting expression in his

"Perhaps, then, you may have heard of Mr. Washington Irving, another of the party, sir-will he do?"

"Why, I believe I have heard that name; I suppose he may be responsible. You may have the dinner, sir"-hut still the manner was not over gracious, although the consent was gained of the cautious landlord. The party declare that Mr. Irving must now hear all the expenses of the entertainments, he being the only man of credit among them.

KENTUCKY REGARD FOR FAIR PLAY.

In the year '38, says a correspondent of the New York Dutchman, I was travelling with a strolling theatrical company, and arriving at a small town in Kentucky, it was resolved to treat the inhabitants to a hit of the "legitimate." A snitable place having been secured, notices were stack np, informing the public that on that evening would be performed, hy one of the best theatrical companies in the Union, the admired and popular drama of "William Tell, the Heroic Swiss."

Night came, and the room was crowded by an auxious audience, many of whom had never witnessed a theatrical performance. The piece passoff very well, eliciting much applause, and ening the sympathies of the audience in hehalf of and il, as they took several occasions to cheer the patriot on. When the shooting scene came, great excitement was manifested among the group of the hardy sons of Kentucky-they began to think that the thing was real. At that moment when Tell remonstrates with Gesler for having picked out the smallest apple, and the tyrant says:

"Take it as it is; thy skill will be greater if thou hittest it."

To which Tell replies:

"True, true, I did not think of that! Give me some chance to save my boy!"

One of the group I have mentioned-a hardy stripling, who would measure full six feet two inches in his stockings-sprang upon the stage,

confronting Gesler, and shouted: "Give him a fair chance! I vow to snakes it's too mean to make him shoot his son! 'spose I let him shoot one of my niggers; and If that won't do, I'll let him have a crack at me, provided he puts a pint cup on my head instead of that cussed little apple!"

It is almost useless to add that this cansed a scene-especially as three or four of the Kentuckian's friends jumped upon the stage, to back him and side with Tell.

It took some time to pacify and assure them that 'c it was a play.

"Well, stranger, we won't stand any foul play in these diggins', and seein' as how it's only a show, why we'll step out," and the valiant Kentneklan, as well as his friends, resumed their

TAKING IT COOLLY.

Baptiste, a worthy citizen of Vide Poche (a small town ahout six miles from St. Louis), was on his way to town, and meeting his friend Peter, the following dialogne took place:-

Peter-"How do you do, Baptiste?" Bapt .- "How do you do yoursel', eh?"

Peter-"Very well, I thank you. What's the news?"

Bapt.—"Oh, mon Dleu! I got no news. You got news?"

Peter-"Why, yes! Your brother was blown up this morning

Bapt.-- "My brozair! He blow up! For vat he low up?"

Peter-"You see, he was driving a cart in which there were several kegs of powder. He was smoking his pipe as usual, and not taking necessary precautions, a spark fell on one of the kegs, and immediately the whole exploded."

After a moment of deep reflection, Baptiste turned to his friend, with a face expressing the greatest anxiety, and said:

"How many keg he has in his cart, eh!"

"Nine," was Peter's reply.

"Oh! by Garl" says Baptiste, "date make him yomp, heh?!"

[From the New York American.]

[From the New York American.]

To the Educer—The first stanza of the following verses is, to my car and heart. Like a chame of village bells over orchards and green nelds. It is recently quoted by an English writer, from memory, and no author named. Perhaps some one of your correspondents might, either from mind or memory, lernish others fit to accompany it; which would be a great gratification to one who sends you his own essay, consecous of its entire interior ty, and to be published with not not, as yoo may think worth while.

Mortal, they softly say

"Mortal, they softly say Peace to thy heart! We too, yes, mortal, Have been as thou art; Hope-lifted, doubt-depress'd, Seeing in part, Tried, troubled, tempted,— Sustain'd—as thou art!

Mortal, they gently say,
be our thoughts one!
Bend with us and pray,
'Thy blest will be done!'
Day fleth, night gathereth,
Death draweth nigh,
But HE is, who conquereth,
Our Day-Spring on high!

Mortal, they sweetly say
We angels are!
We too, yes, mortal,
On Earth thy friends were,
Long lov defice, glad made thee,
And to thy heart
Christ sends us, to aid thee,
And Joy to impart.

Mortal, they brightly say
This is this sinde,
In Ecarth, peace—Heaven, day—
Forget every toil—
Earth ladeth, Life gloweth,
Beameth o er thee—
The voice from Heaven cometh!
Now, now—thou art free!

HOSEA BIGELOW ON WAR.

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furder Than my Testyment for that;
God hez sed so plump and fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've got to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers
Makes the thing a grain more right;
'Tain't a follerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller then An' go stick a felier thru, ent ain't to answer. From the Woodstock, (Vt.) Age.

THE COON HUNTER.

Tune-"Dance da Boatman dance."

Spring ob da year hab come you see,
And da coons creep out from da hollar tree.
Four and twenty lunters all in a band,
Shouting down da coons on ebery hand,
Oh, hunt da Hunter hunt,
Oh, da Hunt da Hunter,
Hunt all night till broad day-light,
And lake oil da skins in da morain',
Heigh ho! at ebery crack,
Seventeen coons lay sprawlin' on deir back.

Da Hunter langh and da Hunter sing, Da Hunter up to ebery ting, He pops da coon wid da old smooth bore, And da rije ball make da critter roar; Oh, hunt, &c.,

He bring his musket close to his eye. When he 'scries a coon on da hemlock high, He take a good sight and he blaze away, And dead on da ground da cooney lay; Oh, hunt, &c.

l just went out on da hill toder night, To see dem hunt by da clear moon-light, So many old coons dey surprise and kill, Dat da people say "ddre's a bran new hill;" Oh, hunt, & c.

When you go to da Hunter's route, You must hab a hickory club bery stout, One end sharp and todder end sinut— Dem is da talk for da good coon hunt, Oh, hant, &c.

Da Hunter is a lucky man. Darcs none can do as da Hunter can, He neber see puty galia he life, But dat she want to be da Hunter's wife. Oh, hunt, &c.

When de Honter takes his gun in hand, Look out ole coon! your hide is tanned! He smell him on by da fence and log And gib his side, wid his club, a jog! Oh, hunt, &c.

Oher da mountain, up de tree, Da Hunter kill ebery coon he see, And about wast fall when do land is freed, Dar wont be a coon, left alive for seed! Oh, hunt, &c.

[FOR THE GAZETTE.]

Lines from a friend, directed to the mother of I and G. Luce, who died, one in San Francisco Noc. 17th, the other on his passage home, No

Another darling son is dead; The coral reef his lowly bed; Beneath the ocean's restless wave There, there, must be thy George's grave.

The rolling tide will round him sweep, But in death's arms he'll calmly sleep, And hourse rough winds may o'er him mos They can't disturb his peaceful home.

His dear remains the sea will keep, While on its bed he il gently sleep; And sca-green plants will round him close To shield him in his calm repose.

He'll rest secure, without a fear, While time shall roll its swift career, Tril Heaven's command shall be obeyed, Thou restless sea give up thy dead.

And could be from the ocean speak, He'd say, my mother, cease tu weep, And contemplate with holy joy When thou shalt meet thy sainted bo

Draw near to Hua who wields the r Dry up thy tears, trust in thy God 'A And look by fath to Canaan's shoe Where parting will be known no

Female Faith.

She loved you when the sunny light Of bliss was on your brow; That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night, And yet-she loves you now

She loved you when your joyous tone, Taught every heart to thrill; The sweetness of that tongue is gone, And yet—she loves you still

She loved you when you proudly stept, The gayest of the gay; That pride the blight of times has swept, Unlike her love, away.

She loved you when your home and heart, Of forume's smile could boast; She saw that smile decay—depart— And then she loved you most

Oh, such the generous faith that grows, In woman's gentle breast; 'Tis like the star that stays and glows, Alone in the night's dark vest,

That stays because each other ray, Has left the lonely shore; And that the wanderer on his way.
Then wants her light the more.

WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL. will not let thee go, except thou bless me;
Angel of life, I will not let thee go!
fill for thy priceless jewels will I press thee,
Still for the gems that on thy forehead glow.

ive me the diadem thy brow adorning; Give me the flowers that bloom upon thy breast, ive me thy mantle, tinted like the morning; Which smiles upon me now with radiance blest.

inow the mystic names of all thy treasures, and that without them I should wander forth, or of the fall that hallows earthly pleasures, lind to all spells of beauty, truth or worth.

nacrown is strength—the strength that springeth a ever,

a ever,
car in steadfast the first in Go', the only strong;
car in steadfast the first in Go', the only strong;
o slowers are love's own plossoms fading never
o, wose breath shall sweeten all my pathway long.
2, Gantle, wrought by morning's shining fingers,
will glowing with her golden, rosy light,
is, le—and all life's early gladness lingers,
grere'er repose its folds of sunshine bright.

ae the diadem thy brow adorning;
the me the flowers that on thy bosom glow;
the thy mantle—lustrous as the morning—
oungl of life, I will not let thee go!

reane not, idle dreams, with silver voices;
o me not, pleasure, from the noble strife!
est deep struggle all my soul rejoices,—
1856t shall win eternal joy from life.

when all weary, at death's portal lying,

when all weary, at death's portal lying, ear at last the crown of amaranth bright,— sto₁ the last glory of the day is dying, crkd the flushed evening mellows into night.

boo hird through the gloom the voice of Christ descending,
hall kindle me to life and strength anew;
on smile of love my earthly conflict ending,
reshall open heaven to my eager view.

ome, Angel, strong, and beautiful and glorious!
Even I may lay thy boasted terrors low;
Even I may strive with thee and be victorious—
Angel of life, I will not let the go!

LOOK AGAIN!

BY JAMES KENWARD.

Say not that thy soul is weary
Of this world, so false and vain;
Say not 'tis a vexed and dreary
Wilderness of crime and pain:
Much delight is in thy power—
Many a gem and many a flower—
Look again!

Think not joy will ne'er forsake thee—Youth's quick ardors long remain;
That sorrow cannot overtake thee— Nothing evil ever stain;
Fear to lapse in such poor dreamingTrust not fortune nor all seemingLook again!

When the voice of haughty Fashion When some too-congenial passion
Latent in thy breast would reign:
Firmly stand in seif-denial Take no dogma without trial— Look again!

Leave unbreathed the harsh opinion-Lightly judge not nor disdain;
Check unquiet Fancy's pinion,
Wit's sharp arrows oh restrain!
Ere a friend's misdeeds divulgingEre an envious mood indulging-Look again.

Outward look, and see creation Heaven's first fair stamp retain; Heaven's first fair stamp retain;
Then on human aberration
Humbly look, and not in vain;
Virtue yet for thy discerning
There abounds—be ever learning
Pure to keep thine own light burning
In its fragile fane:
Good evoking, ill suppressing,
That will make the world a blessing—
Win thee treasures worth possessing—
Inward look again!

Early search out what is duty Early search out what is duty.

Make the record full and plain;
Hand of Wealth, or eye of Beauty—
Poet's magic strain;
Selfishness, thy heart to ice—
Love, to warm it into vice—
Tempting thee—disdain;
When to sophists thou wouldst hearken,
While the rule of right they darken,
Look again!

Never let thy heart beat coldly,
Yet on impulse keep a rein;
Look o'er life's mixed chances boldly—
Join the busy working train;
Much enduring—much forgiving,
Learn and teach the task of living, Oft again.

Soon earth's twilight cold, uncertain-Soon misapprehension's pain, Bursts before Death's rising curtain,

Into radiance never-fading Glowing warmth and all-pervading-Into Truth's eternal reign;
Then the Soul in full fruition
Of her birthright's intuition—
Perfect love, and joy, and vision—
Need not look again.

"What doest thou here?"

The voice Elijah heard On Horeb's mountain drear, Calls with each burning word, "Christian, what do'st thou here?"

This is God's earth, not thine; God's work thou hast to do Kneel'st thou at Mammon's shrine, And at the Saviour's too?

Doth human praise allure, And human passion move? Nor with ambition pure Seek honor from above?

Mid pleasure's giddy throng, Where thoughtless ones appear, Lulled by the voice of song, "Christian, what do'st thou here?"

Where vice with sunken eye, And wine cup sparkling clear, Allures the passer by-"Christian, what do'st thou here?"

God's judgment hastens on; For his dread voice prepare, When life and hope are gone : "Lost one, what didst thou there?"

THE FICKLINESS OF LOVE

Alas!—how light a cause may move Dissension between hearts that love! Hearts that the world in vain has tried, And sorrow but more closely tied; That stood the storm when waves were rough That stood the storm when waves were regret in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
O! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shakenAnd ruder words will soon rush in

To spread the breach that words begin; And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day; And voices lose the tone that shed And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds—or like the stream
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part for ever.

O, you that have the charge of Love, Keep him in rosy bondage bound, As in the fields of bliss above He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd round:-

Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor even let him use his wings;
For even an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light
Like that celestial bird, whose nest
Is found below far eastern skies,—
Where wings though radiant when east

Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies!
Some difference of this dangerous kind,—
By which, though light, the links that bind The fondest hearts may soon be riven; Some shadow in love's summer heaven, Which, though a fleecy speek at first, May yet in awful thunder burst.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE POEM DELIVERED BEFORE THE DELTA PHI SOCIETY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY BY E.J. CARTER, ESQ., OF HOLLISTON, MASS. TO MISS NIGHTINGALE.

Turn to the East,—what mystic splendors cling Around the clime where all traditions spring, Where Eden bloomed, where Eden's glories shim Where prophets walked, and bards of song divin Where in Time's childhood, Iudia's rarest gems Clustered like stars in regal diadems, And still the vine its cloistered arches weaves, The purple grape looks ont between the leaves, And its dark cheek, like half-repentant nun, Turns to th' enamored kisses of the sun.

But wilder seenes arrest the mournful gaze,
Vineyards laid waste, and hamlets in a blaze,
War spreads his terrors o'er that fair domain,
Shrieks in the air, or thunders on the plain.
Broad in the breeze the martial ensigns float,
Peals on the soldier's ear the bugle note,
Dim through the cloud, the burnished rifles soldier's rank succeeds to rank, and line to line.

MEN PUTATOES

The throat of birds is vary small, half in greedy earth still pants for human gore, Be men to day,—her lip shall ask no more, Be men, and streams yet innocent of blood, Shall moan at evening with a crimson flood. So shall the laurels wet with such a dew, Of your immortal fathers, bloom anew! Bid louder yet the clarion's note arise. Thro' fire and smoke the meteor standard flies, See! Glory plants her budding laurels there, Smiles in the van, and waves her shining hair!

Oh! Night, meek-eyed and sad, a patient nurse, On tip-toe goest thou about the earth To soothe her grief, and close her bleeding wounds; Upon thy bosom she weeps out her woe, And whispers in thy ear her tale of sin.

Gentle as some familiar melody
That steals into the current of our thoughts,
Beguiling toil of pain aud weariness,
Soft as the breathing of a sleeping babe
Felt on the languid mother's wasted cheek,
In the long watch of pain beside the couch,
When life lights up again the glassy eyes,
And all her being warms with speechless love;
So soft, so gentle, comes the evening wind,
Like words of pardon whispered out of Heaven,
To kiss away the sulphurous cloud of war.
Catch her cool light in crystal chalices,
And murmur welcome all along the shore.
But here her beams fall on the broken sword,
The aimless rifle and the bayonet,
And the dead soldier's wide, lack-lustre eye.
The bed of glory is a bed of pain.
The air is filled with shuddering groans, and cries
Of agony, wrung from the coward lips
In mockery of the brave heart within.
Nor these alone. For woman's voice is enere, Gentle as some familiar melody

Nor these alone. For woman's voice is enere, And woman's footstep light upon the grass In angel ministrations. And white hands Bind up the soldier's wounds, and pour the balm, And offer cordial to the livid lips, Cool the pained brow, and chafe the feverish palm.

Cool the pained brow, and chafe the feverish palm. Perhaps the touch transports his heart away, To Seine, or Rhone, or Shannon, or the Tweed, And in his cottage home, he seems to lie. He feels a wife's warm hand upon his brow, He hears the cadenee of a mother's voice, And the young children prattle at the door. Amid it all, in choral undertone, The river's dashings creep upon the ear, And the old sunlight goldens on the wall. Then with the seene, the fight is strangely mixed; And with a shout, half trinmph and half wail, And with a smile, as when a sunset's beam Shines white upon December's snowy hills, "We have fought gloriously! I must rest." So, in that blissful dream, the soldier dies.

Go ask the ages for a deed like this, Call from her crumbled tomb, Semiramis, Place in the list wild Parthia's warlike queen, The Spartan mother, and the Palmyrene, With all bright names,—their proudest honors pale Beside the simple wreath of NightingALE! No glittering train attends her on her way,
No screaming horn, no banner streaming gay,
She bears no sword, yet binds around her hair,
Plucked in that laureled field, the brightest laurel

Oh! woman, what varieties are these,—
Soother of pain, and ornament of ease,
A reed in weakness, in that weakness strong,
The soldier's watchword and the theme of song,
A blessed star, to man in kindness given,
Whose light illumines earth, whose home is heaven!

The following were the concluding lines of To-day is man's; the Past and Future, God's.
All the hour ages died to give it birth,
And all the Future hongs upon its deed.
Morn, launehing from the green horizon's shore
His radiant bark, while all the forest tips
And all the air are bright with pennons gay,
Calls to his twilight sister round the world,
"To-day! To-day!" And she with rosy check
Waves white-armed farewell from her dusky car,
While like a setting star, behlnd the hills,
Her voice sinks silvery, "To-day, to-day!"
Earth takes the warning on her thousand tongues.
The little flowers whose duty is to bloom,
The busy streams that bear away the hills,
Ocean with all his harmony of shells,
And mountain torrents, shout aloud, "To-day!"
This is the strain to which the forests bowed. the poem:

This is the strain to which the forests bowed, And gray old mountains bounded like the roe. This is the charm that turned Amphion's reed, Gave life to stones, and raised the Theban walls. This is the magic of Aladdin's ring: The noble music of all worthy deeds!

Hear it, oh heart! Throw doors and windows wide; And let the light and voice of morning in! Who eareth where the shades of night are fled? Who waits To-morrow's far uncertain dawn! To-day, to-day, the sun is on the hills. Go forth, oh, hero! resolute and strong. Work while the day is given, aud working, sing. And though amid the clashing instruments arth's great orchestra, men heed it not, wheet voice shall pass unheard of God!

0

POOR HOOD!

ITEN AT KENSAL-GREEN CEMETERY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

What gorgeous cenotaphs arise,
Of Parian shrine and granite vault, Whose blazoned claims on purer skies
Shut out all earthly flaw and fault.

Who lies below you splendid tomb
That stretches out so broad and tall? he worms will surely ne'er exhume A sleeper locked within such wall.

and see that other stately pile
Of chiselled glory, staring out;
Come, Sexton, leave your work a while,
And tell us what we ask about.

So! one belonged to him who held A score of trained and tortured steeds; Great Circus Hero, unexcelled!— On what strange stuff Ambition feeds.

The other guards the last repose Of one who shone by juggling craft; Methinks when such a temple rose How Esculapius must have laughed.

And see that tomb beneath yon tree!

But, Sexton, tell us where to find
The grave of him we came to see;
Is it not here, or are we blind?

We mean poor Hood, the man who made That song about the "Bridge of Sighs;" You know the song! well, leave your spade, And please to show us where he lies.

What, there! without a single mark,-Without a stone, without a line,— Does watchfire Genius leave no spark To note its ashes as divine?

Must strangers come to woo his shade,
Spanning rare marbles as they pass;
And when they pause where he is laid,
Stop at a trodden mound of grass?

And is it thus? well, we suppose
England is far too poor to spare
A slab of white, where Truth might write
The title of her Poet-Heir.

Let us build pillars strong and high, On which the sculptured form is set; And when our growing sons ask why, Name Royal Duke and Royal Debt.

Let us raise statues far and near, Amid our busiest highways,
Colossal yonder—life-like here—
Where all the world may pass and praise.

And when Posterity asks who We bore so far from Lethe's flood, Let Record couple Waterloo With one whom Fame baptized in blood.

Let us adorn our city walks
With idiot-king and senate chief—
Carve toga-folds and laurel stalks,— There is something grand in robe and leaf!

But Hood—"poor Hood!"—the poet fool Who sung of Woman's woes and wrongs, Who taught his Master's Golden Rule— Give him no statue for his songs

Give him the dust beneath his head, Give him a grave—a grave alone; In Life he dearly won his bread,— In Death—he is not worth a stone!

Perhaps we rightly think that he
Who flung God's light round lowly things,
Can soar above, in Memory's love,
Without the aid of Marble wings.

"Poor Hood!" thy spirit will not fret, 'Twill hold its own immortal torch,-Our Shakspeare only can be met Within a narrow Playhouse Porch.

"Poor Hood!" for whom a chaplet wreathes Of heart-born flowers that never die; "Poor Hood!" for whom a requiem breathes In every human Toil-wrung sigh.

Let the horse-tamer's bed be known
By the rich mausoleum shrine;
Give the bold quack his charnel-throne,—
Their works were worthier far than thine.

And let thy soul serenely sleep
While pilgrims stand as I have stood,
To worship at a nameless heap,
And sadly, fondly, say, "Poor Hood!"

SONG OF SEVENTY .- By M. F. Tupper.

I nm not old—I cannot be old.

Though threescore years and ien

value of the men.

Though threescore years and ien

three of the men.

Though threescore years and focus

though three of their graves,

And left me alone to my joys and work As a rock in the midst of the waves.

I sin not old—I canaot be old, Though tottering, wrinkled and gray— Though my eyes are dim, aad my marrow is cold, Call me not old to-day.

For, old memories round me throng, Old times, and manners, and men As I look behind on my journey so long Of threescore miles and ten.

I look hehind, and am once more young, Buoyant, and brave, and hold, And my heart can sing, as of yore it suag, Before they called me old.

I do not see her—that old wife there— Shrivelled, and haggard, and gray; But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair, As she was on her wedding day.

I do not see you, daughters and sons, In the likeness of women and men; But I kiss you now as I kissed you once, My fond little children then.

And, as my own grandson rides on my kace, Or plays with his hoop or kire, I can well recollect I was merry as he— The bright-eyed little wight!

'Tis not long since—it cannot be long—
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
Yet now I am feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream—it is all a dream!
A strange, sad dream, good sooth;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth.

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told, And ear hath not heard it sung, How buoyant and bold, though it seems to grow old, Is the heart forever young.

Forever voung—though life's old age Hath every nerve unstrung; The heart, the heart is a heritage That keeps the old man young!

[From the London Metropolitan.]

THE LAND OF THE BLEST .- BY MRS. ABDY. "Dear father, I ask for my mother in vain,
Has she songht some far country her health to regain,
Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow,
For some warm sunny land where the soft be excess blow?
"Yes, yes, genrle boy, thy lov'd mother has gone
To a climate where sorrow and pain me unknown;
Her spirit is strengthened, her france is at rest,
There is health, there is peace, in the Landof the Blest!

"Is that land, my dear father, more lovely than ours, Are the rivers more clear, and more blooming the flow'rs Does Summer shine over it all the year long, Is it cheer'd by the glad sound of music and sorg?" "Yes, the flowers are despoiled not by winter or night, The well-springs of life exhaustless and bright, And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are addrest To the Lord who reigns over the Land of the Blest."

"Yet that land to any mother will lonely appear,
She shrunk from the glance of a stranger while here;
From her foreign companions I know she will flee,
And sigh, dealest father, for you and for me."
"My darling, thy mother rejoices to gaze
On the long severed friends of her earliest days,
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest,
And they welcome their child to the Land of the Blest."

"How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss,
That land must be surely more happy than this;
On you, my kind father, the journey depends,
Let us go to my mother, her kindred and friends."
"Not on me, love; I trust I may reach that bright clime
But in patience I stay till the Lord's chosen time,
And must strive, while awaiting his gracious behest,
To guide thy young steps to the Land of the Blest.

"Thou must toil through a world full of danger, my boy, Thy peace it may blight and thy virtue destroy, Nor wilt thou, alas! be withheld from its snares By a mother's kind equisels, a mother's fund prayers. Yet fear not, the God whose direction we crave, Is nighty to strengthen, to shield and to save, And his band may yet lead thee, a glorified guest, To the home of thy mother, the Land of the Blest."

[From the Franklin Mercury.] THE SNOW STORM.

The winter mantle of unspotted anow
Softly descends upon the open fields;
Its fleecy piles in gathering fulness grow,
As air to earth the pure, white burden yields;
The trees beneath its heaping weight are bowed,
And kine beneath their bending branches crowd.

In vain the eye some wavering flake would trace,
Among the countless myriads floating there;
Amid the mass 'tis lost, ouseen its place,
And all unknown its source in upper air;
Like Life that from the Eternal b som flows,
And flickers through a moment's joys and woes,

Now early darkness shrouds the whitened earth,
And still the feathering shower unceasing falls;
Fair groups collect around the blazing hearth,
And welcome him whom love through peril calls;
And cowering o'er their half-fed meagre fire,
The children of the poor await their sire.

The morn appears! the glorious sun-bright day, Rolling the clouds away before its face;
The dazzled seasescarce finds the wonted way,
As yet without the footsteps' frequent trace;
But soon the haunts of men with life are gay,
And business, pleasure, toil recume their sway

The bells' rich music through the air researds,
The sounding throng salutes the passing ear;
Each metided steed along the padt-way bounds,
And voices mingle gailt, rich and clear;
And clearer, richer, gayer than them all,
Some fair one shouts in harghter's merry call.

Ride on! ride ou! for there is pleasure there,
And health in every feature's mantling blush;
And to the wind float si ken tresses fair,
As on in joyous mood ye swiftly rush.
It is a sight, for any eyeto see
Your hearts unchecked, your spirits gay and free.

Our life is often like the changing scene,
Which earth in these few rapid hours has worn;
The snow descends upon its fairy green,
And all is changed by coming of the morn;
But on we rush to objects new and fair,
And e'en by change itself avoid despair.
G.

C. Y. S. POTODAFF

RIDDLE BY MR. CANNING .- For a length of time it baffled the skill of all England to solve.

There is a word of plural number, A foe to peace and human slumber; Now if a word you chance to take, By adding S you plural make; But if you add an S to this, How strange the metamorphosis! Plural, is plural then no more, And sweet, what bitter was before.

Solution.—The word is cares, to which by adding an S, you have caress.

"A little more animation, dear." whispered Lady to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph. "I shall not dance my ringlets out of cari for a married man." "Of course not, my love. But I was not aware who your partner was."

> (From the Ladies' Magazine.) THE BLESSED.

LUKE X1-28. I saw young children playing,
And my heart was full of bliss,
For I know not midst the scenes of earth,

For I know not midst the scenes of earth,
A lovelier scene than this;
Like rose-hearts, glow'd cach flushed cheek,
With pleasure's richest hue;
And the warm blood lit the tell-stale brow,
Most eloquen by true;
Then my thoughts grew bright with joyfulness,
And sweet words were on my tongue,
How blessed are the innocent!
How blessed are the innocent!

How blessed are the young?

But a voice, (like low flute music,)
My wakened spirit heard;
"Yea! rather are they blessed,
Who keep God's holy word."

I look on life more earnestly,
With all its checkered lot;
And saw how bitter weeds would spring,
Where flowers of love were not;
I learned to read the heart-deeps, I learned to read the heart-deeps, Where mines of feeling glow,
To give a purer light to life,
Or fill it up with wo;
Then softly spake I to myself,
"Ah! childhood's mirth is vain;
But how blessed are the loving,
When their love is met again!"
Yet still that deep heart music,
Like a whisper round me stirred;
"Yea! rather are they blessed,
Who keep God's holy word."

I saw how men were toiling,
All through their little day;
To win from earth the glittering wealth,
That often leads astray; That often leads astray;
And my heart and eyes grew weary,
At the folly of mankind,
For I saw how gold grew dim, before,
The brightness of the mind;
Then I sang aloud triumphantly—
What dazzled fancy taught;
"How blessed are the gifted!
With their dower of burning though With their dower of burning thought;"
But a shadow fell among the light,
And the music seemed a sigh,
When the world ador'd, the worshipped ones,
Were called upon—to die:
Then I needed not that spirit-voice,
To tell me how I erred,
For I felt that they alone are blest,
Who keep God's holy word.

PRECEPT VS. PRACTICE.

On the morning of the day of the battle of Brandy Iluat, who was called the "High Priest" by the army (1 7 feet) had scarcely commenced praying to his regin when the firing began at a distance, rendering brevity not sary. He therefore concluded with these words:

"Remember, brethren, that those who die in battle with the Lord," and then turned and marched off-whi officer said:

"Parson, are you not going to battle?"

"No, colonel," he replied, "I am not, for I never ea' per."

ratching. anev may do something wrong



CTTCH

I love thee in the Spring, Earth-crowning forest! when amid the shades The gentle South first waves her odorous wing, and joy fills all the glades.

In the hot Summer time,
With deep delight thy sembre aisles I roam,
Or, soothed by some cool brook's inclodious chime,
Rest on thy verdant loam.

But Oh, when Autuun's hand Hath marked the beauteous foliage for the grave, How doth thy splendor, as entranced I stand, My willing heart enclave!

I linger then with thee, Like some fond lover o'er his stricken bride; Whose bright, uncarthly heauty tells that she Here may not long abide.

When my last hours are come, Great Godt ere yet life's span shall all be filled, And these warm lips in death be ever dumb, This beating heart be stilled,—

Bathe them in hues as blest— Let gleams of Heaven about my spirit play? So shall my soul, like Autumn's leafy crest, In glory pass away!

HERE'S NAE CASH ABOUT THE TOWN.

HERE'S NAE CASH ABOI T THE T
"There's nae luck about the house."
But are ye so e the news is true?
This pressure which we feel,
Does it portend that we are gaen
Headlong unto the de'il;
Is the a time to think of creeds,
Of party, place, or power,
lact clap your shoulders to the wheel,
For Ruin's at the door!
There's nae cash about the town;
There's no cash at a;
And Biddle's bills we dinna see,
And our sillers gaen awa,

And our sillers gueu awa,

Rise and rebuke the supple slaves, Who cringe and bend the knee, To him who rules our country yet, Immured in Tennesse;
They make his name a "tower o' strength,"
With in the mob they draw,
And do ve ken? the weak old man He likes to see them braw. There's nae cash, &c.

The knaves out o' the Treasmy rib.

Hae fed this year an mair;

Make haste and thraw their necks ubous
Or naething will be there;
Bring down the leader o' the clan.

Kick out the kitchen clique,
Thea nake a bank, and at its helm
Place the old mouster Nic.

There's nac cash, &c.

There's had cash, decii've sold my pony, and I fear,
I As times are going now,
I soon will be compelled to sell
My wife's old brindle cow;
Sae hard, sae long our landlord duns
Sae very loud he swears,
Ilis very step gi'es me the blues
As he comes up the stairs.
There's nae cash, &c.

Shall Biddle's Bills, nor siller bright My vision never meet?

I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In tro h I'm like to greet,
There's nae cash about the town;
There's nae cash at a;
Nic Biddle's Bi'ls we dinna see;
And our siller's gaea awa.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE PRAYER.

BY MISS ANN LUTTIN, OF MOIRA, IRELAND.

When torn is the bosom by sorrow and care, le it ever so simple there's nothing like prayer: tonses soothes, softens, subdres, yet sustains, lives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chaius.

'Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Buit ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

When far from the friends we hold dearest to part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart,
'ast scenes and past converse, past enjoyments are the
) how burtfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms, When pleasure would woo us from piety's artis,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charins,
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare,
But, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like prayer.

While strangers to prayer we are strangers to bliss, the strangers to prayer we are strangers to bliss, the strangers to prayer the strangers to bliss, the strangers to prayer the strangers to bliss, the strangers to prayer the strangers to bliss, the strangers to prayer the strangers to bliss, the strangers to prayer the strangers to bliss, the strangers to bliss, the strangers to prayer the strangers to prayer the strangers to bliss, the strangers to prayer the strangers to bliss, the strangers to bliss



"Lively and gossiping;
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth, too."

METROPOLITAN MELODIES.

AIR —"The Meeting of the Waters."
There's not in the wide world au odor less sweet Than the stench that's exhaled where the Thames' waters mect!

Oh, the last sense of smelling my nostrils must close, Ere the stench of those waters offend not my nose! Vile scent of Thamesis, howe'er can I rest, And know you, perchance, may engender a pest— Till the law, bidding shameful monopolies cease, Lets us wash in, or drink, our pure water in peace?

OFFICIAL FALSE ALARM.

At a moment of considerable doubt and interest as to the disposal of the Chancellorship, considerable excitement was occasioned in legal circles, by a report which got into extensive circulation, that Mr. Briefless had actually had an interview on the sub- wore than he believes that an eel is a snake. ject of the Great Seal. On further inquiry, it turned out that the rumour originated in a fact somewhat analagous to the subject of the Great Sealpopotamus .- [IB.

STRONGEST THING IN THE WORLD.

The Camel has a peculiar way of remonstrating when too much is being put upon her back. She turns round, and sighs. If the sighs take no effect, she weeps. The tears are generally irresistible, and she is allowed her own way. We have heard of the same expedient being resorted to when ladies consider themselves too much "put upon." They turn round, and weep, and instantly they are allowed their own way. The strongest thing in the world, is decidedly a woman's tear, for we never knew a man yet who could stand up against it!-IB.

A WELCH MAGISTRATE.

A traveller having made an excellent supper at au inn in North Wales, observed that "nobody could have made a better."

"Stop, stop," said the landlord, "you are in-Wales, sir, and must not make personal comparisons, without adding, the Mayor excepted."

"No," rejoins the other, "I'll except neither Mayor or aldermen; I say no man could have made better supper than I have done."

"Will you not?" said Boniface. "Then let me TUNE-" Sweet Home.' tell you, you'll be fined five shillings."

"Fined or confined, it matters not; I'll not ex-3 cept a soul of them."

The landlord made his bow and exit, but the next morning summoning his guest before the Mayor for the act of petty treason, and the fine was in consequence exacted and paid; when the traveller, turning round to the landlord in open court, thus addressed him:

"I have travelled through a greater part of England, Scotland and Ireland, and except the identical animal that chews the thistle, I have never met with so egregious an ass as you are, landlord;" and then turning with an air of profound reverence to the bench, he added, "the Mayor excepted."

MODERN ORNITHOLOGY.

and crows, who are all in the carriou line.

Every crow that is a raven, should be immediately shut up in the lunatic asylum.

Judges who own a rookery, have frequent oppor-

The throat of birds is very small; nawk., nevertheless, often take quite large swallows.

Although birds do not preach, the larger specier prey continually.

The rooster is their chorister, and practises the chromatic scale every morning.

Hens and chickens should never be allowed to amuse themselves, as it always results in fowl play.

Although no man in the present day would think of sending a goose in reply to a note, yet, among the old Romans, the bird was an answer.

Although tame pigeons have nothing of the India-rubber kind in their formation, yet they are notoriously gutter perchers.

The business hours of birds differ from our own, their notes being mostly given out before 10 A. M.

Although the gallinaceous variety form but a small portion of the entire species, yet at night, all birds are roosters.

No perfection exists among the feathered tribe, and it is only among the human race that we find THE PEPFEOT BIRD.

Birds have invariably a beak or bill before them, but the Perfect Bird has often a beak with a bill after him.

WHAT TONY DON'T BELIEVE.

He don't believe that a man is any wiser for having A. S. S., or any other letters, attached to his name.

He don't believe a lawyer is any keener because he wears spectacles.

Hc don't believe that schoolmasters, physicians, and ministers like to be contradicted a whit more than other folks.

He don't believe that all lawyers are rogues any

He don't believe that young gentlemen should marry before they are able to support a wife.

He don't believe in getting up early in the morning without going to bed early at night.

He don't believe that a man is a fool because he can't make a speech.

He don't believe that because both wise and windy begin with a W, that they end in the same

In fact, he don't believe in a great many things that others believe in, and the result is, that he is voted an oddity and a bore.

ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN.

The circumstance of Sheridan's well-known duel having been misrepresented, he came to town, resolved to set the British public right; and as Perry, the editor of the Morning Chronicle, was his friend, he resolved to do so through the channels of that paper. It was agreed by them that Sheridan, under a fictitious name, should write a history of the affair as it had been misrepresented, and that he should subsequently reply to it in his own name, giving the facts of the case. The first part he accomplished, and there appeared in the Chronicle a bitter article against him, written, in fact, by himself; but he could never find time to write the reply, and it never was written.

OMNIBUS POLITENESS.

The following extraordinary instance of politeness on the part of an omnibus conductor, is related by Pasquin. The omnibus is in progress, when the following dialogue takes place:

-Stop at number two thousand three

Passenger—Stop at number two thousand three hundred and thirty-four.

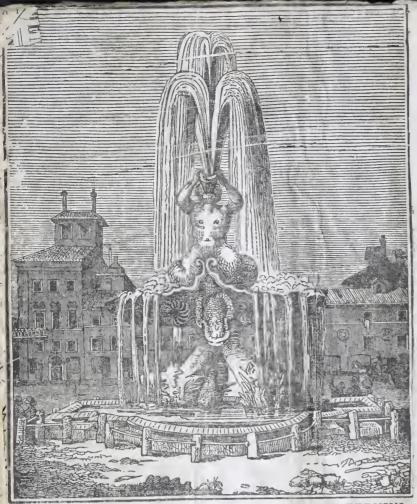
Conductor—All right, sir! (Omnibus pulls up in the middle of a dirty street.) Here you are, sir. Two thousand three hundred and thirty-four!

F.—Drive a little closer to the pavement.

C.—(To the driver, but in a voice loud enough to be heard by every one inside)—You must pull up werry close to the kerb, Bill, as the gentleman cleans his own boots.

AN ABSTRACTED MAN.

One who puts the boot fitting the right foot on the left, ties a stocking about his neck for a handkerchief, comes in collision with people as he passes through crowded streets, mistakes servant girls for their mistresses, goes into an eating house, gets a hearty meal, and walks out without paying the barkeeper, lights a segar with a one dollar bill, lends his money to his friends and forgets which of them borrowed it, gives his wife all the money she desires, and never asks how she is going to spend it, is indifferent whether he has any buttons on his shirt or not, and don't complain if his collars are not



FOUNTAIN OF THE PRINCE OF PALESTINE, BY BERNINI. A PLEASANT SATIRE.

AN INTERCEPTED DESPATCH OF THE FRENCH MINISTER.

Freely translated from the original for the Evening Bulletin.

LEGATION FRANCAISE, Washington, Sept. 20, 1849.

A. M. Louis Napoleon Bonoparte, President de la Republique Française:

President de la Republique Française:

1'ai l'honneur to write a notre grand Président,
Dat Pve stirred up de wrath of this bête gouvernement,
And dese villains Yankees, wiz their chief, l'ancien Zack,
Have asked your ministre to France to go back.
Not von word of warning their premier does say,
But sends me despatch dat mes passeports sout préts.
While I, at New York, do made von grand speech,
Before the Art Union Americain, wheech
Do honour and cheer and give beaucoup de praise,
Upon la magnifique République Française,
And all seems concorde—den, before I'm aware,
Comes dis lettre sanvage, like von coup de tonnerre.

Ab Monsieur le Président, dis is too bad:

Ah, Monsieur le Président, dis is too bad; Dese Yankées will drive your Ambassador mad; Dis notice so sudden does make me feel quite Like Louis Philippe, disposé for flight. But, la Grande Nation, if I run away, Would be quite dishonored, and so—il faut stay.

De cause which has stirred up dis mauvais fracas, And brought two republics almost to von war, Begins with de dirty tabac, which von day, The soldats Americains did take away From von sujet de France, M. Fort, in Mexique: It is true dat de Colonel Enfans did tout queek Give back de tabac—but Uhonneur Francais Was insulted à jamais, by his manner mauvais.

Then comes dat affaire of la barque Eugénie, Which le Capitaine Charpendier, when at sea, Did save from de rocks, and den wished for some pay, Ah, quelle folie! to ask in this age eclairée, From von sensible Frenchman, some pay for von crew, For saving some lives as vere not worth von sou.

Eh bien: All my letters upon dese affair,
Have been more dan de President Taylor would bear,
And so he have sent, by his premier, de note
Which do hint dat I better leave by de first boat.
I sall go, wiz mon valet, by steamer next week,
And sall hasten to France—la belle France—very queek,
And sall traverse de land from de Rhine to de Loire,
Pour éveiller de France for von grand bloody war.

Meantime, it must be, dat you, quick as may be, Do prepare for invading these Etats-Unis; And some bateaux flat-bottomed, at once do prepare, Like le grand Empereur, when he took l'Angleterre. Already de French have invaded dis land, And de chapeau on head and de glove on de hand, And de cane and de boot and de Paris habit, All show dat France rules in dese Etats-Unis. Den your corps littéraire, has had victories too. And your gallant Dumas and your brave Eugéne Sue, And le beau Paul de Kock and l'aimable George Sand.

Alrea ly have conquered de most of de land.

Nen, il reste for de President only to sail,
Wiz von armee in flat-bottomed boats as cant fail,
To pass up de Hudson or Delaware Bay;
Den, be sure, l'ancien Zach sall for mercy soon pray.

And den you sall land and de French sall recall,
De names of your glorious victories all.

And de armée Francaise sall go conquering on,
Crying "Strasbourg!" "Boulogne!" and "Vive Napoleon!"

(Signed)

POUSSIN, Ministre, &c.

"A SOFT IM-PEACH-MENT."

The following extract of a letter from New Hampshire, has been furnished us, says the Lowell Courier. Rose cheeks and rosy peaches seem to have an affinity for each other:

"Shall I relate you a pretty incident! Kate, with the rest of us, was standing under the heavily-laden peach tree while Charley, having climed slyly to the top, shook it vigorously, showering the luscious fruit upon us. One peach more fortunate than the rest, fell from the bounteous tree into Kate's more bounteous bosom. Blushing, she seized it, and with the prettiest air imaginable, threw it disdainfull away.

"Charley, you know, who had a penchant for Kate, or perhaps something stronger, swung himself agilely from the tree, and bounding away in the direction of the rejected peach, found it, kissed its rosy check, and placed it in his bosom. Thereupon F., who you know is ou fait in such matters, pointing to the peach, broke out in his measured manner, we all listening, as follows:

"This fruit of thine by love is blest, That but a moment lay Where fairer fruit of love may rest Some happy, future day."

"Fancy Kate's confusion, and how like a fool Charley looked!"

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.

"Pray, tell me my dear, what is the cause of those tears"
"Oh, such a disgrace!"

"What-what is it, my dear?" Don't keep me in seepense!"

"Why, I have opened one of your letters, supposing addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mre than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife's oper ing her husband's letters?"

"No harm in the thing itself. But the contents! Such disgrace!"

"What! has any one dured to write me a letter unfit to fread by my wife?"

"Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste and gentlmanly language. But the contents!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief, a commenced sobbing aloud, while the husband eagerly caug up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that h been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. was a bill from the printer for nine years' subscription!

HINT TO YOUNG PRACTITIONERS.

A young surgeon some time since consulted Mr. Kirby the founder of an English medical school, as to the course he should pursue in order to obtain a livelihood by his profesion. Mr. K. thus replied: "My young friend, go and etend, with all care and diligence, a sweep; that sweep, who cured, will get you another sweep as a patient; this latr will get you the kitchen maid—the kitchen maid will it you the cook—the cook will get you the lady's maid, ad the lady's maid, in the plenitude of her gratitude, will it you the lady herself, and thus you culminate and cap to climax."

GOOD ENGLISH EXPERIENCE.

An old painter, at the repairing of a church in Chester was writing sentences of Scripture upon the walls. But chance Tom came into the church, and reading them, peceived much of false English.

"Old man," said Tom, "why don't you write true En lish?"

"Alasl sir," quoth he," they are poor simple people in t parish, and they will not go to the cost of it."

AN IRISH EXPEDIENT.

A gentleman in Chester had a goodly house, new that the broken bricks, tiles, sand, limestones, and rubbish as is commonly the remains of such build lay confusedly in heaps, and scattered here and there. gentleman demands of his surveyor wherefor the rubus was not carried away. The surveyor said that he purage to hire a hundred carts for the purpose. The gentuing replied that the charge of carts might be saved, for ogs might be dug in the ground to bury it."

"Sir," said the surveyor, "I pray you, what shall "dwith the earth which we dig out of the said pit?" en "Why, you silly fellow," said the gentleman, "c't wont dig the pit deep enough, and burn altogether?"

GIVE HIM THE MITTEN.

"Ah, mon dieu! mon dieu!" said Monsieur Mclemots to his friend Sniffins, "my sweetheart give me de mitten."

"Indeed; how did that happen?"

"Vell, I tought I must go to make von viset before I leave town, so I step in de side of de room, and dare I beheld her beautiful pairson stretch out on von lazy."

"A lounge, you mean."

ver polite hranch, and—"

"You mean a polite bow."

"Ah, yes-von hough. And den I say I ver sure she would be rotten, if I did not come to see her before I-"

"You said what?"

"I said she would be rotten, if-"

"That's enough. You have put your foot in it, to be sure."

"No, sare; I put my foot out of it, for she say she would call her sacre hrother, and keek me out, he gar. I had intention to say mortified, hut I could not think of de vord, and mortify and rotten is all de same as von, in my dictionaire."

NOTIONS OF BEAUTY.

The Japanese women gild their teeth, the Indians paint them red, whilst in Guzurat the pearl of the teeth to be beautiful must be dyed black. The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eyebrows hlack, and their lips blue. In Persia, they paint a black streak round the eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow, whilst the Hottentot women paint in compartments of red and black. Hindoo females, when desirous of appearing particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, tumeric and grease. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but the Sumatran mother carefully flatters the nose of her daughter. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lip and a large flat nose.



S. E. WESTON & WM. E. GRAVES, PROPRIED

WILLIAM E. GRAVES, EDITOR.

TERMS, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.—One copy, one year \$2; one copy, two years—or two copies, one year, \$3; To Clubs: Four copies, \$6; eight copies, \$11; twolve copies, \$15. Persons getting up clubs of twelve will receive an extra copy, while they keep the club full. Additions to clubs, ay be made, at any time, provided their term expire with that of the club. Specimen copies sent free, to those who wish to get up clubs.

PUNISHMENT OF CRIMINALS.

The excessive fines recently imposed by legislative enactment, in several of our States, for sundry violations of law, have caused extensive public discussion, and a deep and growing interest is excited respecting the result. In many cases the offender is punished by fine or imprisonment in the county jail, or both, at the discretion of the court; while in others, fines are the only punishment provided, and the discretion of the court is limited to the amount.

Now in resorting to pecuniary punishments, we are well aware that our legislators merely follow the example of nearly all civilized states. We know, too, that there was a time when all crimes of every degree of enormity could be expiated by money, and that unprincipled soveroigns thereby contrived to draw an abundant revenue from the depravity of their subjects. Nevertheless, we cannot help regarding such punishments, in a free land of equal rights, as impolitic and unjust. Let us forget the sanction of imposing examples, and look at the matter as it in itself.

The law says that he who commits such an

ane days at 7.45 a. m.

The Baptist church has decided to have a Christmas tree on the Saturday vening preceding Christmas day and ordially invites any of the Cottage lity folk to join them on that occaion. Committee of Arrangement—Jessrs. John G. Chase, Job H. Gorann and William A. Vanderhoof.

A Criticism on the Navy Department.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Dec. 11, 1882.

To the Editor of the Star:

The U. S. ship Jamestown arrived in Boston on November 30th, after a tormy passage of six days from Newport, R. I., with many of her rew on the sick list from being frost-litten. Now it would seem entirely innecessary to send a ship around utside the Vineyard at this inclement eason of the year for the sake of aving a little pilotage. It seems

The Candidate.

Who spends his time upon the streets, And smiles on every one he meets, Not even slighting the dead beats? The Candidate.

Who cannot let a stranger pass
Without asking him to take a glass—
This queer compound of elay and brass?
The Candidate.

Who, when he sees you at the door, Stops there to chat an hour or more, And tells you facts you knew before? The Candidate.

Who makes it his particular biz
To ask you 'bout the health of "Sis,"
And wants to know how the baby is?
The Candidate.

Who knows so much about the State, And tells you what will be the fate Of his dear country, soon or late? The Candidate.

Who, after the campaign is o'cr, Announces polities a bore; Knows old acquaintances no more? The Candidate.

r. Utter returned home. MOMMEN VARAGIANS ... COSTUMES OF THE TIME OF RURIE, FOUNDER AND FIRST CHIEF

OF THE RUSSIANS.

Raus from the Lantern.

CARRIER'S POETRY.

Dear Diogenes-The Home Journal has so great a reputation for Original Poetry, that I am surprised to find in their Carrier's Address this

"I heard a sick man's dying sigh, And an infant's merry laughter; he old year went with moaning by, The new comes dancing after."

Now is not this an imitation of the old nursery hvmo:

"Jack and Jill went up a hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown, While Jill came tumbling after! CORNELIUS SNOBKINS.

A PHILOSOPHIC WANT .- Wanted, a Silent Parter. Alas, how many men are there in this Vale f Tears who can feelingly join in this "want."

THE ENGINEER'S APOSTROPHE ON HIS BOILER. alas, I thought she could be trusted— But when I'd tightly tied her down—she busted.

LACONIC REPLY.

Lord Brougham's son, who is a minor, and cousequently dependent on his father for support, was noticed somewhat for his attention to a young acress of the French theatre. His father wrote the following laconic epistle:

"If you do not quit her, I will stop your allow-

To which the son replied-"If you do not double it, I'll marry her."

"And now our prize we'll take in tow, And for old England we will go; Our pockets all well lined with brass, We'll drink a health to our favorite lass! Hurrah! we're homeward bou-ou-ound! Hurrah! we're homeward bound."

We learn that Mr. Joseph B. Nickerson has been appointed Post Master at West Tisbury, vice Wm. A. Mayhew, removed.

CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE niposed by Balfe---Written by Fitzball.

n yon mountain frowns a castle,
Wreath'd with gold its portals shine;
In yon valley smiles a cottage,
Roses sweet its porch entwine.
We alth and pride dwell in those turrets,
ble hearts the cottage rove,
have are in the castle,
we peace and love. repeace and the peace and the teastle, most tower and tower and the teastle, the te

THE DYING LOVER.

BY LISSA M. E. BURRILL.

They folded back the crimson shade That veiled the starry light And suffered it to gently fall Upon the pillow white; And pressing back the raven curls That shaded that fair face, We gazed through tearful aching eyes, The sad death-change to trace.

And bending o'er that graceful form, One hand I gently pressed, While tenderly the darling head I placed upon my breast, nd o'er his features calm and swe There played a smile of love, A one white hand he feebly raj set, ind softly broathed "Above As, 'n that hour of anguish 5," hile silver moonbeams O! i. ded not the fearful chdeep W at o'er his features s crept, I het olded closer to my lange That form of beauty wept; But frained wild kisses breast, Thid 'mid his raven stare on his brow, And Ar sh! he brea hair.

But hu I'm of thes my name in love-"O! a rtle o not weep;
But whet it gone, above my grave
Thy get vigils keep—
Bend down by cheek against mine own And, dearest, hold me still; Weep not-my pulse is ebbing slow, This is its last wild thrill."

Other hearts seek in that castle

Pomp with anguish interwove,
Mine the poor an 1 humble cottage,
Richer far in peace and love!

FAMILY OF GENERAL TAYLOR

From the present and prominent position in the affections and affairs of our country, we presume we could not give our readers anything more acceptable than a history of General Taylor and his family. 9/12 The "Home Journal" says:—The father of General Taylor was Colonel Richard Taylor, of Virginia, an officer who served with great credit to himself through the Revolutionary war. After the war, Col. Taylor removed to Kentucky, where he distinguished himself in the Indian wars, and subsequently held many civil offices of trust and honor. He was one of the framers of the Constitution of Kentucky, and was a member of the Electoral Colleges which voted for Jefferson, Madison and Clay. Col. Taylor married Sarah Strother, by whom he had five sons-Hancock, Zachary, George, William, and Joseph; and three daughters-Elizabeth, Sarah and Emily. Hancock, after serving in the war against the Indians in Ohio and Indiana, died, a farmer, near Louisville, Ky. Zachary is "Old Rough and Ready." George died, a farmer, on the o'd family place, near Louisville. William died, a Surgeon in the United States Army. Joseph, the only brother of the General now living, is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, who distinguished himself at the battle of Okeechobee, and has now the control of the Commissary Department in Mexico. Of the daughters, Elizagem and Emily died, leaving families. Sarah, the only sister of General Taylor now living, resides (as do most of his immediate family) near Louisville. Gen. James Taylor, of Newport, Ky., is not a brother of Gen. Taylor, but a cousin of the General's father. Gen. Taylor married a daughter of Major Smith, of the Army, a citizen of Maryland. By her he had four children-three daughters and one son. His eldest daughter, Ann, married Dr. Robert C. Wood, a Surgeon in the Army, now in Mexico. The second, Sarah Knox, married Col. Jefferson Davis, who has so distinguished himself at Monterey and Buena Vista. Mrs. Davis died, several years since. The third daughter is still unmarried. The see graduated at Yale College about a year since. Gen Taylor is of one of the old Virginia families, and is related to and connected with many of the distinguished families of that State-the Madisons, Lees, Taylors, Balbours, Pendletons, Conways, Taliaferros-numbering among their ornaments-James Madison, Richard Henry Lee, John Taylor, of Carolina; Judge Pendleton, James and Philip Barbour, Gen. Hunt, of Texas; Gen. Gaines, etc. amber, 1812, President Madison conferm

chary Taylor the Breyet rank of Ma-



"Big boys, come up and parse. The pig squeaks. Now tell me what is THE?"

"The, sir, is a preposterous article, nominative ase to pig."

"Why do you call THE a preposterous article?" "Because it stands before pig, I would not stand before one for a shilling."

"Next boy, parse PIG."

"Pig is a common noun."

"Why is it common?"

"Because its so common that you can't see nothing else in the streets."

"What is squeaks?"

"A noun proper, sir."

"Why is it proper, Ezekiel!"

Mulded in 1/1

cay whose is it the

I can't say, sir: I d

"Did any one see

answer.

Please

ur's, sir. our, stand forward

"Because it makes a proper loud noise, and disturbs all the neighbours."

"That's O. K. Now you can go and carry on with the gals."

ing from a sharp re-

le tem

Bowden

vidently dying

"Silence, sir! thundered the docter. "Don't anabt about it now sir! Go indoors instantly!

doors instantly!"

"Perhaps, sir," interrupted Edwards.

"No, sir, no!" interrupted Dr. Ball, "no more a corresent of this, if you please."

"Indeed, sir, I," began poor Seymour; but Bowden took him by the shoulders and forced him into the

Haif an hour later the school was assembled to witness the flogging of Poor Seymour, whom the doctor decided to be the undoubted culprit, and his subsequent expulsion from the school, "For brutal consequent expulsion from the school, "For brutal conduct, sir, and shameful hardness and obstinacy in denying your crime, and trying to implicate the whole school in it, sir," as Dr. Ball declared; and perhaps, according to appearances, he was hardly so unjust either, only hasty.

Years have passed away since that scene in Dr. Ball's play-ground, and the boys there assembled had shot into stalwart men, when, on a frosty winter's day, throngs of skaters might be seen covering the smooth crystal pavement of the river. Shouts of smooth crystal pavement of the river. Shouts of laughter or of applause resounded on all sides, as here amaster of the art glided gracefully from point to point, now borne onward in swift career, now wheel-ing sharply and describing marvelous figures on the smooth surface, to the utter amazement of all sober

lookers on.
But what is that? lookers on.

But what is that? A crash, a plunge, a cry, and one adventurous mortal, at least, has sunk beneath the treacherous ice. Arrested in mid career, his companions look on in silent horror, but none durst approach too closely the fatal spot. None, did I say? proach too closely the fatal spot. None, did I say? yes, see! one noble fellow has dashed forward, seized the drowning man firmly by the waist; they sink, no again they rise, and avoiding with consummate skill the treacherous edges, he pushes for the shore; at length it is reached, and the rescued and the rescuer dragged out—the latter almost exhausted, the former

chilled and senseless. Immediate aid was procured, and the noble fellow stood by the bedside of him he had risked his life to save, awaiting with feverish anxiety the signs of returning animation. At length his hopes were realized; the sufferer sighed faintly, and opened his eyes. The recognition was mutual and instantaneous. "Seymour!" Thompson!" burst from their lips, and with a ghastly shudder the invalid hid his head in the

hed-clothes. eymour (for indeed it was he) motioned to the attendants to leave the room, and bending over the couch, murmured some words of kindness to his companion. The poor his bed, exclaimed. The poor fellow groaned, and starting up in

"O, it kills me, Seymour. If you knew all, how you must hate me!"

And then, in broken sentences, he told him how on that day at Ball's, having himself accidentally com-mitted the fault for which Seymour had been punished, alarmed at the consequences, he merged carelessness into guilt, by allowing, nay, causing, an innocent boy to be punished, disgraced, to have perhaps his prospects in life blighted for his fault. Seymour sighed as he thought of all he had indeed suffered unrong of boys; through that cowardly injury, but he simply said:

Little Graves.

Philadelphia Sunday School Union.

The object of this tasteful little volum to minister consolation to parents bereaved orein children. It consists of choice thoughts favarious authors on the subject of early deathWe feel sure there is not a parent in the land, w, on the loss of a beloved infant, would not find me thing in this book to soothe and comfort. ; con tains, of course, those beautiful lines of Mr. He mans, on the death of an infant. No compiation on such a subject could omit them. But it coata other pieces, both prose and poetical, less kac but scarcely less beautiful. Take the follo gem from Coleridge:

"" 'Be,—rather than be called, a child of God'Y.
Death whispered. With assenting nod,
Its head unon its mother's breast,
'The haby bowed without denun;
Of the kingdom of the blessed
Possessor, not inheritor."

There is an exquisite poem, too long to quoted Tennyson, entitled "The New Year's Eve. page know not the author of the following gennin. It of nature, which we find on page 96. We to tell its own story:-

"At Smyrna, the burial ground of the Arany ork so like that of the Moslem, is removed a strp tauce from the town, is sprinkled with grepplied and is a favorite resort, not only with the leir or but with those whose feelings are not the overcast. I met there, one morning, a ito w with half-playful countenance, busy blue sunny locks, bearing in one hand a smaREA china, and in the other a wreath of frest AN Feeling a natural curiosity to know what ving do with these bright things in a place than He to partake so much of sadness, I watchedie, w. motions. Reaching a retired grave, covth Me a plain marble slab, she empt ed the seed $^{\mathrm{nen}}_{200}$ it appeared, the cup contained-into to T cavities which had been scooped out in thire of the level tablet, and laid the wreath of the level tablet.

"And why," I inquired, "my sweet girl, ac put the seeds in those little bowls, there?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she replied, a half-wondering look; "they will light or trce," pointing to a cypress above; "and when have eaten the seed, they will sing."

"To whom do they sing," I asked: "to ye to each other?"

"Oh, no!" she quickly replied, "to ractise she sleeps here."

"But your sister is dead?"

"Oh, yes, sir: but she hears all the birds ing, ake no see that wreath of flowers."

"But she knows I put it there. I tok fore they took her away from our homen 25 3 come every morning to see her."

have loved that sister very the 'ou will never talk with the " her again." he replied, with a brightulis; ncr always in Heaven." as gone there already, I trund

stops under this treene

DROOP NOT UPON YOUR WATE

Ho ye who start a noble scheme, For general good designed-

Ye workers in a cause that tends To benefit your kind-

Mark out the path you fain would tread, The game you mean to play,

And if it be an honest ouc, Keep steadfast on your way.

Although you may not gain at once The points you most desire,

Bc patient-time can wonders work-Plod on, and do not tire;

Obstructionis too, may crowd your path, In threatening stern an av ;

Yet flinch not! fear not! they may prove Mere shadows in your way.

Then while there's work for you to do, Stand not despairing by-

Let "Forward" be the move you make, Let "Onward" be your cry; And when success has crowned your plans

ill all your pains repay,

e cause of his injury. bewildered at ed the meanhe ad-mased, "what do

Ay, cali are dat! But could a prayer

Acceptance and above

of guile,

A newly-arrived Irish girl was recently ordered by the family with whom she had gone to live, to crack some shellbarks, it being thought Peggy knew all about cracking nuts.

Time enough had elapsed for Peggy to have cracked them, when the lady stepped to the head of the stairs, and called-"Peggy?"

"Marm!"

"Have you those nuts cracked yet?"

"No, marm!"

"Well, make haste, we are waiting for them."

Another half hour elapsed, and no nuts appeared.

"Peggy! Peggy!"

"Marm!"

"Come, come, have you those nuts cracked yet?" "No marm-they ain't half cracked, and me tathe

are almost out of me head alridy!"

SCIENTIFICALLY COOL.

A love-smitten professor in one of our colleges, after conversing awhile with his Dulcinea on the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded at last with a declaration, and put the emphatic question of:

"Will you have me?"

"I am sorry so disappoint you," replied the lady, "and hope my refusal will not give you pain. But I must answer no."

"Well, well, that will do, madam," said her philosophical lover, "and now suppose we change the subject."

THE LITERAL SERVANT.

"Please, marm, and what shall I do with the bits of candles?"

"Take them down stairs and burn them in the kitchen, Bridget."

Off she started. At night, Bridget called the lady, and asked for a candle for the kitchen.

"A candle-why, what have you done with those pieces you had this morning?"

"Faith, marm, I put them in the fire, and burned them in the kitchen, as ye told me this morning!"

HE WORE A FLASHY WAISTCOAT.

He wore a flashy waistcoat, on the night when first we met-with a famous pair of whiskers and imperial of jet. His air had all the hanghtiness, his voice the manly tone, of a gentleman of eighty thousand dollars, all his own. I saw him but a moment, methinks I see him now, with a very flashy waist coat, and a beaver on his brow. And once again I saw that brow-no beaver neat was there, but a shocking bad 'un was his hat, and matted was hair. He wore a brick within his hat, the change was all complete, and he was flanked by constables, who marched him up the street. I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now, charged by these worthy officers with kicking up a row."

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.

"My love," says Mrs. Foozle to her husband, "oblige me with \$20 to-day, to purchase a new dress.'

"Shan't do any such thing, Agnes; you called me a bear yesterday!"

"La, love, that was nothing-I only meant by it, that you are very fond of hugging."

"You are a saucy little dear (sound heard like the report of a pistol), but here's a \$50."

DIVIDING THE SPOILS.

The following, though old, will be interesting to those who are fond of sausages:

A lady having purchased some sausages of a couple of boys, overheard them talking about the money.

"Give me half of it," says one.

"I won't" said the other.

"New that ain't fair, you know 'taint, Jo, for half the pup was mine."

ONE OF THE JUDGES.

"When I travelli achusetts. /11 a ist

eek.

THE SPRING-TIME.

This poom is by the editor of the London Critic, and was published many years ago in one of the English "Annuals," The Amulet. It was written and printed before Tennyson's "If you're waking, call mt early."

O take me from this close dark room-from this uneasy

The clothes so grey and shroud-like, lie upon my breast like lead;

The ancient ohon wardrobe, and the picture on the wall,

And the ticking of the watch, mother-I'm weary of them all.

Oh! take me where the glad free air may visit me again,

And the rich evening sunray soothe the sullen throb of pain,

Where I may see the grass and hear the robin on the bough,

And feel the hreath of the early Spring upon my cheek and brow.

Then bear me from this dreary room, where everything I see.

Recalls some hour of anguish or some dreams of ago, ny,

When you have bent above me, mother, and listened to my moan.

And felt the pangs of your dying child more keenly than your own.

There, lay me on that primrose bank-it was my fav'rite seat:

I planted it and water'd it-how clean it was and neat:

The flowers are all neglected now-the weeds have grown so fast,

I little thought that happy, happy summer was my last.

How delicate the air is-all the flowers are coming

The glad spring flowers to fling their stores of sweetness round about,

The bee is on the wing, the merry swallow sweeps the sky,

The gnat hums in the sunbeam, mother-all things are glad but I.

Last spring I was so happy; the linnet on the bough, The wild bee, was not half so gay-and I am dying now.

I crown'd me with the May blooms then, I revell'd in the flowers.

And only by the joys they knew counted the passing hours.

Bring me my young geranium, mother, for I want to

My little fav'rite-how it grows-if any flowers there be;

Look! there's a hud-but oh! I shall not live to bless its bloom,

'Twill be so strong and beautiful when I am in the tomb.

1 always dearly loved the flowers -let heaps of them be

spread, Upon me in my coffin cold—the living with the dead;

And do, dear mother, see, that on my little grave is set

My own sweet lilac-bush and plant of purple violet.

And sometimes, in such days as this, so glad, and hright, and mild,

Dear mother, will you come and sit by the grave-bed of your child,

And will you bring this sweet geranium?-Though you may not see.

I will look down from heaven, and listen while you talk to me.

My walnut-tree, too, watch it well whon I am gone away;

With my own bands I planted it to mark my third ,; birth-day;

They told me I should sit beneath its broad, green shade.

And count the branches on its trunk that many years had made.

I wish it was the Autumn; I should not care to die, When the rich green leaves and the glorious flowers, fade as well as I;

But in the merry month of May, when all things are

Pray for me, mother, to endure, Oh, pray, for pity's

Tu

Beautiful Inscription.—A correspondent of the Cleveland Herald, who had been travelling along the romantic shores of Lake Superior, says that he was lately rambling in the neighborhood of Marquette, when he came upon an Indian burying ground. One grave, covered with birch bark, was beautifully situated between two maple trees, whose green boughs met over in a leafy arch. At the head of the grave was a rude cross, on which was marked New kan nis ne ba, (My brother sleeps.) How full of beauty and poetry was this simple inscription?—Amer. Cour.

My brother sleeps, O, wake him not,
The maple boughs are o'er him bending;
And nightly on his birehen mound,
The Heavens their balmiest dews are sending.

He was my pride, my only joy,

No sister have I,—father, mor har,—
All these, and more than these to me,
He was, my kind, my gentle brother.

All day, through forest's wild we vrent,
At night we slept, our arms embracing;
And now in dreams, the paths he trod,
My captive spirit still is tracing.

The woods, for him, seem doubly dear,
The vines more closs the oaks are twining;
The very lake, more calmly sleeps
Beneath the stars, now on him shining.

His spirit breathes in every sigh,
His form I see in every motion;
His voice is heard in every gale
That sweeps the land and stirs the ocean.

The doe was not more fleet of foot,

More gay, the red bird of the mountain;

The music, sweeter of his voice,

Than laughing brook or gushing fountain.

But paleness stole upon his cheek, And, ah, he said, "I am aweary," And when the fatal moment came, It left me, very lone and dreary.

All day, he leaned upon my arm,
All night I gazed upon him, weeping;
At morn he whispered "brother dear,"
And now beneath yon shado he's sleepidg.

New kan nis ne ba, how sweet!—
The maple boughs his bed adorning;
His slumbers naught can ever break,
Until the resurrection morning.

PHILADELPHIA, 1955.

Written for the Philadelphia American Courier.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

In tender mercy, and in love,

The Lord of earth and heaven
Regards us all,—and we are taught
To pray to be forgiven.

Likewise to say, "Thy will be done,"—
To ask for daily bread,
And to rejoice though sorrows fall,
Like tempests, on our head.

For He who chasteneth is the Lord, And He is ever near, To whisper comfort to the soul, To wipe each falling tear.

Upon His love we should rely, And say, "Thy will be done," Though life or death be granted us; Then is our peace begun.

For 'tis His hand that guides the stars, And rules the ocean's waves; 'That after Winter, bids the Spring Bring flowers from their gravos.

Then let us ever trust in Him, And bow beneath the rod, Believing He in love o'er-rules,— Our Father, and our God

ART CRITICISM.

We were lately amused, says a waggish contemporary, at an "art criticism" delivered by a raw and unsuspecting Jonathan, who had been quietly gazing at a garden in one of our suburban villages, which, among other ornaments, boasted several handsome marble statues.

"Jest see what a waste!" observed our rural friend; there's no less than six scare-crows in that little ten-foot garden patch, and ary one of 'en alone would keep off all the crows from a five acr

That would have been a pleasant criticism fo sculptor himself to hear, wouldn't it? H = ildn't have sculp'd again, we don't think.

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

Ye're glorious! ye mountains of His power, And strong and mighty in your towering height. Ah! at thy base, may pony mortal cower, And almost shrinking, turn him from the sight, Ye are so high and heavenward, and so speak Of Him who spake ye into being, when Creation rose, that mortal man is weak To take in all thy glory with his ken.

Ye're awful in your tranquil loveliness—O! how the soul bethinks it of the hour. The sinner in his most extuene distress, Shall call on thee for thy o'erwhelming power. To hide him from the sight of Him, who will In spite of mountain piled on mountain high. Seek out the trembling sinner, find him still. Ah! nought may hide from that Omniscient eye!

And yet, I do bethink me of the time
When far above ye, I may wing my flight,
N r creep along thy craggy steep, nor climb,
But soar away, aloft, far out of sight,
Or only just to view thee ns a speck
On that rotundity that men call oarth.
There I may be, when not of thee a wreck
Remains to tell thy being are had birth.
M. M.

New-York, . Jug. 9, 1834.

From the "Moral Flowers."

THE CROCUS' SOLILOQUY.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Lock'd in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is sweiling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my bright head;
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young buds diverge,
As the rays of the sun from their focus;
I fr the darkness of each will emerge,
A happy and beautiful Crocae!

Gaily array'd in my yellow and green. When to their view I have ri.
Will they not wonde, now one so serene Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so little a flower
This little lesson may borrow—
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow.

A THOUGHT

SUGGESTED BY THE NEW YEAR.

BY CAMPBELL.

The more we live, more brief appoar Our life's succeeding stages; A day to childhood seems a year, And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth, Ere passion yet disorders, Steals ling'ring, like a river smooth, Along its grassy borders.

But, as the earc-worn cheek grows wan, And sorrow's shafts fly thicker, Ye stars that measure life to man! Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath, And life itself is vapid, Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,

Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change Time's course to slower speeding?

When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding.

Heaven gives our years of fading strength Indemnilying theetness; And those of youth a seeming length, Proportioned to their sweetness.

FLOWERS AND FRIENDS.

The sweetest flowers, alas how soon
With all their hues of brightness, wither;
The lovelies just bud and bloom,
And drooping, fade away forever?

Yet if, as each sweet rose bud dies,
Its leaves are gathered, they will shed.
A perfume that shall still arise,
Though all the beauteous tints are fied.

And thus, while kindred bosoms heave, And hearts, at meeting, fondly swell, How soon, aias! those hearts must breathe The parting sigh—the sad farewell!

Yet from such moments, as from flowers, Shall friendship, with delight distill A fragrance, that shall hold past hours Embalmed in memory's odour still,

POETRY.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

the Patrons of the Christian Advocate and Journal, January 1, 1835.

The clock has struck, the year has fled, 'Tis hidden with th'unnumber'd dead: Once more his friends the carrier greets, As the old year his course completos, And ushers in the new: What though in untaught verse he sings, Good wishes from his heart he brings, Patrons and friends, to you.

I sing the past—let others sing, In notes of dreamy gladness, Th' unborn future; it may bring To thee its share of sadness.

Then wherefore throbs that pulse so high?
What cause for gratulation?
Why beats thy heart so joyously,
In fond anticipation?

'Tis always thus: man lives to learn,
The poet sings; 'tis true,—and yet
How many from experience turn
To easier tasks: o'en to forget.

Seest thou that mother? Ere the sun Another annual race hath run, Though now she drains the cap of joy, And closely clasps her darling boy,— She'll weep in widow'd loneliness; Her bright-eyed boy ia fatherless.

When near the hed of anguish, thou
Thro' night's one hours sad vigils kept,
And bathed that dear one's burning brow,
And saw death triumphing—and wept
Despite thy beasted faithfulness,
Thy dreams of endless constancy,
Didst think so soon forgetfulness
Was caused by hope's gay buoyancy?

Who's he, that when the year was now Arm'd gladly for the coming fig't; And to he deadly contest flew.

The contest with the powers of night!
See! boldly he proclaims the truth,
The' fiends, and worse, e'en mer on the land the' in the dower of youth
Unclouded the' his sun arose,
He fell—but hear! he did not yien:
The trath with his life's blood he was full arm'd upor the battle field.
He triumph'd here and as his learn'd when hy hight, eternia.
Praise—glay was his latest sag'
His lat' we will victory!

Heard ye irror trace's bloods an defined. The waiting it hat little braid, Who stood around the martyr's bed, When to his God the spirit fled?

As she, the partner of his care,
A spirit in the realms of air,
From regions of unclouded day
Look'd down and beckon'd him away. Exest, happy spirits—ye shall see,
From from your dazzling thrones above,
The debt the Cinistian owes to thee,
O Africa! repaid in love.

But turn thine eye homeward—Beheld, In a cottage almost out of sight Lies one now decrepid and old, Half a century toil'd in the fight.

With a heart with devotedness warm Opposition he look'd for, and met; Undaunted he breasted the storm:— Canst thou, Christian, his labors forge' 1'

The minds of your fathers he fod,
From him they first learn'd bow to ve;
And now shall his children want bread,
The perishing bread you can give?

No—he tranquilly leaves them to rou, Assured he apposts not in vain: Worldly objects are lest to his view: He dies—he is singing, O! list to his strain

l've been a pertaker Of sorrow and eare; I go to my Maker, I soon shall be there.

Yes, yes, I get nearer,
My Saviour, to thee;
Faith's eyesight grows clearer,
What visions I see?

An angel is flying,
With speed in his wings:
To the drooping and dying
Glad tidings lie, brings;

To each distant nation,
In darkness and night,
The news of salvation:—
O! hasten his flight.

'Tis hush'd!—th' immortal spirit's fled, Closed is the pilgrim's bright career: 'Tis hush'd?—ah no! the sainted dead Speak trumpet-torgued, and thou shalt hear.

How long shall Satan's host, they cry, The army of our God defy!

ir. Utter returned home, between wlong shall superstition bind baven's greatest work—the human min of? wlong! how long shall last this night! hen witt thou say, Let there be light?' as! 'twas said—they turn to you, he dead sxclaim, There's work to do. TR WORK! what is it?—'tis to stand phalanx firm, e'en like that band or earthly glory, gallantly ed st thy pass, The mopyle!—ks him of Tarsus, void of fear, or counting his ewn life as dear, he might preach the Crucified, s God on earth be glorified!

gin thy work, tho' it be late,

Now whils thy heart beats warm and high;

sh ye the battle to the ga'ce,

The routed foe shall fly?

r God is with us—be ye izen!

And when the victory is won,
ie world redeem'd, but not till then,

Our work—thy work is done.

THE ORPHAN. EY P. B. SHELLEY.

An orphan with my parents lived, whose eyes
Were load-stars of delight, which drew me home
When I might wander forth; nor did I prize
Aught human thing beneath heaven's mighty
dome
Beyond this child

A child rost infantine,

Beyond this child * A child arost infantine,
Yet wandering far beyond mat innocent ago
In albut its sweet looks and mien divine.
Lie moved upon this parth a share of bright-

A power, that from its objects searcely downous, and mess, and another search and would be mounted by the work of the search of the search of the waste air's pathiese blue.

The most some for desert; she did seem to grain the search of some immortal dresm to the search of some immortal dresm the manufacture of the waste air's pathiese blue, and we as the grow, the wave of the stream of the search of the waste air's a stream of the search of the waste air's a stream of the search of the waste air's a stream of the search of the waste air's a stream of the search of the waste air's a stream of the search of the waste air's a stream of the search of the s

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fing isings per her sweps,

a success of by turns she smiled and H. .cdl

Suddenly The word like the secret bird when, sunset wakens, all the shore and sky With her an echnet offs -a wild wheely?

temphasites line vision, il a stituta tongue, co the english tody with a facility capty sung, fact white the line through the shadowy of her loose leaf

WEEP N' I FO' PRO THAT DIETH.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For friends are round his bed,
And many a young lip sigheth
When they name the early dead:
But weep for him that liveth
Whers none will know or care,
When the groan his faint heart giveth
Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For his struggling soul is free,
And the world from which it flieth
Is a world of misery:
But weep for him that weareth
The captive's galling chain;
To the agony he beareth,
Death were but little pain.

IV.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For he hath cessed from tears,
And a voice to his replieth
Which he hath not heard for years:
But weep for him who weepeth
On that cold land's cruel shore—
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth,—
Weep for the dead no more!

ON EARLY RISING.

The value of time is universally acknowledged, but seldom realized in its full extent. That time is more

seldom realized in its full extent. That time is more precious than any earthly treasure is a truth to which we readily assent; but when hour after hour is lost in unnecessary sleep, it looks a little like retraction.

Sleep has been emphanically styled "the brother of death;" certainly there is a strong resemblance. But notwithstanding this, we have a strange propensity to indulge in it to excess. Many people, who in other things have considerable self-government, fail lamentably here.

ably here.

actual the election

Spending one hour more in bed, seems, at the time but a small matter, and so it may be—yet in the course of a year it makes a material difference. The person of a year it makes a material difference. The person who rises at five o'clock will have 365 hours more in a year than the one who sleeps till six. This is equal to five weeks of pure daylight, (allowing twelve hours perday;) so that his year will number thirteen months. Is not this too great a treasure to lose for the paltry gratification of a morning nap, which makes us feel "nothing better, but rather worse?" Whereas if we can summon sufficient strength of mind for the first effort, the deed is done—the hour gained—conscience

can summon sufficient strength of mind for the first effor, the deed is done—the hour gained—conscience satisfied, and business will go better all day.

Sitting up late, it often advanced as an excuse for rising late; but this is only covering one fault with another. We have made strange innovations upon the simple whits of our forefathers; whose maxim was.

Serily the one, and early to rise." Amongst other discoveries of modern times, it has been ascertained, that it is much better to work by eardle light than by daylight—that lamp oil has a finer tragrance than the morning air;—and so day is turned into night, and night into day, without the least scruple. A single grance was a sufficient to show the folly of such a procedure. a procedure.

To break over the laws of nature, usually brings its own punishment; and so it is in the present case. Many a constitution has been ruined, and premature death brought on by late hours. But did any one events the procedure of the procedure. er hear of a censtitution broken, or a life lost, by rising early? Where do we find the sparkling eye, and glowing cheek? Not often among those, who trim the raiding ht samp, and that out the morning sun.

We see it invariably recorded of those who attain a

We see it invariably recorded of those who attain a great age, that they were early risers.

It is among people who accustom themselves to this excellent pract—that we usually find the greatest vigor of body an inind. And it is reasonable to suppose, when the seem lies torpid so much of the time, that it hould!—somewhat of its vivacity and energy. The quantity of eep requisite to refresh exhausted the probably none in health, need more than eight had a ep; and doubtless many, who little suspect it, if the standard of the experiment, would find themselves the recruited after six. It is both interest and a certain how much we really do need, and the ore.

bject demands the serious attention of every one, but especially the Christian. However it may be with others, he, surely, has no time to waste. When he gave himseli and all that he had to God, was not his time include: Or did he make a reserve of these extra hours? Let every Christian whose eye falls on these lines, seriously ask himself whether he does not spend more time in this way than is really necessary. If he does, it is sin, and must be accounted for in the great day.

TO A BEAUTIFUL BOY.

(From Frazer's Magazine for December.)

Boy! thou art like a dew-fad streamlet rushing
Brightly and purely from its mountain home
To where young buds, spring's earliest gifts, are blushing
And thirsty fields and fainting plants say "Come!"

Impetuous boy! in fancy's bright fane dwelling,
Without one carc to shade thy glorious brow—
With glance of fire, and bosom proudly swelling—
With generous thought, and passion's fiery glow-

Parents who fondly love the watch the blending Of thy dark lashes when sweet dreams are nigh; Then ruby lips their faithful prayers are sending For thee to Him who rules thy destiny.

Boy! may thy life star set in pomp and beauty—A voice, a halo consecrate thy tomb;
Telling to after times, "The path of duty
Ends in the spirit's native, heavenly home!"

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

(From the Chinesc.)

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull; Where gaols are empty, and where barns are full; Where church paths are with frequent feet outworn; Law court yards weedy, silent, and forlorn; Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride; Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied; Where these signs are, they clearly indicate A happy people, and well govern'd state.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mate is the voice of rural labor, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.

* * * * From yon lowly roof, whose curling sincke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

[Grahame.]

To the Memory of a Cousin who diea age of seventeen.

Oh! snatched from all the joys of time In thy bright boylood's golden prime; Destined so early for the tomb E'er youth had ripened into bloom:

Would that my weak, yet heart-felt lay Might lasting erown thy memory; Nor cold forgetfulness should shed Its ehilling frost's above thy head.

Oh when I saw thee young and gay Rejoicing in life's morning ray— Thy glad soul beaming in thine eye, Thy voice like spring-tones floating by:

Though even then I knew the strife Of thoughts that dimned my dawn of life; And earth seemed early cold to me, I had not e'en one fear for thee.

Too glad thou seemed for sorrow's power To chill thy bloom in life's young bower; But oh! I dreamed not thou could'st de, Too loved, too blest in dust to lie!

Thou wert thy parent's only flower— The star that beautified their bower; 'Twas hard to deem that warning yet The flower would fade, the star would set.

How fondly have I loved to trace Thy young soul's beaming in thy face, While thy glad voice with tones so free Read the loved glowing page to me.

And many a careless word of mirth We breathed around thy father's hearth; Nor thought how soon its song and light Would change to mourning and to night.

And when we spoke the parting word, Was it thy last tones then I heard? Twas thus—we met again not here, Till thou wert shrouded on thy bier.

How met we then? I might not see Thine eyes fond welcome beam on me; I might commune but with thy clay Whenee the bright soul had passed away.

Language was then but poor and weak My heart's impassioned grief to speak; Oh! ne'er before had sorrow's power Come o'er me as in that sad hower.

I've seen the mourner's bosom swell With pangs 'twas agony to tell; But ne'er suell anguish saw as now Was written on thy parent's brow.

I saw the dim and starting tear Thy youthful friends dropt on thy bier,
A shadow crossed each bright young brow,
But dream they of the sleeper now?

A few brief smiling springs have shed Their dews and incense o'er thy head; And wild sweet flowers sprung o'er the sod Since thy young spirit sought its God:

30

Yet still the mourner lingers near To gem the green turf with a tear. And muse upon the blighted flower That sleeps in death's forsaken bower.

Nor think loved spirit I forget Thee in thy lovely mansion yet— No! like the rose gemed with a tear, Thy memory to my heart is dear.

Yet when I view the clouds of ill That darken o'er my morning still, And feel in youth the unknown weight— The burden of an exile's fate;—

I can but deem thy lot is blest So early to have found thy rest, E'er grief's dim shadow crossed thy brow, Or chilled the heart that slumbers now.

But oh! a sweeter thought doth come Like spring's fresh droppings on thy tomb, Soothing and blending with a tear That mourns thy blighted promise here.

For I will deem the fatal blow That laid thee in thy morning low, Was but the fading of a flower To blossom in a fairer bower.

That through His love so free and strong 'Thy spirit joins the scraph throng; Thy youthful frailties all forgiven, Blooming and shining now in heaven.
ORIAL

11

But hark! afar a swelling note Is rising soft and clear,
Like the entrancing sounds which float
Through the celestial sphere;
'Tis from the native band who meet
To join in Christian worship sweet.

"As the melodious measures roll O'er plain and echoing hill, Over plain and centing his,
I feel throughout my swelling soul
A heaven of rapture thrill;
O glory! glory! words are weak—
The love of God what tongue can speak!

"I view in ocean, carth, and sky, Grandcur and loveliness; Descend my soul to bless;
In Him I dwell, to Him I rise,
Whose glory fills the earth and skies!

"And when I lay my lonely head On my rude couch to sleep, His gentle hand shall softly s. ed, Sweet slymbers calm and deco TIME, OH! TIME!

Met I on the sparkling stand An aged man with staff in hand, To the vale of Death retreating, While his lips were still repeating— Time, Oh! Time!

Now, in listless silence wending, At each footstep deeply bending, Mark'd he each capp'd billow fleeting, Still his lips kept on repeating—

Time, Oh! Time!

Round Time's pallid dial-face Four-score winter storms had pac'd, Though their snows renew'd their beating, Still those lips were e'er repeating-Time, Gh. Time!

Gallant Youth! spoke that old man, Death is round on ev'ry hand Swift as clouds in tempest meeting, To thy God thy soul is fleeting— Time, Oh! Time!

Blithe once was I as the billow, Now I'm likened to the willow;
Bound with age, 'tis downward tending,
Thus, Time-laden, I am bending!
"Time, Ah! Time!"

Life is but a chariot-race,
Fairy Youth—the starting place,
Age, the goal, to which we're fleeting;
From Death's dart there's no retreating!
Time, Ah! Time!

There's a crown which never fades, Wreath'd not by Earth's fairest maids; HEAV'N THY FRIZE when Earth is ended— When thy pilgrimage is wended-Time, Ah! Time!

Rais'd I from the strand my gaze-Vacant was the sage's place— Heard I echo-tones retreating, With a mournful sigh repeating-Time! Ou! Time!

PEPER F STOUP

Mother, you musn't whip me for running away from school any more!'

Why?

' Because my school book says that ANTS are the most industrious beings in the world; and ain't I a TRU-ANT?'

IT IS FINISHED.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, L.L.D.

It is finish'd:-thy dwellings, O, Satem! are strown, Thy daughters are weeping in exile alone, The lances of Judah lie wasted with rust, And the ramparts of Zion are laid in the dust.

The Cedron is dyed with thy gore as it runs, The torch in thy temple, the chain on thy sons; The blood of The Guiltless is red on thy brow, And the arm which upheld thee abandons thee now.

It is finish'd:-the work of redemption is done, The combat is ended, the victory won;—
The spoiler of Eden has fled from the field, The portals of glory stand brightly reveal'd:

The toil of a sinless Redeemer is past, And the shout of the Gentile is loud on the blast; A luminous day-spring has dawn'd on his night, And the isles of the Heathen are waking in light.

AN EPITAPH.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, L.L.D.

MORTAL! Whom choice or chance has hither led To muse among the dwellings of the dead, Look on this grave and drop one sacred tear; The good-the young-the gifted-slumhers here. Christian! Whose carnesi heari and upward eye Are fix'd on deathless realms beyond the sky; Be glad for one whose work on earth is done, work suffering past, whose crown of glory won.



ON THE PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTIFUL MATRO

PAINTED BY SULLY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN

Lady! some missioned angel smiled Upon thee when thou wast a child; or in that pensive eye of thine, Celestial colors softly shine;

And on that sweet, expressive face
The lustre of a quiet mind
Mildly reposes—like a trace
Of starlight trembling, as the wind Breaks the smooth mirror of the sea-Or like that strange, delusive light When Sleep has set wild Fancy free To soar beyond the dome of night.

Canst thou be real? art thou no Canst thou be real? art thou no 'Too beauteous for this earthly spot? Upon that brow, so clear and high, Has sorrow rested? L. a sigh Or tear been thine, or any shade Of grief upon thy spirit laid? Oh, yes! If in this dreary world, One—so divinely fair, around Whose form soft pinions should be furled Like a dove's plumage—can be found;

In hours gone by, some change to pale
Thy morning splendour must have past,
Yet, all life's woes like shadows fail
Before thy happy smile to last.
Joy, tranquil joy, and mild content,
In those angelic features blent,
Tell, like some fountain's sparkling flow,
That all is pure and bright below.

When to the ancient sculptor's gaze The perfect figure, that his art,
Could from the massive marble raise,
Appeared like light—his thrilling heart
Could not have felt a deeper bliss,
Than when with life and beauty warm, Thy pencil, Sully, traced a form So lovely and so true, as this!

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE MORNING STAR!

BY J. W. DONALLAN

Hail, fairest harbinger of morn! I love thy mellow ray;
That lights up all the orient sphere,
And ushers in the day.
Thy silver orb reflects its light,
Till day's bright ruler rise;
Then mingling thy soft beams with his,
Thou leadest through the skies.

Thus may the light which science sheds, Mark meek religion's way; And aid to scatter truth abroad, Till dawns a brighter day.
Then blend their rays, and clearer shine, Dispersing moral gloom; And guide the steps of erring man, Beyond the narrow tomb.

LEAVE SOMETHING BEHIND.

Multitudes breathe, move and die, leaving no trace behind them that they ever had an existence. Not so with the wise and good. They are remembered with gratitude in every age, and their examples are held forth as all worthy of imitation. When will the apostle Paul be forgotten? What Christian has not heard of the good deeds of John Howard? What

American child reveres not the name of Washington? And then, too, thousands are remembered in the towns and villages where they lived, acted, and died, who are unknown to the great masses. Some particular deed or act may have given an immortality to their names. In every history of a place you will find such names recorded, which will descend to the latest posterity.

What will you leave behind? Have you not performed one good deed? Of all men he is the most miserable who, when he draws near the close of his life, cannot look back upon one bright spot in his carecr-one act that will give him joy to reflect upon.

Live for the future. Let it be your bright ambition to do good to others-to advance the cause of benevolence, of science, of mercy, of religion. You will feel the glorious results of a noble deed in other worlds. As one and another pure spirit enters the kingdom of Heaven, brought thither by the savor of your influence in ages back, will not joy unbounded thrill your happy bosom? It must be the bright happiness of Heaven to feel that you have been the instrument of doing good, and leading hinds from the grovelling pursuit of earth to the sublima occupations of the children of the skies.

DIVERTING DIALUCUE.

"Mamma. can a door speab?" "Certainly not, my love."

r.3 "Then why did you tell Anne, this morning, answer t. e door?"

hi

"It is time for von to go to school, dear."

JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND .- Wh Is not a University established under the walls or Dance Casale?

Domestic Economy.-The raw naterial for home consumption is principally derived from ? Butcher's Shop.

A NAVAL QUESTION .- If a boatswain marries, does his wife become a boatswain's mate?

DEFINITION OF SPRING .-- The vegetable Shoot-

LEGITIMATE SPORT .- Those who fish for complis ments deserve to get a bite.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE. Said a Chemist to his wife, "What is sugar, dearest life? That is sugar, dearest life;

"Oh!" said she, "yon stupid man,

Get along!—of conrec I can;

Fourpence, fivepence, sixpence halfpenny a
pound."

A HAPPY STATE.

"At length," said an unfortunate man who had been ruined by vexatious lawsuits, "at length I have found happiness, for I am reduced to Necessity,-and that is the only thing I know of which has no Law."

A Good Servant .- A Mayor's footman must be devont. He daily attends his Worship.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY .- Men are frequently like Tea-the real strength and goodness is not drawn out of them nntil they have been for some time in hot water.

LONGEVITY OF WOMEN .- A married woman ought to last longer than a single one, because she is husbanded.

Cousins in Cozenage .- It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by plunder, whilst the lawyer thinks that the doctor obtains his by pillage.

MILITARY MEMORANDUM .- There is a much greater demand, just now, for Magazines than for Reviews.

STANZAS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

MY FINDING ANGELINA STOP SUDDENLY IN A RAPID AFTER SUPPER POLKA AT MRS, TOMKINS'S BALL

Edwin. "Maiden, why that look of sadness? Whence that dark o'erclonded brow? What hath stilled thy bounding gladness, Charged thy pace from fast to slow?
Is it that by impulse sudden
Childhood's hours then paus'st to mourn?
Or hath thy cruel Edwin trodden
Right upon thy favorite corn?

"Is it that for evenings wasted Some remorse thou gin'st to feel? Or hath that sham champs gue we tasted Turned thy polka to a reel? Still that gloom upon each feature?

Still that sad reproachtul frown?"

Angelina. "Can't you see, you clumsy creature

VISIT OF ST. NICHOLAS, THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

BY PROFESSOR C. C. MOOPE.

was the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house it a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; a stockings were hung by the chimney with care, hopes that Sr. Nicholas soon would be there; e children were nestled all snug in their beds, hile visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads, id manma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap, d just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—hen out en the lawn there arose such a clatter, prang from my bed to see what was the matter.

"Ay to the window I flew like a flash, re open the shutters and threw up the chimes moon on the breast of the new-fallen snew, we the lustre of mid-may to objects below; hen what to my wondering eyes should appear, ca minicture sleigh and eight reindeer, that is moon on the breast of the lew-fallen snew, we the lustre of mid-may to objects below; her what to my wondering eyes should appear, ca minicture sleigh and eight reindeer, that is a little '' driver, so lively quick, new in a moment it auct be L. Nick.

The ravid was a fallen, and called them by using the whistled sed shouled, and called them by using the whistled sed shouled, and called them by using the whistled sed shouled, and called them by using the policy of the wall?

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"The belief of the wide to be sk

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS,

TO THE PATRONS OF ZION'S HERALD.

The closing season of the year
Brings various changes to our view;
Succeeding months all disappear,
And leave the earth with faded hue.
In them our great Preserver wrought,
And bounteous stores of fruits has brought.

Labor and rest, and ease, and pain,
The common lot of men below,
Have pass'd like shadows o'er the plain,
And now we scarce their traces know.
New hopes and joys before our eyes,
In constant, quick succession rise.

The checker'd scenes of life have flown, Like flitting meteors from the sight, And Hope's young buds have gayly blown, And fondly promis'd long delight: But these, alas! have quickly past, Nipt by Affliction's wintery blast.

Thousands, along the busy stream
Of life, to meet their doom have flown;
Their days, like a delusive dream,
Have fled, and not a trace is known
Of all their pleasures, blithe and gay,
Which faded, and have pass'd away.

The lowering clouds of pain and grief,
Have widely spread their mantling gloom;
Many, who fondly hop'd relief,
Have prematurely found the tomb.
Their gilded prospects all are fled,
And they are number'd with the dead.

The parents smil'd, with cloudless brow, O'er pledges of their love, so dear; But mourning vestures shroud them now; Their eyes are dim with Sorrow's tear. The heaving breast, and pallid cheek, The anguish of their bosoms speak.

Rent-are the tender ties which bound The children's hearts in filial love; The parents sleep beneath the ground— Their spirits flown to worlds above. Remembrance wakes past scenes again, And yet prolongs the lingering pain.

Nor these alone—but all the ties
Of social life by death are rent;
And friend to friend responds in sighs.
And mourns the loss of favors lent.
The ceaseless flow of "rouble's wave
Has borne their comfort to the grave.

And Wealth has flown on rapid wing,
And Envy o'aste Honor's plume;
And Malice with her is nous sting,
I as crat o'er Mirth a c' rless gloom.
The various ills which make he know.
Have hid their dattering prospects low.

These changer to the thoughted wind Porm; the providence of God; Whose the is vast, and unconfind; Who aways his scepire and his rod; And who, alike, in great and small, Is worthy to be rev'd by all.

His worl of grace demand our songs, For what his love and power hath wrought; his praises should ins irr our tongues, For all the blessings he bath brought: Blessings from sea, and earth, and heaven, Have with a liberal hand been given.

Now breaks the biest millennial morn, And India owns its brightening ray; Poor Africa, which sat forlorn, Begins to hail the gospel day. Her sable sons in shouts rejoice; The Islands echo back the voice.

Columbia's wilds have heard the sound,
And Indians listen to the word:
The tawny tribes are gathering round,
To hear the gospel of the Lord.
Old Sachems have obey'd the truth,
And teach it to their rising youth.

These savage wanderers of the wood In civil arts begin to improve: They cease from wars, and strife, and blood, And learn their fellow men to love. The cheerful village school now smiles,. And churches rise amidst the wilds.

Still Freedom dawns o'er ancient Greece, Who, struggling in her righteous cause, The world implores to give her peace, To enjoy her just and equal laws; And, as in former years, to stand, Illustrious for her Spartan band.

The Bethel Flag has wav'd in air,—
The mariners have seen it wave!
To call them in for praise and prayer,
And seek their precious souls to save.
These sons of Neptune from afar,
Have hail'd it, as their Bethlehem-star.

The messengers of truth and grace Have spread the gospel far and wide, And sought to save a sinful race, And follow'd them o'er land and tide: The Bible they o'er earth have spread, To feed poor souls with living bread.

Thousands the blessed truth have heard, And felt its saving power within, THE MISSIONARY.

I gazed upon a lonely isle,
Far on the western wave;
The setting sun with cloudless smile,
Rich hues of beauty gave,
To the green slope of palm-crown'd land,
Which rose above the coral strand.

The glit'cring billows glancing roll'd
Far as the eye could reach,
And waves of crystal tipp'd with gold
Broke gently on the beach,
Where shining fish in myriads fast
With graceful gliding motion past.

A youthful figure wander'd there, In solitude to rove, His native land was distant far From that sweet island grove; I knew him by his golden hair, His azure eye, and forehead fair.

I knew him by his gentle look,
So mild, serene, and calm;
I knew nim by the holy bock
He have beneath his arm;
A son of prace and love he came,
Salvation's tidings to proclaim.

Untelt was the cool zophyr sweet
Which lightly waved his hair,
The glittering shells beneath his feet
Lay all unnoticed there,
Nor had the varied scene delight
To fix on earth his musing sight.

His arm: were folded on his breast,
His eyes vere raised above,
Upon his lofty brow imprest
Were diness and love;
I'e gazed upon a star, which lone
And lovely o'er the ocean shone.

Ip rage of his home was brought, a tears bedim'd his eye; But con the wing of soaring thought Wakes bler feelings high; He sees above the azure dome His rancom'd spirit's blissful home.

"Ye, that blest home I soon shall see,"
The youthful herald spoke;
"With many a blood-bought soul by me,
om sin's dark bondage broke;
them my taster bid me brave
The per of the wind and wave.

"For them I left my own free land, The happiest spot of earth; For them I left the smiling band Around my home's bright hearth, My widow'd mother's tenderness, My young sweet sister's fond caress.

"The we me freely—side hy side
We would for the last time;
I had on the dark roaring tide
To seek a savage clime:
We prayed and wept—each clinging heart
Felt it was bitter grief to part.

"We wept, but soon the falling tear
Was gently wiped away,
We saw our pardening God appear,
We heard his Spirit eay,
'Fear not, thy Father, Saviour, Friend,
Is with his servants to the end.'

"And He was with me when the gale
Blew freshly from the shore,
And wasted swift the snowy sail
The waste of waters o'er,
And in the wild winds howling rave
He saved me from a wat'ry grave.

"And He was with me when my feet First touch'd this foreign strand, His breath was in the breezes sweet Which hail'd me from the land; And brightly o'er the beauteous isle The God of nature shed his smile.

"And God was with me when the hymn
Which sung redeeming love,
In the still shadowy twilight dim,
Rose through the palmy grove;
When first along the winding shore
The Saviour's name glad echoes bore.

"And when the wond'ring savage band Was gathered thick around, Still as the rocks which from the land List ocean's lulling sound, I told them of the love which gave The Son of God our souls to save.

"I told them; and the Sprit's power
Applied each feeble word;
Many a soul in that glad hour
The precious tidings heard,
And bowed them in submission sweet
At the forgiving Saviour's feet.

"O the blest scene when first my ears
Heard shouts of victory rise,
Ev'n now it makes the grateful tears
Of joy o'erflow my eyes,
When from the wild, untutor'd tongue
Accents of praise and rapture rung.

"And here the silvery moonbeams shine Upon a wand'rer lone,
No friendly hand is clasp'd in mine,
No voice's gentle tone
Is mingling with the solemn roar
Of ocean on the sleeping shere.



Maud Muller, on a summer's day Raked tho meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her tern hat glowed the wealth Of simple beanty and rustic health.

Singing, she wronght, and her merry glee The mock-bird echoed from his tree

But, when she glanced to the far-off town, White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vaguo unrest And a nameless longing filled her breast-

A wish, that she hardly dared to own, For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane, Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up, And filled for him her small tin cup,

And she blushed as she gave it, looking down On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees, Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the having, and wondered whethe In the shade of the apple-tree again The cloud in the west would bring foul weather. She saw a rider draw his rein.

And Mand forgot her brier-torn gown, And her graceful ancles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased snrprise Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Mand Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me! That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine, And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat; My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay, And the baby shoul i have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor, And all should bless me who left our door."

The Jndge looked back as he climbed the hill,

And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet, Ne'er hata it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day, Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No donbtful balance of rights and wrongs, Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds, And health and quiet and loving words." But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,

And his mother vain of her rank and gold: losing his heart, the Judge rode on

But the lawyer smiled that afternoon. When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well, Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower, Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow, He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red, He longed for the wayside well instead:

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms, To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain: "Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,"
Where the barefoot maideu raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor, And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain, Left their traces in heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shoue hot On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall Over the roadside, through the wall,

Aud, gazing down with a timid grace, She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned, The tallow candlo au astral burned.

And for him who sat by the chimney-lug, Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw, And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again, Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge, For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may Roll the stone from its grave away.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is favoritism like fortune? Because it enables the upstart to start up, and like misfortune, brings the upright right down.

Why are refectories the cheapest fur stores? Because, if you purchase a cup of tea, you get a muff-in.

BRING BACK MY FLOWERS.

"Bring back my flowers!" said a rosy child, As she played by the streamlet's side, And cast down wreaths of the flowerets wild On the ever-hurrying tide.

But the stream flowed on, and her treasures bore To the far-off sparkling sea, To the lar-on sparking sea,
To return to the place of their birth no more,
Though she cried, "Come back to me, Ye fairest gems of these forest bowers:

Oh, stream! bright stream! bring back my flow-"Bring back my flowers!" said a noble youth,
As he mournfully stood alone,
And sadly thought on the broken truth

Of a heart that was once his own-Of a light that shone on his life's young day, As brilliant as man e'er knew; Of a love that his reason had led astray, And to him was no longer true.

"Return!" he cried, "life's brightest hours:
Oh, stream of Time! bring back my flowers."

"Bring back my flowers!" a mother sighed,

O'er the grave where her infant slept O'er the grave where ner iniant siept; And where, in her stubbornness and pride, She her tearful vigils kept. "Oh, why does the cruel hand of Death Seek victims so fair as she?

Oh, why are the loved ones of others left,

While mine is thus snatched from me? Who gave to thee, Death, such cruel powers? Oh, grave—dark grave! bring back my flowers.

"Bring back my flowers!" said a gray-haired man, For the friends of his youth were fled; And those he had loved and cherished most Were slumbering with the dead

But a faith in his God still cheered him on, Though the present was dark and drear,
For he knew that in Heaven he would meet agai The friends upon earth so dear.
"Come, Death!" he cried, "for in Eden's bowe
Our God will restore our long-lost flowers."

A NIGHT IN THE FOREST. ON THE BANKS OF LOCH AWE, SCOTLAND.

BY PATTY KIEFFER

The green-winged night-bird's plaintive song Fell softly on the breeze, And echo sent it trembling back Among the darkling tree A myriad bright and sparkling stars,
Lit up the midnight sky;
And in the crystal deep there beam'd
A star for each on high.

We wander'd through the forest dark, And o'er its dewy green, And watched the lakelet as itslept In the Night Queen's golden sheen. The wild wind's sad sweet melody, Stole mournfully along,
O'er the bright waters of the lake,
And the wavy farn among.

No gondolier swept o'er the tide, "No voice was on the gale,"
And calmly, silent lay the earth
In moonbeams "cold and pale."
The tall trees bow'd with lofty grace To crags that lay beneath; Oh! tell me the form of the soft summer air,
That tosses so gendy the curls of my hait;
It breathes on my lip, and it fans my warm cheek,
Yet gives me no answer, though often I speak;
I feel it play o'er me refreshing and kind,
Yet I cannot touch it—I'm blind, oh! I'm blind!

And music, what is it? and where does it dwell? I sink and I mount with its cadence and swell; White touched to my heart with its deep thrilling

Till pleasure, till pleasure is turning to pair;
What brightness of hues are in music combined?
Will any one tell ime?—Pin.blind, oh! Pin blind!

The perfumes of flowers that are hovering nigh, What are they? on what wings do they fly? Are not they sweet angels that come to delight A poor little boy that knows nothing of sight? The sun, moon and stars never enter my mind, Oh! tell me what light is - I'm blind, oh! I'm blind.

Poverty. We always say, 'You need not be hamed of poverty—it is no disgrace; and most truhave we spoken; poverty is no disgrace. But hy do we who preach, treat it as if it were a pestince?—shrin's from it—preclaim it—insultit—chase it—betray it—loathe it—abandon it? We shame greet that 'shahby looking man,' or bow to that it dressed woman,' because we want moral courage walk erect in the right, path, unless it be the choshinghway of the great and powerful. What a seadful lesson does this address to the hearts of men, ecped in hypocrisy, and pampered by wealth and linghway of the great and powerful. What a peadful lesson does this address to the hearts of men, eeped in hypocrisy, and pampered by wealth and ouching obsequience? How many bow in fervid toration to the length of a man's purse, while in their barts they despise the man. How many slaves of in, and mere watch dogs of wealth, will pass by in oud derision a laborer! How many a rich nabob ould spurn the proffered grasp of a tiller of the soil his laboring habilments, and how contemptuously ey can speak of the lower orders. Ye garnished pulcines! In what are ye better than they?—nugnty mistress of lordly mansion! how dare you urn and scoff at the operative? What comfort, hat luxury do you enjoy, that labor did not procure? That comfort or luxury could you command, were u to depend on your hands alone? Had your gold en invested in perishable property, and destroyed heat, cold, storm, flood or decay, where would be ur vannted superiority? Can you not see yourself child of circumstance, and will you still ape the last in your assumed superiority over a humbler cirmstance? Oh! shame to creeds and nature is the oud, arrogant, rich mortal!—[London Despatch.

GLORY.

BY REV. J N. MAFFIT.

Tis a stain on hill or strand,
A flash upon the sea; The gleaming of a gorgeous brand Through charging chivaliy.

'Tis a flower of tearful leaves
That tells of sudden death—
While friendship o'er the fallen grieves,
And wastes elegiac breath.

'Tis a wreath of battle smoke Thrown ruddy up to heaven, What time Bellona's thunders broke Through clouds of darkness riven.

Tis eloquence or song
In solt—or brazen strains,
Sweeping a thousand hearts along
In ecstacy—or chains!

'Tis a flash of wisdom's eyel In council chambers bright, To guide a nation's destiny Through triumph, wane, and right.

'Tis beauty's pearl-eyed, sun lit form
On death's cold shadow gazing—
On rambow arches, after storm,
In hurried splendor blazing!

th. That mortals in the strife
Know not for whom the boon is sent,

Till they have done with life.

set Tis cypress, urn and bust the The mausoleum of fame, in To lend a pile of buried dust, A never ending name!

PERSEVERE.

If to improve the mental powers Your efforts seem in vain— And labor still through weary hours, Yet reap no golden glain— Still persevere; a voice within Whispers aloud, that ye shall win.

The bee, though weary, doth not rest

A hule here and there

Doth satisfy her laboring breast;

Ye can do it if you dare,

And write yourselves a glorious nameligh on the blazing roll of fame

THE BRIDE

BY MRS. SIG. URNEY.

I came, but she was gone.

There lay her luce,

Just as she touch'd it last, at the soft hour
Of summer twiffght, when the woodbine cups
Filling with deeper fragrance londly press'd
Through the rais'd casement, untering lender thanks.
To her who trained them. On her favorite seat
Still lay ner work-box open, and the book
That last she read, and caseless near its pace.
A note, whose cover her slight pen had traced
With lines unconscious, while her lover spoke
That dialect which brings lorgetfulness
Of all beside. I was the pleasant home
Where from her chirdhood she had be in the star
Of hope and poy

I came and she was gone.

But this I knew, for I remember'd wellHer paiting loak, when from the altar led,
With silvery veil, but slightly swept aside.
How the young to-e-leaf deepened on her cheek,
And on her brow a solemn beanty sat,
Like one who gives a priceless gift away.
And there was silence. 'Mid that stronger throng,
Even strangers, and the hard heart, did draw
Their breach supprest, to see the nother's lip
Turn gbas by pale, and the fall stately sire
Both with a secre' sortow as he gave
His darling to an instrict guardianship,
And to a far off clime. Perchance his thought
Travers'd the moss-grown prairies, and the shores
Of the cold lakes—or those o'er hanging cliffs
And mighty mountain tops, that rose to bar
Her long reared mansio from the anxious eye
Of kindred and of friend Of kindred and of friend

Even triflers felt Even triflers felt
How strong and beau tink is woman's love,
That taking in us he mid the joys of home,
The tenderest weeledies of juneful years,
Yea, and its own life, also lays them all
Meek and unblenching on a mortal's breast,
Reserving naught save that unspoken hope
Which hath its root in God.

Mock not with mith

A scene like this—ye laughter-loving ones—

Hence with the hackney'd jest. The dancer's heelWhat doth it here?

Joy, serious and sublime,
Such as doth nerve the energi's of prayer,
Snould swell the bisom when a maiden's hand
Fiesh from its young flower ga hering, girded on
The harness, which the minister of death
Alone unboset; and whose jower doth aid
Or man the journey of the soul to Heaven.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.] HOPE.

If Hope be dead—why seek to live? For what beside has Life to give? Love, Life, and Youth, and Beauty, too, If Hope be dead—say! what are you?

Lors without Hope! I cannot be, There is a vessel on you sea B-calmed and sailless as Despair, And know-tis helpless Love floats there.

Life without Hope! Oh, that is not To live! Sai, day by day, to rot, With feelings cold and passions dead; To wander o'er the world, and tread Upon its beauties, and to gaze, Quite v. cant, o'er its flowery maze Oh! think, il'this b's Life? then say—"Who lives when Hope has fled away?"

Youth without hore! An endless night, Trees which have left the cold spring's blight, The ligh ming's flishes, and the thunder's strife, Yet pine away a weary life Which older would have sink and die! Beneach it e stroke their youth defied—But, curst with length of days, are left To rail a Youth of Hope bereit.

And Beadly, too, when Hope is gone-Has lost the ray in which it shone;
And seen without this borrowed light, Has lost the beam which made it bright.
Now what avail the silver hair,
The angel smile and gentle air,
The beaming eye and glance refined—
Faint semblance of that puter mind—
As gold dust, spatkling in the sue!
Point's where the richer strata run?
Alas! they now just -cent to be
Bestowed to mock at Alisery.
They speak of days long, long gone by,
Then point to cold Reality,
And with a death-like socile, they say—
"Oh! what are we when Hope's away?"

Then Love, Life, Youth, and Beauty 100, When seen without Hope's bright'ning hue, All sigh in MISERY'S saddest tone, "Why seek o live if Hope be gone?"

Makes the Cant 6:30 Louing Big

ALLY MOORE.

BY CALEB LYON, OF LYONFDALE.

In last night's dream I was again
A happy-hearted child,
And freely as the air I strolled,
Where greenest meadows smiled.
The robin carolled forth his song,
The sunlight glittered o'er
The road I used to go fo school—
Beside young Ally Moore.

The quail's low whistle rang aloud, The quait's low whistie rang aloud,
We listened to the lay,—
And oh! how quick the moments flew,
Like fleetest steeds away.
My daisy-gifts she laid aside
When at the master's door,
For she had often heard him say
(They listened up the floor) They littered up the floor.

Her eyes were of the softest blue
That decks the summer skies,
Her hair was sunlight's silken curls,
Her voice sweet melodies;
Her gaze was like a timid fawn,
Orden short to serve the Or dove about to soar;— Her's was indeed a tender heart, The gentle Ally Moore.

A truant boy I wandered forth,
'Mong April's early hours,
And watched the bee and butterfly
Upon the opening flowers;
And picked the beach-nuts 'neath the trees
Roaming the woodland o'er,—
Yet all the biggest ones I kept
For lovely Ally Moore.

And when beneath the maple's shade And when beneath the maple's st We'd linger side by side, She'd wonder I disliked my book But never—never chide,— And try to teach the letters there Whose names I could not tell, For I, alas! had learned to love Before I learned to spell.

In school-time seated by her side,
With eyes upon the trees
That shaded a soft grassy knol'
Where coolly blew the breeze,
And when the master roughly spoke
"You idle boy!" in rage,
Tears glided from her down-cast eyes
And glimmered on the page.

For her I found the cat-bird's nest In wild wood's hidden dale,
And bull-rushes and butter-cups I gathered from the vale; he water-cress beneath the wave, The mint from marshy shore, With berries red of winter-green I sought for Ally Moore.—

And sometimes, on my way to school, I'd stray to Alder-brook, And tying on a length of thread, A bent pin for a hook,
Would angle half the day away
By dingle and by dell,
And, going home at night, would coax
Dear Ally, not to tell.

On afternoons of Saturdays
Like uncaged birds we flew
To chase the thistles' winged seed,
Or pull the violets blue;
And once I snared a little wren
On current bushes low,
But the bright tear in Ally's eye
Soon made me let it go.

For her I climbed the apple-tree, Whose trunk was lithe and slim, To get the ripest, reddest fruit Upon the top-most limb.
Oh! happy days to live again
In innocence and glee,
For I was all the world to her,
And she the world to me.

Then I awoke a weary man,
For long, long years have flown;
The April of my life is o'er,
The glorious June is gone—
For only once the May flowers bloom
On childhood's blissful shore,
And only once the heart can love
As mine loved Ally Moore. As mine loved Ally Moore.

TAROLINTA, Pacific Ocean, April 27th, 1849.

TO PARENTS.

He who checks a child with terror, Stops its play and stills its song, Not alone commits an error, But a great and moral wrong.

Give it play and never fear it, Active life is no defect; Never, never break its spirit, Curb it only to direct.

Wou d you stop the flowing river.
Thinking it would cease to flow
Onward it must flow for ever;
Better teach it where to go.



COUSIN KATE.

We read on the immortal page, The virtue of a name Dwindles before the youthful rage Of Love's devouring flame.

'What's in a name!'' sweet Juliet asks,

Why much! no empty sound;

There's more than mind can comprehend;

Or Reason's limits bound!

A. names were first indicative Of properties, or traits, 'Mongst rude and savage Indian tribes, So with our modern Kara;
They all possess a sportive vein;
Then follows, sure as fate,
The solemn name of "Catherine" Is doff'd for that of "Kate."

There's something in that name so wild, So clever, loving, true,
So much like Nature's gifted child,
Seen in perspective view.
How many have assumed that name
To mark Joy's youthful flow;
And in the house of "Walsingham"

Along vite linked with mo Alone 'tis linked with wo.

As if by Nature's hand designed, And curious to relate, Search where you will, you cannot find A Melancholy Kate. So sportive, cheerful, wild, and gay, Their minds cannot stagnate; They laugh the joyous hours away:

And 'Cousin Kate' is lively too, And 'Cousin Kate' is lively too,
And beautiful I ween,
With laughing eyes of richest blue,—
A belle of seventeen.
A gipsy-wildness in her glance,
Alone could love create.
There's few can sing, or play, or dance,
With laughing 'Cousin Kate.'

Loved be the name of Kate.

Her ringlets hang in disabille About her neck of snow; With which the breezes fall in love, And whisper as they go. Coquetting, still to her they cling, And wave but to adorn, The object that can ever sing,
But knows not how to mourn.

Thus may she laugh her life away;
With Care beneath her tread,
Find pleasures new, with each new day,
To spin the pleasing thread.
The constant fover of her mind Will not permit Despair-That enemy of earthly joy-To find a harbor there.

The whirling vortex of her soul Will not permit the past To curdle on her idle thoughts, Or wreck with tempest blast.
But down into the depths 'tis drawn,
With Pastime's giddy whirl;
Thought makes its own oblivion, Where Pleasure wears its pearl.

The butterfly with gilded wings Sports while the sunshine lasts; The first of Hope's imaginings But waits not Winter's blasts. So is it with the young and gay,
They only wish to live,
While smiles can make all fair as they, And life to others give.

And Kate was never Sorrow's prey: And Kate was never Sorrow's pre A foe to sighs and tears, She lives as much in one short day As many do in years. Now if some Backelor tired of life, Should wish to choose a mate, I think he'd find a fitting wife In joyous "Cousen Kate."

JUST LIKE THEM. A little urchin, not quite three years old, said

his sister, while munching a piece of gingerbread-Siss, take half ub dis cake to keep till afternool when I get cross!"

This is rather better than the story of the chile who bellowed from the top of the stairs-"Mamma, Hannah won't pacify me!"

THE ANGEL-WATCH, OR THE SISTERS.

A daughter watched at midnight A daughter watched at midnight
Her dying mother's bed;
For five long nights she had not slept,
And many tears were shed:
A vision like an angel came,
Which none but her might see;
"Sleep, duteous child," the angel said,
"And I will watch for thee!"

Sweet slumber like a blessing fell Sweet slumber like a blessing fell
Upon the daughter's faze;
The angel smiled, but touched her not,
But gently took her place;
And oh, so full of human love
These pitying eyes did shine,
The angel-guest half mortal seemed—
The slumberer half divine.

Like rays of light the sleeper's locks In warm loss curls were thrown; Like 1ays of light the angel's kair Seemed like the sleeper's own, A rese-like stadow on the cheek, Dissolving into pearl;
A something in that angel's face
Seemed sister to the girl

The mortal and immortal each
Reflecting each were seen;
The earthly and the spiritual,
With death's rale face between.
O human love, what strength like
From thee these prayers arise
Which, entering into Paratise,
Draw angels from the skies, 101 The mortal and immortal each

The cawa looked through the casement cold-A wintry dawn of gloom,
And sadder showed the curtained bed,—
The still and sickly room:
"My daughter?—art thou there, my child?
Oh, haste thee, love, come nigh,
That I may see once more thy face,
And bless thee, ere I die!

"If ever I were barsh to thee,
Forgive me now," she cried;
"God knows my heart, I loved thee most
When most I seemed to chide;
Now bend and kiss thy mother's lips,
And for her spirit pray!"
The angel kissed her; and her soul
Passed blissfully away!

sudden s'art!- what dream, what sound, The slumbering girl a arms?

She wakes—she sees her mother dead
Within the angel's arms! She wakes—she springs with wild embrace.
But nothing there appears
Except her mother's sweet dead face—
Her own convulsive tears.

SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

BY MRS. JULIA A. FLETCHER.

Speak not harshly; much of care Every human heart must bear; Enough of shadows sadly play Around the very sunniest way; Enough of sorrows darkly lie Veiled within the merriest eye. By thy childhood's gushing tears, By the griefs of after years, By the anguish thou dost know, Add not to another's wo.

Speak not harshly; much of sin Dwelleth every heart within; In its closely covered cells Many a wayward passion dwells. By the many hours mis-spent, By the gifts to error lent, By the wrong thou didst not shun, By the good thou hast not done-With a lenient spirit scan The weakness of thy brother man.

Aug 18th Westher Stearing Willy I fan Ste Nesale Jan the land having Mest at & ph Mi daylight then Steard in far the Land Ang Lots Amplay I in tradeing fair of St. St. Heaning Most with the Sel of St of St. St. St. St. While day hight Let air Friday All there 24 hours finish swinds and. Aug-1214) 'huther Brava' Buring & Fil Dist 3 the Steand Ithly I at 10 Shake of English from Landan Cald not him where Burnd I. Saturday Coms with finish thrinds and Square Aug 22 f Thearing The at is Am tacked withing Law Two Sail hest thank Strang twi Sunday Cams, Twith Throng Twinds from MPHIC.

FAIR, FAITHLESS AND FADED.

Yes, madam, you have spoken right, Strange alteration hath come o'er us, Somewhat of bloom bath passed to blight, Which nought of earth can e'er restore us.

There, send the children down the walk To wake the air with sinless laughter; They cannot unders'and the talk, But they will learn it all hereafter.

Ah, lady, do you sigh? you must, When looking in their angel faces, To think how passions born of dust Shall crowd those angels from their places.

Yes, madam, you may reach the heart By rules severe, the blue-law fashion; But reach it only to impart
The worst of a misguided passion!

Oh, rather keep their spirits fresh, And shed the dews of love upon them, So heaven within shall mould the flesh, And keep its seal of beauty on them.

There, sit beneath the cedar's shade, The cedar and the elm stall screen us, And let all scruples be allayed With this cold proper space between us.

There's something, madam, I would say,
And if I err I pray command me!
I knew a maiden—well a-day!—
Ah, yes, I see you understand me.

I knew her when the morn of life Enw.apt her with a golden splendor— When every day with pleasure rife Came with new beauty to attend her.

From flower to flower, a very bee,
She passed through surshine and through shadows
Her any spirit swimming free As this le-down o'er summer meadows.

Her eyes were filled with twilight shades,
Through which the Hesper soul was glowing,
And round her brow in shining braids
A flood of golden hair was flowing.

Her tongue was given to simple words,

Her brain to thoughts, like s'ars above her;

Her heart was made of echoing chords,

Like these the delicate winds discover.

Her soul was light, her songs were gay, Till love a sudden dawned upon her, And then she walked her s'ately way As if she wore a regal honor.

We parted-well, you know the rest-I crossed a ar the eastern ocean,— Yet daily, hourly, down the west My soul sent, s'ar-like, its devotion.

So years went by—a few short years— And I returned with hope elated— Returned to sorrow—not to tears— A grief like mine tears ne'er abatedl

And think'st thou, mada'n, I would weep, If weeping could from pain relieve me? I'd rather give my scorn! and keep My soul too proud for tears, believe mel

And then we met—but ah, too soon
Her morning splendor had departed!
For like a shadow in the noon,
She stood dull-eyed and heavy-hearted!

Her brow was stern—her lips were pressed-Her words with moral laws were rigid; Her stiffened form and straightened breast Seemed only fit for heart grown frigid.

For she so young, so full of mirth, So modest, beautiful and tender, Whom Heaven had given to the earth, A glorious warrant of its splendor,-

Yes, she wao shone so fair arart,
While truth gave promise to enrobe her,
With morbid moral, cankered heart,
Stood withered—leafless ere October!

Nay, madam, do not leave me yet, The tale is painful, pray command me-Now, by those lashes dripping wet, ah, yes! you understand me. Hazel Dell, near Minersville, Pa. A MINER.

THE TWO WORLDS.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

There was an humble village lad Who thought the round, revolving world, Mountains and plains and streams and skies, Lay in the compass of his eyes.

The symphonics of the leafy woods,
The melodies of the murmuring brooks,
Mingling—like light, or songs of spheres—
Contented his untutored ears.

Confined between gigantic hills,
The little hamlet, where he dwelt,
Never imagined land indre bles!
Than that where it had made its nest.

And so our simple village boy,
With thoughtless urchina like hirtself,
Chatting with brooks and birds and flowers,
Ran swiftly through his childish hours.



But manhood, like a snagow, rus And stood before his growing eyes—With aspirations, such as start
To being in the ambitious heart.

Somehow—he knew not whence it came— The fancy of a nobler world Than that in which his soul now pined, Trembled, like moonlight, on his mind.

Habit, however, made his bome So very dear, he sadly threw The thought aside, and, turning back, Fursued his old accustomed track.

Nevertheless, the glowing dream Followed his steps with pleading eyes, Filling his heart, wherever he went, With unaccustomed discontent.

But one day hunting in the hills He saw a chamois mount a peak, Which seemed—its summit was so To melt and mingle with the sky.

Urged by the instinct of the chase He slowly crept from crag to crag, Until he reached the dizzy height Where last the chamois met his sight.

Before him, in the morning sun,
Stretching away from sky to sky,
Brighter than even his soul had dreamed,
His other world before him gleamed.

Behind him lay the little vale
Where he had spent his youthful hours;
There was the cottage where he dwelt—
The shrine at which he always knelt.

And over-shadowing the brook, He saw the weeping-willow stand, Where, but the night before, he met His loving, levely young Florette.

But fairer than his maiden love, And lovelier than his native glen; Inviting him with novel charms, His fairy world held out its arms.

The Old yields always to the New,
And so the youth with just such steps
As one would run to meet a bride,
Ran lightly down the mountain side.

Day after day, year after year,
He wandered in his golden world:
A shadow-hunter he became:
The Shadow which he sought was Fame.

But Age, who walks on velvet feet, Followed his footsteps like a wolf, And when the fame he sought was won, He only saw the setting sun.

Cold as his native granite rocks, And hard, had grown the wanderer's heart For many weary, desolate years His eyes rad lost the power of tears.

The name his genius had acquired,
The wealth which fortune had bestowed,
Instead of pleasure gave him pain:
Sadness was in his heart and brain.

The great are friendless—he was great:
His very fortune hedged him round
And shut him from the love of all:
He could not leap the lofty wall.

But somehow, like an angel's tear,
The memory of his early home
Fell on his heart: he saw the glen
He loved so in his youth, again.

A wan and worn and wrinkled man He stood upon his native hills: There was each old familiar spot; There stood his silent shepherd cot.

Downward with trembling, painful steps The wanderer took his lonely way: Like one who wakens from a dream He stood beside the mournful stream.

Above him, in a green old age,
He saw a weeping-willow trail
Its murmoring leaves; and at its foot
A single rose had taken root.

It grew upon a grassy mound,
At head of which a rustic cross
Pointed to heaven;—there last he m.
There last he clasped the fair Floret The old man's eyes were full of tear As like a penitent child, he knelt And sobbed and prayed in pale despa Next day a maiden found him there. The hillock where reposed his form fish Was circled by his feeble arms: wh Pale, pitying Death his seal had set On love, and laid him with Florette

BY HENRY DE YOUNG.

I love thee!—nay, turn not away!
I dare not hope—'twere worse thanva
To cherish in my heart a ray
Of feeling, fraught with grief and pin. Of feeling, fraught with grief and pin.
All but thy image I resign;
With that I cannot part—it glows
With thus so lovely, so divine,
That though upon my head the snot
Of age were cast, I yet should trac
The lines of thy enchanting face;
Still would thy form instinct with ee
Before me rise, and I should see,
In all bright things, some type of t!—
Dear Kate! both young and fair thirt,
Thy cheeks are like the rose's hea
The sweet, red rose, that's newly,
When from the faintly-dappled sky
Looks out the laughing glance of 1 Looks out the laughing glance of 1 Alas! dear one, I can but sigh, To think how many years divide Thy happy turn of life and mine: A river rolleth deep and wide A river rolleth deep and wide
Between my destined path and th 7 re
Still unto thee my fancy flies—R
With thee my thoughts and visio
And from thy soft, celestial eyes,
Comes sunshine to my hermit-cell.

DREAMING HOURS.

BY LOTTLE LINWOOD.

I have watched the day, As it died away, And dark clouds hang above me; The vision blends With thought of friends Those far away that love me.

The quiet hush The silvery gush Of the night-time, stream and fountain,

The moon-lit glade, Or silent shade, Of the grand old sleeping mountain,

Come bringing back On memory's track, The scenes of days departed, Each gentle tone,

From loved ones gone The brave, the kind, true-hearted; And on my brow,

Soft fingers now, She pressed, with words of blessing; Love's gentle breath, Her trusting faith.

My wearied soul caressing; Hope's brilliant star, Shines out afar.

No clouds bedim its gleaming, When fancy strays To other days, To bless my hours of dreaming;

But with what power The waking hour Disolves each bright ideal!

Then comes again That thought of pain-Life's cold, and stern, and real!

WHATELY:

MAUD BROCK'S PREDICTION.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Tis your destiny, May Whately. Can you dy from that? You may love strongly; you love, nor brother, nor sister; but I did love John Suddenly she roused herself. Whately. I loved him with all the fire of a pas I could have poured on kindred and friends, dear Stantongushed out for him. Oh, 'twas intense! and yet no one ever saw it, I guarded it so well.

"John Whately was an only child, as you are is now; but what cared I for that? I loved him away. and love laughs at pedigree, and pomp, and pride and earthly obstacle. He left home for a foreign clime, and years passed before his return. Did forget him? Did I cease to think of him even No! Tidings sometimes came of him; and, of him! Night after night I poured over books, picking up morsels of lore, with which to store my mind, that he might not think it barren.

how I felt, and I must tell you. I must tell you of the gay carriage that drove to Squire Whately's door; how John Whately alighted; how hd lifted out a beautiful being, and how tenderly he led her through his father's door. 'Twas his get the mastery." wife, they told me. He had married her while away. She was young, fair, and of noble ancestry, and had brought him broad acres for her dower. Was it a wonder that he forgot Maud Brock? I followed them to church next day; and, as he passed me in the door, I said:

"'Is it your wife?"

e passed.

o passeu.
"I forget what came next; but remember that awoke from a sick bed, in a strange place. They were strangers there; but were kind to me, save when I talked to them; and then they urned away, and whispered-'She is mad.'

"When I came back to Hawthornden, I saw

John Whately, and I said :-

"You have made me wretched; and the curse of God will rest on you and yours, even as the :urse of blighted love rests on me.'

"'Poor Maud,' he said, 'you have been very ick; you are not well yet.'

"Many years have passed since then, and has e not seen truth in my words? His first child ied in infancy; then his father, and then his nly son. His wife was always feeble; she, at ength, died in his arms. You are now his only hild—the last of the race of Whately's. He has o kindred clse; and his heart, so proud and tern, has closed over each new grief, till it can ow only be reached through you. You love tanton Ross; and, when he goes away to some istant land, and brings from thence a lovely rife, you, too, will wither and fade; and then ohn Whately will read aright the lesson he eied to teach me, and he will interpret my ords,-'God's curse will follow you!'

May Whately rose from the stone step, where ne had sat before the door of Maud Brock's cot-

tage, and, gathering about her the folds of her dress, she tried the homeward path.

"You will pardon my words, but you cannot avert their meaning. The sins of parents shall visit their children, that they may be cursed through them; 'tis destiny.' And the old crone shrieked the words till she grew hoarse.

CHAPTER II.

When May Whately reached home, she went can do that as well as I, and, as well as I, may directly to her own room. May was not superbe deceived. You shall never marry Stanton stitious, but she was kind-hearted; and, though Ross-never! Do you hear that? Rouse up, she feared not the idle prediction of the old woand hear. I was young as you once, and I was man, yet she sympathized with her for having beautiful. I knew it; and should have known loved where there could be no return. She pitied it, if John Whately had never said it. I was the her for the desolate life she led; and, impelled handsomest girl in the village. You would not by a powerful fancy, she imagined for herself a think it now, would you? I had no parents to future sad and cheerless, like that of poor Maud.

"I'll indulge in no such morbid fancies; 'tis sionate spirit. 'Twas no common love I felt for childish; and, more than all, 'tis ungrateful. him. The feeling was undivided, for all the love My father is so indulgent and kind; and Stanton,

> She was summoned to the parlor. She had been longer away than she had thought.

"My child, I am lonely without you. now; his father was proud and wealthy, as yours are all I have now, and I miss you when you are Where have you been this sunny afternoon?"

"Only to the cottage of Maud Brock."

"And you found her at home, did you, busily spinning yarn and gossip? She twists the wheel and her tongue at the same time. She was a when they told me he lived, and would return good young creature. I remember, when my again, I thanked God for it. And, in all that long time, how I strove to make myself worthy efforts to serve. And her grief was great when because she was subject to fits of passion; but, when with my mother, she was uniformly gen-"He came home at last—shall I tell you how? the. That was before I went to Europe. Soon But you know already; yet you do not know long time, was deprived of reason. I think she never fully recovered, for she has seemed strange ever since. People who are heir to strong passions should learn to control them, else they may

Through the long twilight the father and child sat together; and, thoughts of the past having been awakened, he seemed to go back again in life, and to tread over the paths of other years, for his daughter's sake. He fondly recounted the exploits of youth; he rehearsed the events of travel; told of his first meeting with Amy Stan-"'My own dear wife 'fore Heaven ;' and on ley; of their subsequent marriage; of the many happy years spent i. each other's society; of tho griefs both had shared; of the last hours of the his heart warred with his fate; how the dear should fail mechild, left to him, had brought him from the his summons hence, now that he could leave her my hopes of the future are linked with you; al to the care and love of one whom he thought I have come to-night to say that I cannot ha worthy of her.

> days seem drawing quietly to a close, blest with your love, and happy in the hope of a reunion profession; but, now that you have been de with the loved ones who have departed."

And so they sat, father and child, till the later hour admonished both that rest was needed.

May went to her room, and seated herself by the open window, through which the moon was shining. The night was calm, and a hushed, holy presence seemed to pervade and fill the scene. Humanity was sleeping, and Nature seemed to still its own pulsations, that no sound might wake the silent air.

Late into the night May Whately sat leaning from the window. She could not retire, thought was so busy. It seemed as if she had been appointed watcher over some beloved object, and as if her wakeful presence alone could avert some

morning clambering up the gates of the east, then she threw herealf upon her bed, and wood repose. Sleep came, and feverish dreams, but not rest; and, when the sun threw its beamthrough the open window, she woke from her nnquiet slumber. Her father had risen beforo her, and, when she gave him her morning kiss, she turned away, that he might not see the haggard look which her lone vigils and boding fears had given her.

The morning meal passed silently, and as si-, lently May Whately passed out into the grounds that lay about her father's mansion. She rambled about, unheeding whither, vainly hurrying from her own thoughts. At length she turned? homeward. At the door the noise of unusual bustle reached her, and within she found the servants hurrying to and fro. Her father had suddenly become ill, they said. She walked quietly up the stairs to her father's room; her steps were measured, though her heart throbbed tumultuously, and her face was calm when she stood before him. He sat in his arm-chair, looking well as usual. He had been a little faint, he said. He held in his hand an open letter, which he gave his daughter.

"For your sake, my child"-the words came feebly-"I have risked my all, and lost. I wish ed you to be dowered with the richest in the land. You will be provided for; God will take care

His head fell heavily on the breast of May, as she stood, statue-like, beside him. The cries of the servants were unheeded by her; and the physician, who had entered, spoke twice before she comprehended the scene.

"Poor Miss May! it was so sudden!" the servants said.

The event was sudden, but it came not upon her unannounced. Fatal, insidious disease, with stealthy tread and unerring aim, had crept into the house, unknown to its inmates. A heart disease, many years strengthening and gaining for the final blow, had been hastened by the receipt of a letter, beginning with these words:-

"My DEAR SIR :- It becomes my painful du to inform you that your last hazardous experiment has proved a failure. The scheme of failed, and with it your future fortune and propects. You are ruined."

A long account of the speculation-of ways and means of its failure-followed, a few heartless comments, signed, "Yours to mand, J. B. Marks, Attorney at Law."

CHAPTER III.

"You are all that's left me now, Stanton, and loved and loving wife and mother. He told of I cling to you as if fearful that some untoward his utter desolation; and how, for a long time, fate might snatch you from me. Oh, if yo,

"But I shall not fail you. Why do you speabrink of despair, whither grief had driven him, thus? Your misfortune has made you dearer t and how she had saved him. He spoke of his me. I have loved you so long, May, that I coul present happiness; his trust in God; his love not forget to love you if you should will me to for his child; and his perfect willingness to meet You have become necessary to my being. All you live alone in this lonely house, with its va "I have seen much sorrow," he said; "but my cant rooms. We have said that our marriag should not take place till I was established in m prived of a natural protector, we will waive former considerations, and marry at once. Wis we not, May? This is my right now; may not claim it?"

"As to leaving the house, Stanton, I have a ready decided upon that. But I do not think would be prudent to marry now. You have je left college, and the income you will derive from your profession must necessarily be small. For a long time yet you will be compelled to recien assistance from your father."

"But I still think we had best marry. If y will not consent to that, why leave this house?

"Simply because it is not mine. It belongs my father's creditors, and even this will not keful she saw the fice to meet their just demands. My rec

on has not alone left me fatherless, hut pen-Ress." And she looked young Stanton in the face, that she might read the effect of her words. "Then, May, we will marry. If you have no home, who shall provide you one but myself?"

"I can provide my own home. I can teach, or-indeed, there are many ways in which I can earn my support."

"Teach, May! you teach, you earn your living! No, no, I cannot hear of it!"

Stanton Ross was a young man of good natural ahilities, of intelligence and cultivation. His father was poor, proud, and amhitious. He had fallen far short of the position in life he had marked out for himself; and, having just means sufficient to educate his only son, he was determined that that son should be pushed on to the position he had failed of attaining. When Stanton Ross became affianced to Miss Whately, his father considered the battle more than half won. Stanton seemed not to have inherited his father's amhition for station, or gold, or his scorn of always know our strength till we take up our letters to May were frequent and affectionate-

ton Ross, she had no reason to doubt. And, disposal, one could not expect it. He did not though her heart trembled within her when she speak of marriage, or of returning; that could told him of her fallen fortunes, fearing his face not be expected either. And, latterly, he had should betray his disappointment, she was hap-acquired a husiness-like by of writing py again when she saw he was indifferent to the was natural, too. intelligence. And had he not often said that he wished she was poor, that he might work for arm, hopeful and trustful.

ing over the desk of the village school-house, and sciousness of right-doing, and trifles could not Stanton in his little law-office, in Hawthornden make her miserahle. She scemed as happy as poring over musty tomes, or mysterious parchments. But the client's seldom came; and his laid-up lore, gleaned from the pages of Black liar field, she was none the less happy that he stone, Coke, and Littleton, slumhered in his brain forgot to make her the sharer of his honors. And like cases laid on a shelf. His first year had passly tasks; and, with words of cheer and encour- these words calmly:agement, she met Stanton's oft-muttered com- "My Dear Miss Whately :- In the performplaints and repinings.

he would say. "Others tumble into good luck; miscellaneons writing. My labors are many and and I am plodding, day after day, for a mere pit- arduous, and, in the performance of them, I may tance-a sum that harely suffices for the fewest seem to forget old friends. Indeed, it would not

reply; "and, for your sake, I would desire a ways continue such. But, as time passes on change. But you have health, and youth, and and experience gives me new teachings, I am led abilities; you should not repine; your lot is a to see the utter impracticability of a closer union

favored one compared to many."

couraged; and it was no surprise to May to be selves. Indeed, it would be unkind in me to ask told that he had decided to remove to a distant one, fostered in a luxurious home as you have city. With him, to will was to do; and, when heen, to share the humble fortunes of a poor lawa few weeks had elapsed, Stanton Ross had left yer. Therefore, I write to say that, should you his native village, and his hetrothed wife, to woo wish to unite yourself with one of more brilliant the fickle goddess Fame, and to win the bauble prospects, you are entirely free to do so." Wealth.

CHAPTER IV.

"What did I tell you, May Whately? what Whately. did I tell you? Will you helieve me now? Men re all alike. They will love you-they will vow A poor country lad, with no fame, friends, or for And so years passed away, fleetly and happily to desert you never; hut, when they think they tue to recommend him, to attain such eminence and May Whately formed new ties, and ne recommend the station!" are off, caught by the glitter of what is but dust, And the simple vite neople of Hawthornden friendships. She was loved by all who after all. Ah! May Whately, if your father opened wide their eggs in astonishment, and exand won hlessings from many an humber sould speak, he would say that the wrongs he claimed, "How wonderful!" when the papers whose griefs she had soothed, and whose get had done poor Maud Brock, were falling two- of the distant city bought intelligence of a mar- life-paths her gentle charities made smoosh fold upon his child."

father never



no thought of past misdeeds haunted his dying hours. No one has ever wronged his child. My father may sleep peacefully for any fears for me. Now go your way, Maud, for I must go mine. Tis the school hour, and the children wait."

"The grand-daughter of Judge Whately-the daughter of John Whately teaching the village children to read and spell! who would have thought it?" And poor Maud laughed within her heart, as she fancied Providence was working out her revenge.

Stanton Ross had been absent a year, often gain purchased at the expense of manual labor. sending home tidings of success. He was quick, I have said that Stanton seemed not to resemble shrewd, and enthusiastic, and, for skill and elhis father here. Perhaps circumstances had never oquence, had obtained a good reputation. He called out these traits of character. We do not won golden opinions, and golden rewards. His perhaps not so frequent as formerly; hut then That May Whately was truly loved hy Stan- his time was so valuable, and so little at his own

May worked on in her humble way. 'Twas a monotonous life; but duty led the way, and she her? And May Whately, with her striken heart, followed faithfully. Her friends pointed her out leaned on the love of Stanton Ross as on a strong as a pattern of excellence; so untiring in her industry, so patient, so humble; so happy, too, Time passed away, each day finding May lean-through all. Yes, she was happy in the conever when months elapsed and brought no dings of a great victory he had won in his pecuwhen other months passed by, bringing a letter ed; hut his first brief was yet to come. The from him, the sight of it did not add to her hapfeasihility of the marriage plan was no longer piness, or give her heart a quicker thrill. Her discussed; it had been indefinitely postponed. happiness flowed from within; outward circum-Patient and hopeful, May went through her dai- stances did not effect the inward peace. She read

ance of the many irksome duties which my pro-"Fortune distributes her favors so unequally," fession thrusts upon me, I get but little time for wants of life, and no prospect of anything bet- be surp ising if I did. Still do not think that ter."

you will ever be forgotten hy me. We have been
"I can understand your feelings," May would friends from childhood, and I trust we shall althan that of friendship, between persons so un Day hy day Stanton grew more and more dis- like, in natural tastes and dispositions, as our-

> The next post informed Stanton Ross tha he was absolved from all engagement with May

"What good fortune! How unprecedented

riage in high life, between Miss Laura, eldest was loved and reverenced by all the poohe "Hush! hush, Maud! don't talk so; you rate. daughter of Creasus Withers, and Stanton Ross, district, and admired by her associate

Some of the good people always knew he would never marry a poor school-ma'am; and others thought he wouldn't prosper, for deceiving the poor girl so.

In a quiet village like Hawthornden, far from the civilizing influence of daily papers and rail-cars, how like manna to the hungry souls of its people comes a hit of gossip, or a simple item of news like this! 'Tis remarked about, and commented on, hy every person in the village, in and out of season. One would have thought the whole vocahulary of wonder and surprise exhausted, had not one of the objects of this unusual interest-Miss Whately-made known her intention of vis iting England, to take possession of her share of the large estates of the late Hon. George Stanley, her grandfather. Anew the epidemic raged-the last intelligence aggravating the former symp.

Those good people, who had so loudly censured Miss Whately for being poor, and thus meriting the disapprobation of the fast-rising young barritser, were now the first to he sure, quite sure, that the former, in anticipation of the coming good fortune, had wisely discarded the latter. And so on. Good people of Hawthornden, am severe? I must record faithfully. Do you not know that in canvasing your neighbors affairs, you show energy and talent that might be better applied? That, in overlooking and following their husiness, to the utter disregard of your own, you show a misdirected zeal? You misconstrue the glorious command, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

CHAPTER V.

Picturesque was Stanley Manor, with its gray turrets; its bigb, narrow windows; its arched doors; its quaint gargoyles. 'Twas a massive structure of the olden time, of a rambling style, and an architecture " had fallen into disuse. Its huge stone sides were clad in a garniture of ivy, centuries old.

It was a source of just pride to its owner, and a treasure to the petted eyes of poet and artist. With what strange emotions May Whately rode through the arched gateway, beneath the shades of gnarled oaks, and ancient elms, that lined tho avenue leading to the house.

She pressed her hand to her throbbing temples, and closed her eyes, to shut out the scenes that pressed on her view, for now, remembrances of other days came crowding thickly up. Her beau. tiful young mother, who was cradled here-who had played beneath the shade of these same old trees; her father, who had here wooed and won his fair bride-both were gone-she was alone !

Never before had she so strangely felt the meaning of the word alone. And one other memory would strive to force itself upon her-a spectre that had its hirth far away in the past-her old love, that had begun in her childhood. But that was unwelcome; she put it away. Before her mind was formed, or her judgment matured, she had cherished this love; but, when she saw it without the disguise partiality had clothed it in, she cast it from her.

Strange faces greeted her at the door-faces of old servants-some of whom had known her mother, and who now welcomed her fondly. The vague feeling of dread, that had begun to haun her, soon passed away; and, in a little time, she found herself wandering delightfully through the old rooms, and along galleries and corridors, with a feeling as if they were old acquaintances, and her home had ever been among them.

And so years passed away, fleetly and happily

r. Efter returned home, between the strength of the strength o

And Stanton Ross!—has the recording angel old no tale of him? In the zenith of his proserity we left him last-his hopes, his aspirations Il realized, and he in the enjoyment of their full uition. He had wooed fame-she was just ithin his grasp; he had coveted wealth-it was eing showered upon him. He was vain; he wed adulation and flatttery; he was receiving oth. And love-but that was not essential to is happiness; yet his influence would be inreased by marriage, if he should wed with one f hirth and fortune. It was a bold streke to asire to the hand of Liura Withers, daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the city-so reputd; but he counted his chances well before makng the attempt. He was accepted. His envious nale acquaintances, those ambitious of gold, pronounced him "a lucky dog." Others, less stute, perhaps, thought it strange that he should marry a woman ten years older than himself, who had no charms, mental or personal, to recommend her. He himself soon learned in what her charms consisted, when a commercial crisis caused her father's failure, and the halo, thrown about her by the brilliant dowry in prospective, had faded away. He had greatness thrust upon him; he had been pushed, or had pushed himself into a strange position, and that securely attained, he began to look about him, and to ask himself, "Am I happy?" He might have thought so then; but ten years later, when health was gone, and wife, and friends, and fortune, he awoke to a realizations of his own requirements, and he reviewed the past with sad reflections. He thought of talents misapplied, of wrongs donc, and saw that much of life had been a waste.

CHAPTER VI.

A strange whim entered the head of Miss Whately, as she walked one day in her spacious park. She had been dreaming of a large, roomy old house, far over the waters, beneath whose roof she had been sheltered, and where so many happy hours had passed. She had old friends there—the tried and true; and she was not surprised that the wish should come of again revisiting those once pleasant scenes.

She decided to go; and, when the decision was a few weeks old, she stood in the home of her father. Things looked changed,-perhaps the change was in herself, for years had wrought a change in her, as well as in the inanimate objects by which she was now surrounded. No sadness came over her-no regrets for the past-only the wish that her father might have been longer spared to her. No thoughts of Stanton Ross came between her and happiness. And when, one day, he stood before her, and besought her, by the memory of her old love for him, to accept the heart that had never beat with love for any but her, she calmly told him she had never loved him! Once, long ago, she had loved a glorious ideal, rich in truth and honor, and all that makes a soul's beauty-that, for a time, she fondly but blindly thought that he and that ideal were one; but that was long ago-the dream had passed, and scarce a trace was left in memory.

In vain he sucd, in vain he conjured her by the memory of her early vows to blot out the dark leaf of the past his own thoughtless hands had marred. But she had said she apuld not love him, and she should never bestow her hand where her heart was not.

May stayed but a little while at Hawthornden; for the new loves that had later twined about her heart, were drawing her back to that new home.

When, a few months later, Stanton Ross knew

worthy of her, he felt indeed that in her heart she had cherished no lingering regard for him.

Poor Maud Brock has forgotten her vain prediction, and remembers May as the good lady who was so kind to her. She has forgotten that she ever cherished a passion for John Whately; but remembers kindly the old judge and his wife, with whom she lived when a girl, and she blesses their memory. So does time blot out all harsh remembrances, and reveal to us only the bright spots we have passed in life's long march.

FAITH AND HOPE.

A swallow in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essay'd to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toil'd With patient art; but, ere her work was crown'd, Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoil'd, And dash'd it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought:
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hands, or chance, again laid waste
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept, And toil'd again; and, last night hearing calls, I look'd, and lol three little swallows slept Within the earth-made walls.

What trust is here, O Man!
Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have faith and struggle on!

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night! a word so often said,
The heedless mind forgets its meaning;
'Tis only when some heart lies dead
On which our own was leaning,
We hear in maddening music roll
That last "good-night" along the soul.

"Good-night"—in tones that never die
It peals along the quickening ear;
And tender gales of memory
For ever waft it near,
When stilled the voice—O crush of pain!—
That ne'er shall breathe "good-night" again.

Good-night! it mocks us from the grave—
It overleaps that strange world's bound
From whence their flows no backward wave—
It calls from out the ground,
On every side, around, above,
"Good-night," good-night," to life and love!

Good-night! Oh, wherefore fades away
The light that lived in that dear word?
Why follows that good-night no day?
Why are our souls so stirred?
Oh, rather say, dull brain, once more,
"Good-night!"—thy time of toil is o'er!

Good-night!—Now cometh gentle sleep,
And tears that fall like welcome rain.
Good-night!—Oh, holy, blest, and deep,
The rest that follows pain.
How should we reach God's upper light
If life's long day had no "good-night?"

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

"I heard a good story the other day," writes recently our friend and correspondent, Carl Benson, from Paris, "which may amuse you. The curé of Nevermindwhere was called up in the middle of the night, to see a sick woman. 'Well, my good woman,' said he, 'so you are very ill, and require the consolations of religion? What can I do for you? 'No,' replied the old lady, 'I am not very ill: I am only nervous, and can't sleep.' 'How can I help that?' asked the curé. 'Oh, sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only preach a little for me—!''

It is not stated that the curé waited for her to finish the sentence.—Knick.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how oft doth creep
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer
While pleasure's pulses madly fly,
But in her still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

wiDOW'S DAUGHTER.

One, two, three rings on your finger—four, for yes, as true as we live, there are five gold rings your fingers—and Monday too—the regular washed day. We'll be bound to say, you have not been to the wash the with your mother to-day. A poor girl as you are, whose mother can hardly earn enoughtto make both ends meet, and with gold! Shame on you! What could you do, if she should be taken away? You are not fit for a wife, and as for being a lady, it is out of the question. You have not beauty to recommend you to some wealthy fop, nor industry; to secure an honest mechanic. What in the world are you prond of? Why do you dress so ex'rava gantly? Every body knows your mother is not able to snpport you in this way, and your neighbors will talk so long as you behave so like a fool.

Our advice is, take every ring from your fingers and commence an apprentice to the trade of house-wifery. Learn to sew, to knit, to bake, to wash, to cook. You have nothing to expect from rich relations, and the only chance before you is, that you may become the wife of some honest mechanic.—
This chance will slip if you are not careful, and you may be thrown for support on the town. Believe it or not, many a foolish and haughty girl like yourself, has come to such an end or a worse one. If our advice is worth any thing, take heed to it, and the next time we call upon you, we shall find you more happy in spirits—cheerful and contented.

OUR JEANIE.

The sweet-briar in the vale displayed
The brightest flowers of June;
The warbler fron the scented shade
Discoursed in sweetest tune.

At carly morn and dewy eve Our Jeanie sought the lea, To kiss the fragrant gems, yet leave Tae roses on the tree.

Across the mead with airy tread
She dashed the damond dew,
Yet never crushed the violet's head,
But blest it where it grew.

She heard the bid with russet breast Give forth in matin lay; And innocenty watched the nest Swing on the tender spray.

The rose is bright upon the stem, And pure the violet wild; But brighter, purer is the gem, A young heart undefiled.

Long did our gentle Jeanie mourn The blossoms on the heath, When came the ruthless plough to turn The flowery soil beneath.

But now the tender maid that trod In beauty on the mead, Sleeps low beneath the furrowed sod That Time ploughs o'er the dead.

The rose-tree waves upon her breast,
And there the violets bloom;
The warbler sings, beside its nest,
A requiem o'er her tumb.

HAZEL DELL, near Minersville, Schuylkill co., Pa.

TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Miss Kitty on the sofe sat
With Harry Vane, and close at that;
When lo! the clock gave warning!
And Kitty said—"Oh, deary me,
It cannot be, it cannot he
Two o'clock in the morning!"

Without, the white moon watched the earth, Within, the red fire danced with mirth;
The lovers' cheeks adorning
With glow made crimson by the press
Their lips had made, in sweet caress,
At two o'clock in the morning.

I will not tell what words were said;
How Harry's heart held Kitty's head,
Parental caution scorning;
I only know a singular sound,
The cosy chamber walls went round,
At two o'clock in the morning.

And as it thus was, so 'twill be;
Such scenes the pensive moon will see,
And mantel clocks give warning
To lagging youth and loving maid,
Who have the parting hour delayed
Till two o'clock in the morning.

WHY DID JACOB WEEP?-Jacob kissed schael, and lifted up his voice and were. 182 nure

face. Rachael was a pretty girl, and kept her received and we can't see that Jacob had much cry about.—[N. Y. Globe

How do you know but that she slapped had for him?—[N. O. Delta.

Gentlemen hold your fongues. The cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal of Rachael allow him to kiss her again.—[Flag.

It is our oninion Jacob wept because he

It is our opinion Jacob wept because, he hadn't kissed Rachael before, and regretted the

time he had lost.—[Age.
Green—verdant, one and all of ye. This fellow boohooed because she did not kiss him, in return.—[Manchester Adv.
Pshaw! none of you are judges of human nature. Rachael was the first girl that Jacob kissed, and he got so scared that his voice trembled by the property of the prop bled, and tears came trickling down his cheeks. [Auburn Adv.

Jacob was a man what labored in the field. When he kissed Rachael, he had just returned from his labors and had not washed his lips. After he had discovered that he had soiled Ra-

No, gentlemen, not one of you is correct.
The reason Jacob wept was he feared Rachael

would tell his mamma.—[Jersey Telegraph.
Pshaw! You are all out. The reason Jacob wept was that Rachael would not let him stop kissing her, when he once began .- [Penn. Register.

May be she bit him.—[Yazoo Whig.

May it not be that it was his first attempt at kissing? If so, she ought to have bit him.

May it not be that it was his first attempt at kissing? If so, she ought to have bit him. [Nansemond Enq. What a long list of innocents! We know for we have tried it on. There were no tears shed, and the good book does not say there was. It was only his mouth that watered, and the litting my his wice forced it out of his every the lifting up his voice forced it out of his eyes. [People's Paper.

How philosophical! Jacob a "freesoiler!" In our opinion the reason why Jacob cried was because he was Soft Jabe.—[National Demo-

The cause why Jacob wept was that the reality did not come up to his expectations. [People's Paper.

We suppose Jacob wept for joy. It was undonbtedly his first kiss, and as delicious as a veet notato.

TIE'S NONE THE WORSE FOR THAT.

What though the homespun suit he wears Best suited to the sons of toil? What though on coarsest food he fares, And tends the loom or tills the soil?
What though no gold leaf gilds the tongue,
Devoted to congenial chat?
If right prevails, and not the wrong,
The man is not the worse for that.

What though within the humble cot
No costly ornament is seen—
What though the wife possesses not
Her satin gowns of black and green?

What though the merry household band Half-naked fly to ball and bat?

If Conscience guides the heart and hand, The man is none the worse for that.

True worth is not a thing of dress Of splendor, wealth, or classic lore;
Would that these trappings we loved less,
And clung to honest worth the more!
Though pride may spurn the toiling crowd,
The tattered garb, the crownless hat,
Yet God and nature cry aloud—
The man is none the worse for that.

A RIDDLE.

There was a thing in times of old,
To us it is a wonder;
In it there was a living soul,
Which after God did hunger.

But yet this thing it knew not God, Nor ever had Him seen, Nor ever felt His ruling rod, Nor knew His holy being.

But yet this thing obeyed God, Though it was no professor, It was given as a rod To punish a transgessor.

fether never 14 L.

Which never sinned in all its days, It was so well behaved,
It never had one spark of grace,
Nor ever will be saved.



TI LAW OF THE FINGER-RING .- If a genueman vants a wife he wears a ring on the first hnger of the left hand; if he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if he never intends to get married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a diamond ring on her first finger; if engaged, on After he had discovered that he had soiled Rachael's cheek, he wept for fear she would think the second, if married, on the third; and on the he was one of the "freesoilers.".—[Alb. Free.

Pooh! pooh! You are all in the spring-time of life, and excessively green. Rachael had been eating onions, consekense Jacob cried.

Det. Free Press.

an overture of regard; should she receive it with the left hand, this, on his part, is an overture of regard; should she receive it with a lady with the left hand, this, on his part, is an overture of regard; should she receive it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus by a few simple tokens explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed.

A LESSON FOR GIRLS.

An intelligent gentleman of fortune, says the Bangor Whig, visited a country village in Maine, not far from Bangor, and was hospitably entertained and lodged by a gentleman having three daughters-two of whom in rich dresses, entertained the distinguished stranger in the parlor, while one kept herself in the kitchen, assisting her mother in preparing the food and setting the table for tea, and after supper, in doing the work till it was finally completed, when she also joined her sisters in the parlor for the remainder of the evening. The next morning the same daughter was again early in the kitchen, while the other two were in the parlour. The gentleman, like Franklin, possessed a discriminating mind-was a close observer of the habits of young ladies-watched an opportunity, and whispered something in the ear of the industrious one, and then left for a time, but revisited the same family, and in about one year the young lady of the kitchen was conveyed to Boston the wife of the same gentleman visitor, where she now presides at an elegant mansion. The gentleman, whose fortune she shares, she won by a judicious deportment and well directed industry. So much for an industrious young lady.

A SUNDAY SCAOOL BANNER .- "How de do, Mr. Printer. I want a Sunday School banner printed ; we're going to have a tarin' Fourth of July Celebration, and our school wants a banner."

"So they ought, sir. What will you have printed on it?"

"Wall, I don't know, we ort to have a text o' Scriptur on it for a motto."

"That is a good idea-what shall it be?"

"Why, I thought this would be as good as any: Be suro you're right, and then go ahead." -Mansfield Herald.

MODERN DEFINITIONS.

Gentleman-A man with a fast horse, not paid for; fashiohable clothes, for which the tailor suffers; all ruffle and no shirt; a cane, a hairy disfigurement of his frontispiece, a long nine in his mouth, his brains missing, and a long bill for "drinks" at the

THE REAL CHRISTIAN.

A good man-a real Christian-seldom sees a defect in his neighbor. A pure lake reflects the beau-

THE FOUR JOLLY FELLOWS:

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

Four jolly fellows from the wars,
Bent on a little fun,
Came to a village inn called Moore's,
That stood beside a run;
The landlord sent a negro up,
Their sleeping-room to show;
As calmly he sat down to sup,
On Bohea or Pekoe!

"Come, Sambo Dick," the first one said,
"Unscrew my wooden peg;
I cannot sleep upon my bed,
With this confounded leg." With this contounded leg."
The negro stared, but still he did
What massa bade him do;
When sure enough, straight off it slid,
With boot and stocking too.

"Darkie, come here," the second cried,
"I will not do you harm,
I'll sleep the better when I'm rid
Of this confounded arm." Again the negro did obey,
With wonder in his eye;
And soon upon the floor there lay
A leg and arm hard by.

The third one said: "For pity's sake, Good Sambo, now draw nigh,
And lift my eyelid up and take
Out this confounded eye."
The negro did as he was told,
Now glancing at the door,
When, lo! an eye secured by gold,
Fell out upon the floor. Fell out upon the floor.

At last the fourth one cried, "Come, Cuff, Before I go to bed, Before I go to bed,
I'll take a little pinch of snuff,
While you unscrew my head."
The negro opened wide his eyes,
All taken unawares,
When suddenly, to their surprise,
He darted down the stairs.

"Massa," he eried, "for mercy's sake, Run from those sons of evil, three are from the burning lake, The fourth one is the d——!!" He said; and darting from the door,
He ran across the plain,
And though they searched the country o'er,
He ne'er was found again!

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Among the beautiful pictures That hang on Memory's wall, Is one of a dimold forest, That seemeth the best of all. Not for its gnarled oaks olden, Dark with the mistletoe, Not for the violets golden, That sprinkle the vale below; Not for the milk-white lilies, That lean from the fragrant hedge, Coquetting all day with the sunbeams, And stealing their golden edge:
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright rcd berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to mc the best.

I once had a little brother With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that dim old forest,
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the wind of the thistle, Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there, the beautiful summers,
The summers of "long ago:"
But his feet on the hills grew weary, And, one of the autumn eves, I made for my little brother, A bed of the yellow leave

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My ncck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright, Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
That one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

N. Y. Evening Post.

fect in his neighbor. A pure lake reflects the beautiful sky, the clouds, and the overhanging trees; but, XTRAORDINARY PLAY UPON XES.—Charles when it is riled, it reflects nothing that is pure. A sking of France, was xtravagantly xtolled, but bad man—a real scoundrel—seldom sees a good trait noe in xigency, xcerbation; he was xemplary in h in the character of his neighbor. An imperfect glass crueds, but xtrusic on xamination; he was xtat reflects nothing correctly, but shows its own defider xhortation, xtreme in xeitement, and xtraordictions. A perfect mirror reflects nothing but truth, a xcesses, and to xplate his xtravagance, xisted and xplate in x le.

It strikes us, at a superfishal glance, that the "critwas the whale that swallowed Jonah .- In

Charliny. Entered into rest-Aug. 13th, CHARLOTTE, wife BISHOP JANES. F we knew the cares and crosses Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses, A PICTURE. UST as sweetly as fades the light, Solely grievous, day by day, Would we then as often chide him After the sun is gone, Just as gently as through the night For his lack of thrift and galn, scion of silver Leaving on his heart a shadow, The steady stars shine on; Leaving on our minds a stain? Just as softly as Spring leaves come, 16 If we knew the clouds above us
Held but gentle blessing there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Flitting o'er the dewy grass,
If we knew the birds of Eden
Wars in more flying pest! Or snow flakes whiten the sod, Passed she out from an earthly home the Into the home of God. Never the rays of moon or sun BISHOP, Fell on her face that day, Were in mercy flying past! And only a heavenly artist's hand. Could have left such light on clay. If we knew the silent story knew that angel hands had wrought Quivering through the heart of pain, Would we drive it with our coldness Each day, at the soul within, With loving touches of prayer and thought Back to haunts of vice again? Life hath many a taugled crossing, 2 Hiding each trace of sin; Joy hath many a break of woc; But the cheeks tear-washed are whitest, Sweeping the heavy shade of pain, Kept in life are flowers of snow. Over the smile on her face : Let us reach into our bosoms And leaving the gleam of a Father's love, And the light of the cross in its place. For the key to other lives, and with love toward erring nature.
Cherish good that still survives; so it was-their sweet work done. When the Master bade them cease, So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light above,
We realms of light above, was left for our eyes to gaze upon, his beautiful picture of peace Charour 'ove.' Beautiful Child. LIARNING TO PRAY. BI MARY E. DODGE. BY MAJOR WILLIAM A. H. SIGOURNEY. From "Hearth & Home." Author of "Beautiful Snow." Kneeing, fair in the twilight gray, 벙 otiful child was trying to pray; eautiful child by thy mother's knee His cheek on his mother's knee, Governor, the mystlc future, what wilt thou bc? His bare little feet half-hidden, demon of sin, or an angel sublime-poison Upas, or innocent Thyme— ISH0 His smile still coming unbidden, And his heart brimful of glee. spirit of evil flashing down Vith the lurld light of a flery crown-"I want to laugh. Is it naughty? Say, or gllding up with a shining track, O mamma! I've had such fun to-day, lke the morning star that ne'er looks back-laintlest dreamer that ever smiled, I can hardly say my prayers. I don't feel just like praying; DICTO Vhich wilt thou be, my beautiful child? æ. I want to be out-doors playing. Beautiful child lu my garden-bowers, Friend of the butterfiles, blrds, and flowers, And run, all undressed, down stairs. "I can see the flowers in the garden-bed Shinlng so pretty and sweet and red; ?ure as the sparkling crystalllue stream, Jewels of truth in thy falry eyes beam: Was there ever a whiter soul than thine And Sammy is swinging, I guess Oh! everything is so fine out there, I want to put it all in the prayer. Worshipped by Love in a mortal shrine? My heart thou hast gladdenod for two sweet years Do you mean I can do it by 'Yes'? With rainbows of hope through mists of tears Mists beyond which thy sunny smile With its halo of glory beams all the while When I say, 'Now I lay me'-word for w seems to me as if nobody heard. Would 'Thank you, dear God,' be right? Beautiful child, to thy look is given A gleam serene, not of earth, but of heaven. With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue, Me gave me my mammy, And papa, and Sammy Would then couldst ever be thus young. Like the liquid strain of the mocking-bird, O mamma! you nodded I might." From stair to hall thy voice is heard, Glasping bls hands and hiding his face, How oft in the garden-nooks thou'rt found (Inconsolonely yearning for help and grace.
The little he now began.
His merer's nod and sanction sweet With flowers thy curly head around! And kneeling beside me with figure so quaint, Oh! who would not dote on my lnfant saint? Had led him to choose the dear Lord's feet, Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be And his words like music rau. Perchance is wisely hidden from me.

A fallen star thou may'st loave my side, Thank you for making this home so nice, The flowers and folks, and my two white mice.
(I wish I could keep right on.) And of sorrow and shame become the bride-Shivering, quivering through the cold street, With a curse before and behind thy feet— I thank you, to,, for every day— Only I'm almost too glad to pray. Ashamed to live aud afrald to die; Dear God, I think lam done. No home, no friend, and a philless sky. Merchal Father, my brain grows wild-"Now, mamma, rock me-just a minute-Oh! keep from evll my beautiful child! And sing the hymu with 'darling' in it. I wish I could say my prayers: When I get big I know I can. Beautiful child, may'st thou soar above, warbling cherub of joy and love, Oh! won't It be nice to be a man, drop on Eternity's mighty sca, And stay all night down stairs! A blossom on Llfe's immortal tree Floating flowering evormore The mother, singing, clasped him tight, In the blessod light of the golden shore, And as I gaze on thy sinless bloom Kissing and cooling her fond "Good-night," And treasured his every word. And thy radiant face, they dispel my gloon For well she knew that the artless joy I feel He will keep thee undefiled, And love of her precious, innocent boy Were a prayer that her Lord had heard.

r. Litter returned home, between the

TO MRS. H. A. M .-- BY EBENE. REXFORD.

Over the river there lieth
A city_wondrous fair,
And never the eye of a mortal
Hath looked on the glories there,
But the whispering angels that gather
At times, round each heart have told
Strange tales to me of the beauty
That brightens the City of Gold.

The gates are of pearl—whito Jasper,
The walls are of amethyst
As bright as the clouds of Summer
By the sunset glory kissed,
And the streets of this far-away city
Are paved with the purest gold,
And a tithe of its wonderful beauty
No poet ever told.

The roses of Summer are blooming. In the streets of that fair town,
And never a blighted blossom.
Or leaves that are dead and brown,
But always a life that endeth.
Oh never and never more.
The flowers and hearts that dwelleth.
Across the other shore.

The lillies grow by the rivers.
Stately and fair they blow
And lift their balm to the angels,
In their censer-cup of snow.
And the violets blossom forever
In the haunts where the wild birds sing
And the fern and the flowers are fragrant
In the balm of eternal Spring.

But better than bloom of lilles,
And better than bloom of roses,
And sweeter than fern or pansy,
Is the calm and deep repose
That comes to each heart that enters
In past the jasper gates,
To the gates of the fair, white City,
And the new lift that awaits.

Often in dreams i see it,
Lying so far away,
And I catch a sound of singing,
Aud hear the viols play.
And my heart goes out in longing
To the c ty, wondrous fair,
'or I have some loved and lost ones,
And I know I shall find them there.

No Baby in the House.

No baby in the house, I know—
'Tis far too nice and clean;
No tops by careless fingers strewn
Upon the floor are seen;
No finger marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs,
No wooden men set up in rows.
Or marshalled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned;
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of meading to be done,
No little troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold;
No grimmy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given,
No nicknames, "Love" and "Mouse,"
No merry frolicks after tea—
No baby in the house.

TRUE WEALTH.

NOME murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
d some with thankful love are fill'd,
If but one streak of light—
ie ray of God's good mercy—gild
The darkness of their night.

palaces are hearts that ask, In discentent and pride, by life is such a dreary task, And all good things denied ' ad hearts in poorest huts admire How leve has, in their aid ove that not ever seems to tire— Such rich provision made.

-Archbishop Trench

Sans Levenas

LITTLE AT FIRST-MIGHTY-AT LAST.

A traveler through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree:
Love sought its shades at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside!

And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;

'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—

A simple faney of the brain,
But strong in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became

A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.

The thought was small—its issues great.
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds'its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daify mart,
Let fall the word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a sonl from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random east!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

THE GATHERING HOME.

BY MARY E. LESLIE.

They are gathering homeward from every land,
One by one;
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,

One by one,
Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead
Where the Lamb loveth his chosen to lead,

One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife, One by one;

Through the waters of death they enter life One by one—

To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly bill;
To others the waves run fiercely and wild,
Yet they reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

We too shall come to the river side, One by one;

We are nearer its waters each even tide,

One by onc—
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream
Now and again through our life's deep dream;
Sometimes the floods all the banks overflow,
Sometimes in ripples and small waves go,

One by one.

Jesus! Redemer! we look to thee, One by one;

We lift up our voices tremblingly, One by oue;

The waves of the river are dark and cold,
We know not the spots where our feet may hold;
Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight,
Strengthen ns—send us the staff and the light
One by one.

Plant thou beside us thy feet as we tread,
One by one;
On thee let us lean cach drooping head,

One by one;
Let but thy strong arm around us be twined,
We shall cast all our fears and cares to the wind
Saviour! Redecmer! with thee in full view,
Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,
One by one.

A FAREWELL.

BY CHARLES KINGSL.

M Y fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No tark could pipe to sties so dull and grey,
Yet, ere we part, one lessou I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet mald, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

In the early part of the war, there died in the Commercial Hospital, Cincinnati, a young woman over whose head only two and twenty summers had passed. Highly educated and accomplished in manners, she might have shone in the best society. But the cril hour that proved her ruin was but the aril hour that proved her ruin was but the aril hour that proved her ruin was but the aril hour that proved her ruin was but the aril hour that proved her ruin was but the aril hour that proved her ruin was but the aril hour that proved her ruin was but the aril hour childhood; and having spent a young safeir disgrace and shame, the poor friendless one died a broken-hearted outcast. Among her personal effects were found, in manuscrip, "Beautiful Snow," which was prepared and published by Enos B. Reed, editor of the National Union.

Oh! the snow, the youtiful snow, Filling the sky and earth below, Over the housetops, over the street, Over the heads of the people you meet; Dancing—flirting—skimmering along, Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong; Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek, Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak; Beautiful snow from heaven above, Pure as an angel, gentle as love.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in maddening lun;
Chasing—laughing—hurrying by,
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye;
And the dogs with a bark and a bound
Snap at the crystals as they eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song;
How the gay sleighs like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing—swinging—dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell, Fell like the snow flakes from heaven to hell; Fell to be trampled as filth on the street, Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat; Pleading—cursing—dreading to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy; Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead. Merciful God! have I fallen so low? And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the bcautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face—
Fathers—mothers—sisters—all,
God and myself I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too ni
For all that is on or above me I know,
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go! How strange it should be when the night comes again.

If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain, Fainting—freezing—dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of snow coming down;
To be and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow, Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low To rescue the soul that is lost in sin, And raise it to life and enjoyment again. Groaning—bleeding—dying for thee, The Crucified hung on the cursed tree; His accepts of mercy fall soft on thine ea

His accepts of mercy fall soft on thine ear. "Is there mercy for the? Will he heed my wear prayer?"

O God! in the stream that for sinners did flow, Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Human Angels.

Hand in hand with augels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know;
Tenderer voices cheer us
Thau we deaf ones own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk aloue.

Land in hand with angels,
In the busy street,
By the winter hearth-fires,
Everywhere we meet—
Though mifledged and songless—
Birds of Paradise:
Heaven looks at us daily,
Out of human eyes.

Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day,
How the chain may lengthen,
None of us can say:
Yet we know it reaches
From earth's lowliest one
To the lofty scraph
Standing in the sun.

Standing in the sun.

Hand in hand with angels!
Blessed so to be!
Helped are the helpers!
Giving light, they see!
He who aids another
Blesses more than one,
Sinking earth he grapples
To the Great White Throne.
—Lucy Larcom.

Ave Maria.

Ave flaria.

How gently sinks the evening sun,
That speaks a day of duty done,
And bids us rest from care.
How sweet the parting hour of day,
As twilight shrouds the glimmering ray,
And tells the hour of prayer.
Sacred the scene—the spot more dear—
Tis holy ground! for God is here.

A Common Alternative.

A Common Alternative.

"Say what's to be done with this window, dear Jack? The cold rushes through is at every crack?"

Quoth Jack. "I know little of carpenter craft;
But I think, my dear wife, you will have to go through The very same process the rest of us do—
That is, you must 'list, or submit to the draft."

—Vanity Fair

"Woman a Snare."

Come tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around
To sigh one moment at her feet. -Moore.

Fact and Humor.

The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.

Why is a lean dog like a man in medi-? Because he's a thin cur.

—Mrs. Partington wants to know if the pope sent any of his bulls to the cattle show?

Throw a chimney-sweep into the river if you would make a clean sweep of him.

---- If we only knew it, our retreats are of-ten our best and wisest advances.

The safest calculations are those in which something is allowed for miscalculations.

-First a fine gown, and then a fine man to admire it is the order of a young lady's wishes.

It is as bad to carry the spirit of peace into war, as to carry the spirit of war into peace.

-He who openly tells his friends all that he thinks of them, may expect that they will secretly tell his enemies much that they don't

think of him. —The seat of perfect contentment is not the heart, but in the head; every individ-ual being thoroughly satisfied with his own proportion of brains.

-The man who forgets a great deal that has happened, has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never hap-

—No doubt a thousand political opinions must pass away as dreams, which our ancestors and ourselves have worshipped as revelations.

——It is a common thing with some people to fancy that nothing can by any possibility be very important about which they are permitted to know nothing.

—Wisdom is an occan that has no shore; its prospect is not terminated by a horizon; its centre is everywhere, and its circumfercace nowhere.

Those who bLF promises of the the t, build castis in he air; those

on quel thorn.

saw a sweet-faced mot In life's hushed eveni mile, grateful that the With such a gloriou

father never 13 L.

TEARS: Is it raining, little flower?

Be glad of rain!
Too much rain would wither thee—

'Twill shine again.
The clouds are very black, 'tis true,
But just behind them shines the blue.

Art then weary, tender heart?

Be glad of pain;
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,

As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have snn
When clouds their perfect work have done,
on.

A Song to bring Sleep.

Two little eyes, Two little lips, Two little hands, Two little feet: What shall we ask for them all?

Two little eyes,

Blue, blue, Blue as the azure deep of the skies,-Now so roguish—now wondrons wise. Solemn and funny, all in twiuk, Changing and changing with every wlnk. What shall we ask for those little eyes?

> Open them, Lord, To see in thy Word, Wondrous things; Light them with love, And shade them above With augel's wings.

Two little lips. Red, red, Red as the flaming coral tips, Sweet as the rose the wild-bee side, Singing and prattling all day long, And kissing and with coaxing witchery strong What shall we ask for these little lips?

From thine altar, Lord above, Touch those lips with fire of love; Pure, pure, let them be, Speaking holy melodies Out of a holy heart, that rise Warm, hright, up to thee!

Two little hands! Busy, busy,
Busy as a hird, and busy as a bee, Gathering "funuy things" for me, Weaving webs, and "building a house Just the size for a wee, wee mouse." What shall we ask for these little hands?

> Lord, with wisdom filled, Teach these hands to build Thine own temple, Let them skillful be,— Cunning to work for thee By thine example.

Two little feet! Nimble, nlmble, Trot-foot and Light-foot, Oh, what a pair: Now here, now there, now everywhere; Running of errands, dancing in glee, Skipping and jumping merrily! What shall we ask for these little feet?

Lead them a blessed pilgrimage, From childhood through to saintly age, Dear Lord, we pray: Hold them a light in the dim dark night, And out of the narrow path of the right Ne'er let them stray!

Two little eyes—closed! Two little lips—shut! Two little hands—clasped!
Two little feet—still. God give my darling pleasant dreams!

Little Lips.

Little llps, so gently pressing Little fingers, soft, caressing: Oh, the bosom of a mother Knows more joy than any other.

Little feet, so early straying, Little wills, soon disobeying: Oh, the bosom of a mother Knows more care than any other!

Little knees, our stlff knees shaming, Little lisps, the father naming: Oh, this father's heart a mother Knows more truly than another!

Oh, the love-links of a mother, Stronger far than any other: God has wedded every chain In the infant's heart and brald!

11.00

PATIENCE.

WERE there no night we could not read the stars, The heavens would turn into a blinding glare: Freedom is best seen through the prison bars, And rongh seas make the haven passing fair.

We cannot measure joys but by their loss; When blessings fade away, we see them then; Our richest clusters grow around the cross, And in the night-time angels sing to meu.

The seed must first lie buried deep in earth, Before the lily opens to the sky; So "light is sown," and gladness has its birth In the dark deeps where we can only cry.

"Life out of death" is heaven's unwritten law: Nay, it is written in a myriad forms; The victor's palm grows on the fields of war, And strength and beauty are the fruit of storms

Come then, my soul, be brave to do and bear: Thy life is bruised that it may be more sweet; The cross will soon be left, the crown we'll wear-Nay, we will cast it at our Saviour's feet.

And up among the glories never told, Sweeter than music of the marriage bell, Our hands will strike the vibrant harp of gold To the glad song, "He doeth all things well." (Sunday Magazine

BEAUTIFUL AND POINTED.

To an afflicted mother, at the grave of her deceased chil it was said, "There was once a shepherd, whose tender pa toral care was over his flock night and day. One shee would neither hear his voice nor follow him; he took up he little lamb in his arms-then the sheep came after him."

LOVE, THE DOOR TO GOD.

Without star or angel for their guide, Who worship God, shall find him. Humble love, And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven; Love finds admission, where proud science fails.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

THERE is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the hetter land,
If the querulous heart would wake it. To the sunny soul that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth, The grass is green and the flowers are hright, Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted; For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through, When the ominous clouds are lifted. There was never a night without a day, Nor an evening without a morning: And the darkest hour, the proverb goes, Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life, Which we pass in our idle pleasure, That is richer far than the jewelled crown Or the miser's hoarded treasure; It may be the love of a little child. Or a mother's prayer to heaven, Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life A bright and golden filling And to do God's will with a ready heart, And hands that are swift and willing. Than to snap the delicate silver threads Of our curious lives asunder; And then heaven blame for the tangled ends, And alt to grieve and wonder.

SOWING.

ARE we sowing seeds of kindness? They shall blossom bright ere long. Are we sowing seeds of discord? They shall ripen into wrong. Are we sowing seeds of honor? They shall bring forth golden grain. Are we sowing seeds of falsehood? We shall yet reap bitter pain. Whatsoe'er our sowing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see.

"All is Well."

May heart bends lightly to the breeze, By bowing low at Fate's decrees. In meckness till the storm is past; And lifting then a radiant eye, When late the raging tempest fell, It sees the litted clouds on high, And intly whispers. "All is well."

And my winspers. An is wen.
The fils that o'er my spirit sweep,
Like winds that o'er the waters blow,
But mar the surface of the deep,
And leave it caim and still below.
The eye of Faith screnely sees
The troubled waters anger swell,
And, bending lightly to the breeze,
Quick whispers softly, "All is well."

any admired by not

On Thursday evening, Feb. 28th, e Sunday-school of the Laurel Street . Excharge, in the city of Worcesfild a fair and festival. The effient superintendent of the school r. H. W. Willson - had prepared a rogramme of literary exercises, consling mostly of music and readings, aile the good ladies had made ample covision for the wants of the body. was an evening of delightful Chrisan sociality - a rare occasion - realing a handsome substantial benefit to e Church and school.

rof. A. S. Roe, of the High School, as announced to give the readings, t sudden sickness and sorrow kept m at home. The beautiful "Baby ell" of his household, his darling Ade Estelle, had slipped back into that tradise out of which, less than three ears before, she had wandered into sis dark wonderland of earth. Rev. M. Simons, of the Webster Square burch, was called upon to take Prof. be's place as reader of the evening. e began his readings with the tender nd touching piece which we print bew, prefacing his reading with the folwing remarks: -

"Prof. Roe was to have read to you o-night, and we have just been told by he is not here. The 'why' answers ne simple explanation we call for, but o Prof. Roe himself the 'why' will ot be so easily answered; it will be erplexing, with a strange signifiance. Only faith's vision of a golden turcase, the top of which is at eaven's door, and only ears attuned o hear the echoing clamber and clater of little feet pattering upon it, will vail to explain to our brother the nournful mystery of that dark-lettered why.' How deeply must we all share is grief! This, indeed, is the winter f our desolation. However, let us hank God, our Father and Saviour, hat we already feel the breath of the pring morning, as it comes to our red sense, blown from the sunny hillops of the far-off summer-land. How nany of ours have died, and in dying plessed us - fathers, mothers, friends; he loved companions of many years of lappy life; the 'sweet-lipped babes,' who broke from our embrace when we bould hold them no longer! They have slipped into the everlasting siences, whither we ourselves shall soon have gone. Oh, what meetings and greetings await us 'over there!'

"I therefore dedicate the reading of his first piece of the evening, as an expression of the sympathy we all feel with our brother, in the (I will not say untimely, for there are no untimely things in Divine providence) premature blasting of the beautiful rose-bud which but yesterday crimsoned with a double-ehecked blush in his flower-gar-

' A delicate bud Of the immortal flower, that will unfold And come to its maturity in heaven.'

The piece is anonymous, and is enhitled. -

TRANSPLANTED.

The gardener came into his garden, "t was very fair to see; hd his Lord walked slowly beside him, soking at shrub and tree;

arough borders of odorous roses Through lily-beds purple and white, thickets enkindled with crimson, ad arbors that prisoned the light,

Till they came to a tender flower A frail, but a beautiful thing, That drooped its snow white petals Like a bird with a broken wing.

"I think," said the gardener, clasping The flower with a gentle hand, "This plant is much too tender For the winds of this lower land.

"I marvel if. even with shelter. Twill thrive in this coarser earth, Where cold dews fall upon it; 'Tis a plant of priceless worth."

Now his Lord had another garden, Its gates were of pearl and gold; And its slopes were nearer heaven Than this land, so drear and cold.

There never the sun gave languor, There never the east wind blew, And the provident care of the Muster's hand, Was tender as sun or dew.

The Lord looked down on the flower, And His heart went out to its need; "'Tis just the plant for my garden -A plant of celestial seed."

The gardener loosened the fibre:, Raised the plant for the Lord to see; Then the gracious Mastersaid, with a smile, "Give the sweet flower to Me."

And into the gates that were golden, And over the fadeless plain, And close by the wonderful river of life, He planted the flower again.

And there, in a deathless splendor, It blooms and brightens to-day; And there, in an endless, marvelous light, It will brighten alway.

There shall never be want of tending, Nor lack of love nor of care; For the Lord of the garden so near to heaven

Is Lord of the here and there.

A MOTHER'S OFFERING,

BY HOOD ALSTON.

Take our little resebud, Jesue! To thy garden in the slies Where flewers bloom immortal, Where springtime never dies. Perfumed breezes filt the air, All is joy and beauty; there Take our little resebud, Jesus! Home to thy teuder care.

Take our little jewel, Jesue! Add it to thy crown of light-That we may see it ever shining-Shining ever light. And it shall be a token
Of the words that thon hast spoken.
Take our little jewel, Jesus! Tho' a mother'e heart be broken.

Take our little precious, Jesus ! we loved it from its birth ! Tis all we have in heaven -Twas all we bad on earth. From thee it came, to thee has flown And left a mother doubly lone-Take our little precious, Jesus! Thy will not mine be done.

Take our little Johnnie, Jesus! Our precious little hoy!
A father's cherished darling, A mother's only joy. Angels took him up to thee-Thou lamb of Calvary! Take our little Johnnie, Jesus! To dwell immortally.

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid hem not, for of such is the kingdom of hea

I Hiere 24 Trains

Lifei

BY FRANK EVELYN.

I watched with a mother's fond delight,
By the side of my sleeping boy.
I kissed the forchead so pure and white,
And the lids that shaded the blue eyes bright,
And my heart was full of joy.

I guarded the treasuro with jealous care
Which the year to me had given,
For I feared the angel of death would come,
And I knew the sunlight would leave my home
If the babe from my arms was riven.

I whispered often a little prayer
For our Father in Heaven to hear:
"Thou knowest the grief that would wring my heart
If I and the child of my love should part.
May his life in Thy sight be dear!"

Softly the seasons came and went And the years sped quickly away. The baby had grown from my arms so far That the child had become a man at last, Since I stood by his crib that day.

Low in the west sank the dying sun,
When I stood by his hed once more.
His brow was damp with the dew of death,
And through pallid lips came the feeble breath,
For life's journey was almost o'er.

Gently the daylight faded out, And the twilight settled down: The sun's last rays were lost in the sea, That emblem meet of eternity, And the soul of my child had flows.

Ah! life has been sadder since that day
Than it ever was before.
But I patiently wait for the day to come,
When my boy shall welcome his mother home,
Sweet home, on the glorified shore! Dec. 31st, 1872.

THE WATER-MILL.

Listen to the water-mill all the livelong day," How the creaking of the wheels wears the honrs SWST: \$7 die

Languldly the water glides useless on and still, Never coming back again to the water-mill; And a proverb haunts my mind as the spell is cast, The mill will never grind with the water that haz passed.

Take the lesson to yourself, loving heart and true, Golden years are passing by -youth is passing too. --

Try to make the most of life, lose no honest way; All that you can call your own lies in this to-day Power, intellect, and strength, maynot, cannot

The mill will never grind with the water that has passed.

O! the wasted hours of life that have flitted by! O! the good we might have done, lost without a

sigh! Love, that we might once have saved with but a single word:

Thought conceived, but never pennel, perishing unbeard!

Take the lesson to your heart, take, O! hold it

The mill will never grind with the water that has

-From the German, by Geo. S. Knight.

THINK, SPEAK, AND LIVE TRULY.

"THOU must be true thyself, If thou the truth wouldst teach; Thy soul must overflow, if thou Another soul wouldst reach; It needs the overflowing heart To give the lips full speech. Think truly, and thy thought Shall the world's famine feed; Speak truly, and thy word

Shall be a fruitful seed; Live truly, and thy life shall be A great and noble creed."

U (Mosim) THE EMPTY SHOES. HIDDEN LIFE. Oh, blessed trust! whatever else betide, God's Gates of Gold are ever opened wide, Ay, true it is, our dearest, best beloved, When infant feet press up the other side. Of us unknowing, are by us unknown, Only two tiny, smooth-worn Shoes! That from our outward survey far removed, Two stirless, voiceless shoes! And yet, I can't refuse Deep down they dwell, unfathomed and alone. The lessons they teach to my spirit ear; We gaze on their loved faces, hear their speech, I can but hear The messages of love they bring, The heart's most earnest utterance, - yet we feel The words of hope they utter near, Something beyond nor they nor we can reach; The echoed songs they sing. Something they never can on earth reveal. They whisper to me of their sundered bond, Of the Vale of Dark, and the Light Beyond; Of the kind, strong Hand, That our darling led, Dearly they loved us, - we returned our best; They passed from earth, and we divined them not: Thro' the silent pathways of the Dead, As though the centre of each human breast To the Better Land. They tell me of earthly paths untrod; Were a sealed chamber of unuttered thought. They lead me up to the Streets of God; And they show me the Gate where she passed in, Her garments unstained by the soil of Sin; Hidden from others, do we know ourselves? Albeit the surface takes the common light, And, as I sit in this shrouded room, Who hath not felt that this our being shelves They scatter the gloom, And the night is aglow with light and bloom. Down to abysses, dark and infinite! Oh, wee, worn Shoes! ye are richer to me Than are gold and gems of mine and sea! As to the sunlight, some basaltic isle For the bliss ye speak is not bought and sold-Upheaves a scanty plain, far out from shore, More priceless than gems, more enduring than gold-But downward plungeth sheer walls many a mile, And her Sandals of Joy can never grow old, The Sandals, love-wrought, which her feet infold. 'Neath the unsunned ocean floor. Oh, the dainty, dimpled feet! Cherub feet, with glory shod, On the street So some small light of consciousness doth play Paved with Pearl and Amethyst, On the surface of our being; but the broad Where they ramble, as they list, And permanent foundations every way Up and down the radiant highways. Pass into mystery, - are hid in God. Through the music-haunted by-ways, By the thronging angels trod, In the city called the Beautiful—the Paradise of God. The last outgoings of our wills are ours: Oh, the waiting little feet! What moulded them, and fashioned down below, Safe, within the Snre Retreat, Safe, so near the Mercy Seat; And gave the bias to our nascent powers, They shall wander ne'er again We cannot grasp nor know. On the slippery slopes of Pain, Never grope, nor tire, nor stumble in earth's darkness O Thou! on whom our blind foundations lean, Safe for aye, from sin and sorrow, Till the dawn of some To-morrow In whose hand our will's primal fountains be, We cannot - but Thou canst - oh, make them clean! When, adown the Heavenly Street, We cast ourselves on Thee. We shall greet The on-coming of the welcome, and the patter of the From the foundations of our being breathe -STEPHEN P. DRIVER. Up all their darkened pores pure light of thine; Till, in that light transfigured from beneath, . The Little Ones. We in Thy countenance shine. Oh, when at dawn the children wake, And patter up and down the stairs, Wny Mother is Proud. The flowers and leaves a glory take, The rosy light a splendor shares Look in his face, look in his eyes, Roguish and blue and terribly wise— Roguish and blue, but quickest to see That nevermore these eyes would see, If my sweet ones were gone from me. When mother comes in astired as can be; Quickest to find her the nicest old chair; And when at eve they watch and wait Quickest to get to the top of the stair; Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek Would help her far more than to chatter, to speak Look in his face and guess, if you can, To fold me in their arms so white, My burdens, whether small or great, Are charmed away by calm delight; And, shutting out the world, I live Why mother is proud of her little man The purest moments life can give. The mother is proud—I will tell you this: You can see it yourself in her tender kiss. But why? Well, of all her dears But when at bed-time round me kncel Wee, tender, loving, white-robed torms, But why? Well, of all her dears There is scarcely one who over hears The moment she speaks, and jumps to see What her want or her wish might be. Scarcely one. They all forget, Or are not in the notion to go quite yet; But this she knows, if her boy is near, There is somebody certain to want to hear. With hand upraised in fond appeal-Ah, then are hushed life's weary storms, And heaven seems very near to me, With my sweet darlings round my knee! -Baldwin's Monthly. Good-bye. Mother is proud, and she holds him fast, And kisses him first and kisses him last; And he holds her hand and looks in her face, Good-bye! 'tis often heard, And yet how hard to say it! And hunts for her spool which is out of place, And proves that he loves her whenever he can; That is why she is proud of her little man. Oh think what bitter sighs have stirred Lips that reluctant framed the word, GEORGE KLINGLE in the Independ And how will love delay it. Good-bye! this life of ours Hath never bliss unbroken: A shade to haunt its happiest hours, A coming toot to crush its flowers, The word which must be spoken. Good-byel sweet wish that springs

to Bill Leal

From pain of those who sever; May God be with you! ah, there clings Around the flower the footstep wrings

Its richest tragrance ever.

not therefore detail the circu Itter returned home, between t

TEACHER'S REVERIE

As the weekly church-bell's tolling Tells that Time's vast wheel is rolling, Bearing Sabbaths in succession, In funereal procession, O'er Eternity's wide river, To the region of Forever,-So the school-bell's lighter ringing, Young immortals round me bringing, Hath a voice as full of meaning, Hinting of the future gleaning, When the seed that now is sowing Shall be stout and fruitful growing; Hinting of the tares, - and warning Lest they choke the wheat at morning, Through the slackness of the sower. Thus I close the school-room door-Scripture read, and prayer repeated, All my flock before me seated, Still I stand a moment gazing; Silently my weak heart raising To the Teacher, up in Heaven, Asking that His aid be given Through the day. And now are taken Books and slates; and I must waken, In the minds of these immortals, Zeal to enter Wisdom's portals. Calling for a class, I notice In his seat, sits gentle Otis; Sad, and very pale, his face is, -All his class are in their places; But why plays he thus the laggard? Why that childish face so haggard? Brief his answer: "Oh! they've taken My poor Mother! I'm forsaken! Crazy—so they called her; Mother! Oh my Mother! Mother! Mother!" Words, I've none for consolation. Is it 'neath a teacher's station, That, my early loss recalling, Fast my own hot tears are falling!

But, again, when all are busy With their books, I spy sweet Lizzie, With her dimpled face so smiling; My rebuke almost beguiling.

Two fat hands clenched o'er each other, Strive the truant laugh to smother. Following her eyes' direction, All now catch the strange infection. Pat Quinn's goat, a roguish sinner, Searching for a tempting dinner, In the entry finds a basket; And, ne 'er stopping once to ask it, Thrusts his nose in, thro' it driving Both his horns, and all his striving To release himself from trouble Only tends to make it double. Such mad pranks, such capers antic. Cuts his goatship, almost frantic, As, when seen, the cunning creature Brings a roar from school and teacher.

Day goes on, - my heart receiving Lessons more than it is giving; Lessons from each childish sorrow Which I pray no coming morrow E'er may banish — lessons learning Which assist me in discerning How untaught is my weak spirit; Making me distrust and fear it; Showing me its constant needing Of the Heavenly Teacher's leading. Oh! for wisdom learned from Heaven, That, thro' firmness and affection, I may give a safe direction To those little minds expanding Daily into understanding. Blessed Saviour, do thou teach us. Let thy guidance daily reach us In our little school-room, making Old and young, thy grace partaking,

Willing learners. Gently lead us To that school where thou wilt feed us With pure wisdom, ceasing never; There to learn of Thee forever.

RECONCILIATION.

IT is only a little floweret -Will you take it? Say "yes," and do; I saw it alone in the pathway, And tenderly picked it for you; But I wondered if you would take it When 't was offered, and then I thought You would surely accept, and make it The pledge of forgiveness sought.

It is only a little snowdrop,-A dear little thing, you see, With its petals closed like the sorrow Which closes o'er you and me. Such a symbol of consolation It seemed midst the winter snow, That I yielded to my temptation To pick it for one I know.

You will take it? No? then remember I never shall ask you again, Though my hair be streaked like December, And frosted with sorrow and pain! You're weeping! do not, I regret it, T is making my spirit so sad; But come, wipe those tears and forget it, And let me look up and be glad.

You deem you alone were offended, Whilst I am as sure it was I; But the sorrow which sadly attended Has oft made me wish I might die! But give me your hand, and believe me That justice alone do I claim, And though it doth wofully grieve me, I promise to bear half the blame.

You will take the snowdrop - ah, bless you! I thank you again and again, I'll forget the sad words to caress you, Nor think of the cause of our pain; I shall clasp your dear hand whilst those bright eyes Are smiling the sweetest amends, And call you my snowdrop and heart's prize:

Musinds

for Jenn

mane Tifes

haber cald

So come, let us kiss and be friends. tese 26 Thours Filming thunds Jain Teveral fintracks and Whate Times to the surpasable than There 24 Trans : In Huane Schiff ME Part to dandable neeft - In the Forme und Mis Papasils

FEE SILVE LINING. My Rights. THE OLD COUPLE. There's never a day so sunny The years have faded and we are old-Yes, God has made me a woman, But a little cloud appears; There's never a life so happy The beautiful years, so glad, so sweet; And I am content to be And the story of life is almost told, Just what He meant, not reaching out That the strength of love hath made com-But has its time of tears: For other things, since He Yet the sun -bines out the brighter plete. Who knows me best and loves me most, has When the stormy tempest clears. ordered this for me. Not with the sadness of vain regret There's never a garden growing Because our day is nearly spent, A women, to live my life out We wait in the hours left us yet-With roses in every plot; 38:00 In quiet, womanly ways, There's never a heart so hardened But rich is the fullness of content. Hearing the far-off battle, But it has one tender spot. Seeing as through a haze Sorrows may have come and gone, We have only to prune the border, The crowding, struggling world of men, Crosses many we've had to bear: To find the forget-me-not. fight through their busy days. Yet as the years sped on and on, There's never a cup so pleasant Spent together, they seemed so fair. I am not strong or valiant, But has bitter with the sweet; I would not join the fight, Humble hath been our station here, There's never a path so rugged Or jostle with crowds in the highways Riches have never come to our lot, That hears not the print of feet: To sully my garments white; Yet love, which easts away all fear, And we have a helper promised Hath life's best gifts denied us not. But I have rights as a woman, and here I For the trials we may meet. elaim my right, Your face hath lost the roses of youth, There's never a sunthat rises Your forehead is wrinkled, your hair is The right of a rose to bloom But we know 'twill set at night: In its own sweet, separate way, The tints that gleam in the morning, Yet beautiful with the light of truth, With none to question the perfumed pink, At evening are just as bright; Your eyes look into mine own tonight. And none to utter a nay And the hour that is the sweetest If it reaches a root or points a thorn, as even So will we bide, good wife and true, Is between the dark and light. arose-tree may. Happily as we have of yore There's never a dream that's happy Doing what comes for us to do, The right of the lady-birch to grow, But the waking makes us sad; Till our pleasant journey at last is o'er. To grow as the Lord shall please, There's never a dream of sorrow Then we shall part to meet where pain But Lever a sturdy oak rebuked, But the waking makes us glad: Denied nor sun nor breeze. We shall look some day with wonder With the morning gleams hath passed From all its pliant slenderness, kin to the At the troubles we have had. awav; Never to part, and young again stronger trees. There's never a way so narrow With a youth that time cannot decay. The right to a life of my own-But the entrance is made straight; So wear your sweetest smiles, good wife, Not merely a easual bit There's always a guide to point us Of somebody else's life flung out And speak as ever, your words of cheer-To the "little wieket gate;" That, taking hold of it, Forgetting all worriment and strife And the angels will be nearer In the blessings sent by our Father dear. I may stand as a cipher does after a numeral To a soul that is desolate. writ. For though we are old our hearts are young; There's never a heart so haughty And though we are feeble, our love is The right to stand and glean But will some day bow and kneel; strong; What food I need and ean There's never a heart so wounded And never was song by singer sung From the garnered store of knowledge That the Saviour cannot heal; One half so sweet as our life's full song, Which man has heaped for man, There's many a lowly forehead Taking with free hands freely and after an That's bearing the hidden scal. That gladdens the evening time with light, ordered plan. Filling all loneliest hours with peace, There's never a day so sunny Thrilling our hearts with a joy tonight The right! ah, best and sweetest! But a little cloud appears; Of a melody which ne'er shall eease. To stand all undisma;ed There's never a life so happy Whenever sorrow or want or sin But has its time of tears; Yet the sun shines out the brighter Call for a woman's aid. With none to eavil or question, by never a When the stormy tempest clears. look gainsaid. Mu 1/1/2 I do not ask for a ballot, Though very life were at stake, I would beg for the nobler justice That men for manhood's sake Should give ungrudgingly, nor withhold till I must fight and take. The fleet foot and the feeble foot Both seek the self-same goal, The weakest soldier's name is writ On the great army roll, and God, who made man's body strong, made too the woman's soul. Il Steering airs fram a tho the Swith Dy Three fother never the L.

returned home, between Sails at night Thantind Sail lue Gulf all around us, Blue sky overhead— uster all on the quarter, We must bury the dead! lest ledd not get feet at 10 It is but a Danish sailor, Rueged of front and form; A common son of the forecastle, Grizzled with sun and storm. in at 11 took him to the Ichigi His name, and the strand he hailed from, We know—and there's nothing more! But perhaps his mother is waiting On the lonely Island of Four. Still, as he lay there dying, Reason drifting awreck. "Tis my watch," he would mutter, "I must go upon deck!" y, on deck—by the foremast!— But watch and lookout are done: 'he Union-Jack laid o'er him, How quiet he hes in the sun! to dight winds from West imp w the ponderous engine, tay the hurrying shaft! the roll of the ocean radie our giant craft—her around the grating, arry your messmate aft! et to fineshed at night Thursten tand in order, and listen
To the holiest page of prayer!
et every foot be quiet,
Every heat be bare—
the soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair. I last frust Palmo simpley 1 - Si Lang By Our captain reads the service,
(A little spray on his cheeks),
The rand old words of burial,
At d the trust a true heart seeks—
"W: therefore commit his body
To the deep"—aud, as he speaks, Lang By Lan ached from the weather railing, Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunge, away from the shark,
Down, a thousand fathoms,
Down into the dark! hat By be A thousand summers and winters
The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin—
But, silence to doubt and dole!
There's a quiet har or somewhere
For the poor a-weary soul. the light wins from Ely to Strend I finhacks and many Dirics In Free the fettered engine,
Speed the tircless shaft!
Loose to'gallant and top-sa
The breeze is fair abaft!
Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erheadEvery man to his duty!
We have buried our dead I a the finished at daylight Sur I he Sow a AM Atherte fastind to the Ships surpley, I we Cuting .50 Lang D Monday Cams with Strang winds and thick h Par 16 th in cuting at I for the finished Shans and Canmenst Darling middle and last hast Ilrang ruinds frein need thick wether at daylight Det the tay, Lange !

hiddle and Post yeart Men Moderate the ind Shifted to South at & a he Sut the Saw Whates Chast Cantal not get fast
Lat Dy Aly 58:25
Long Dy Throp 29 27:15 Coms muito light minds and pleasant mether Sum and Chart sevened ruhades Carld hat get fait Thankind Suit By night at day digit cet the infraged in Standing down Out Cahest General ind to one Slightly Set thin a schauling Thouse Low Thing the ruind light and the wether fair Lat Dy als 38 244 Lung Dy Alet 2900 sams mythe hight runds and fair mether ingstaged in Thanking down of Saw and est ruhales Cold not get fast at neight Short to I'm last hast Thoung Kninds Know Sty at 10 a B. Set the the thought downtothe needt Maning dawn Oil Shofted the Main terpent Lat Dy Ols 38 49 Long Py Act 28:40 with Strong ruinds frame harth Steering Willy & at 3 Jun a W. Whater fastend and Kild ast a line and try that means hast the Whater ast sport his the munds Saw and that thought the Last Laterly ars 38:30 Liang Dy Chron LY: 55

not therefore detail the circui . Utter returned home, between the

Boston Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, Jan. 24, 1884.

A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

Wreck of an Ocean Steamer Off Martha's Vineyard.

City of Columbus Sunk and Over 100 Lives Lost.

Dreadful Scenes in the Midst of a Winter Gale.

Stories of the Wreck and Theories as to its Cause.

The List of the Victims and Sketches of their Lives.

At 8.15 Prices exening the agent of the Boston and Savannan Steamship Company in fine city received from New Bedford a dispatch from Captain S. E. Wright of the City of Columbus of that line, announcing the loss of the steamer, with four-fifths of the passengers and crew. Information obtained subsequently in Boston and New Bedford furnished facts for this summary of one of the most shocking disasters that ever occurred on the New England coast. The City of Columbus left Boston Thursday after. ters that ever occurred on the New England coast. The City of Columbus left Boston Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, bound for Savannah, with 81 passengers, of whom flfly-nine were first class, twenty-two in the steerage and a crew of forty-five officers and men. At 3.45 Friday morning, with the wind blowing a gale, the steamer struck on the "Devil's Bridge Reef," off Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard. The passengers, almost without exception, and many of the crew were below. Most of them rushed at once to the deck with little on but their night clothes, but so sudden was the catastrophe and so shortwas the time between the striking of the steamer and its sinking that some of the women and children did not appear at all. The steamer's boats and life rafts were launched as soon as possible, but were almost immediately swallowed up by the waves. Then those who remained took to the rigging were launched as soon as possible, but were almost immediately swallowed up by the waves. Then those who remained took to the rigging which was above water, and none who failed to get a foothold there were saved. The suffering endured during the next few hours by those in the rigging was terrible. The cold was intense, many of the unfortunates were but half dressed, and all were drenched by the waves which swept over them. When the condition of the steamer was discovered at Gay Head the lifeboat put off bravely and took seven persons from the rigging, one of whom, however, died before reaching the shore. A few hours later the revenue cutter Dexter going its round of perilous duty approached the unfortunate steamer and took off the remaining survivors. The hardships to which the sufferers had been exposed will be realized when it is stated that after their rescue four of them died on board of the cutter, and that not a woman or child was saved. Of the 126 persons ou board when the steamer left Boston, the best information that can be obtained indicates that 101 persisted.

THE CAPTAIN'S STATEMENT.

Capt. Wright Gives an Account of the Disaster.

New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 18. Following 18. Captain Wright's statement regarding the loss of the steamer City of Columbus: "The City of Columbus left Boston at 3 P. M. on Thursday, carrying 80 passengers at d a crew of forty-five. At 3.45 A. M. on Friday, Gay Head Light bearing south half east, vessel struck off the outside Devit's Bridgo Buoy. The wind was blowing a

alle west by north. The vessel immediately spilled and heeled over, the water breaking in and flooding the port side of the saleon. All of the passengers, exerbing a few women and children, came on deck, nearly all wearing hisopreservers. All of the boats were cleared away but were manufaltely swamped. A majority of the passengers exere washed overboard. Seven passengers before the boats were cleared away but were mindially swamped. A majority of the passengers were washed overboard. Seven passengers before the boats were cleared away but were mindially swamped. A majority of the passengers were washed overboard. Seven passengers before the boats were cleared away but were continued by Essel and West Chops with a strong the continued by Essel and West Chops with a strong the proposed strong the proposed strong with the course west-coulthwest. Passed Nobska, and with the course west-coulthwest stepped into my room, thinking we had come across a vessel bound down the Sound. I then cried out "Hard a port," not knowing but it was a proposed with the course west-coulthwest in the pilot house with the mate, sing out to "Hard a port," not knowing but it was a proposed to proposed the port of the port of the pilothy was in the pilot house with the mate, sing out to "Hard a port," not knowing but it was a vessel bound down the Sound. I then cried out "Hard a port," not knowing but it was a vessel bound down the Sound. I then cried out "Hard a port," not knowing but it was a vessel bound down the Sound. I then cried out "Hard a port," not knowing but it was a vessel bound own the Sound. I then cried out "Hard a port," not knowing but it was a vessel bound down the Sound. I then cried out "Hard a port," not knowing but it was a vessel bound down the Sound in the pilothy of the proposed with a strong the proposed with the course west-coulties and the pilothy of the proposed with the pilothy of the proposed with the course west-coulties and the er the steamer's deck, and tirely under water we were forced to go up on properties of the houses. I stayed there awhile, but we cre finally obliged to take to the rigging. The ate, second mate, chief engineer and fourth agineer took to the raft. I think the steamer ruck on a lone rock." The captain is positive at the struck outside the buoy, and in backing rifted liside.

AN AWFUL SCENE.

AN AWFUL SCENE.

An AWFUL SCENE.

An AWFUL SCENE.

Statements of the Cutter's Officers—Frightful Seenes of Life and Death in the Freakers—Heroism of a Lieutenant.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Jan. 18. Officers of the Cutter Dexter furnished the following statement: At about 12.30 o'clock we sighted a vessel on the reef near Gay Head. The wind and the reef near Gay Head. The wind and the reef near Gay Head. The wind and a terrible seen the course of the country of the captain is positive.

An awful scene of Life and Death in the Freakers—Heroism of a Lieutenant.

An awful scene of Life and Death in the Grant of the Cutter of the Cut

Statements of the Cutter's Officers-Fright-

New Bedford, Mass. Jan. 18. Officers of the Cutter Dexter furnished the following statement: At about 12.50 o'clock we sighted a vessel on shore on the reef near Gay Head. The wind was blowing a gale and a terrible sea was running. As we approached we saw the vessel was a steamer and waves were breaking over her. Wo anchored on her starboard quarter two or three hundred yards away. The cutter's boat was at once lowered, manned by five men in charge of Lieut. Rhodes, who brought off seven men. A return trip was made and one man was brought to the vessel. Lient. Kennedy was then dispatched in the gig with cutter's boat was at once lowered, manned by five men in charge of Licut. Rhodes, who brought of seven men. A return trip was made and one man was brought to the vessel. Lient. Kennedy was then dispatched in the gig with four men and took off four or five men. Meanwish the life-toot transferred several men to the cutter, and at length the rigging was cleared of the survivors. The yessel sank in about four fathoms of water and the railing on the bow was the outly portion of the hull visible. We found the men in the rigging was the outs would have been pounded to pieces. The men in the rigging was the could not save been pounded to pieces. The men in the rigging was the could not save the men was the outly into the sea, and we caught them as they arose to the surface find bulled them into the boats. Some of the men was the could not save the men to the rigging in the was related by the men was not seen made in the poor the rigging was saved. Engage in the was well with the man was not seen made in the poor the rigging was saved. Engage in the was well with the was will would have saved in the poor to the surface find bulled them into the boats. Some of the surface in the poor to the rigging was saved. Engage in the was well and the poor to the rigging was saved. Engage was the outly be the poor to the rigging was saved. Engage was placed in the boat was hilted ifficen feet on a crest, and it was not seen the was hilled poor to the rigging. Lieutenant Rhodes jumped for him, but the boat was hilted infined by the poor to the poor to the rigging was placed in the poor to the rigging was placed in the poor to the poo

where it

Out of Position-Newspaper Men Per-

Thoso are R. A. McDonald, the Quartermaster; James Brown, steerage passenger; Edward Leary and Richard Gibant, seamen. McDonald and Brown were brought here by the

Searching for the Dead.

There was a vigorous search for bodies in prog ress. In a little meeting house four were laid out; in a fishing shed were half a dozen more and ulled up along the shore were others, fitteen in.
H. Most of the bodies were badly mutilated, and indentification was by clothing and trinkets oulv. The natives had done everything in their power in occiving bodies and property without hope of rereceiving bodies and property without hope of re-ward, and with no assistance or instructious as yet from any one in authority. There has been no official search for bodies as yet. There has not been a public effort in this direction. The only member of the crew on duty at the time of the disaster who can give any account of the real circumstances is the Quarternaster, who was at the wheel when the ship struck. His duty

in steering was solely manual.

The Story of Quartermaster McDonald.

Roderick A. McDonald, the Quartermaster on duty at the wheel, tells this story: I went on duty at midnight, when Capt. Wright and First Mate duty at the wheel, tells this story: And First Mate at midnight, when Capt. Wright and First Mate Fuller were also in the wheelhouse. Fuller was relieved at 1.45, and the Second Mate, Edward flarding, succeeded him. It was a heavy blow, but clear overhead, with the borizon hazy. The and was a little ou our starboard bow. After wind was a little ou our starboard bow. After making the Tarpaulin Light on the island of Nau making the Tarpaulin Light on the island of Naushou we took a southwest by west, which always took us in mid-channel. The captain went helow ahout an hour before we struck. We were then ahove Tarpaulin Light to the west; about 15 or 30 minutes before he went below the captain gave me the course, southwest by west. The second mate was in the pilot house when the course was given, and knew how we were headed. Mr. Harding, the accord water a second mate was truck told. and knew now we were headed as second mate, a sbort time before we struck told me not to go any to the leeward of that course. I steered as straight a course as possible. Mr. me not to go any to the leeward of that course. I steered as straight a course as possible. Mr. Harding was at his station all the time during the absence of the captain. We could see the Gay Head Light plainly off our port bow, but we could not judge the distance by it for the land was hazy. The light appeared closer than usual to me, but with the land half obscured I could not judge. That is the course I have always steered the ship since I have been on the line in August last. since I have been on the line in August last. since I have been on the line in August last. A few minutes after the mate's caution the man on the lookout ran to the pilot house and reported something to the mate. He told me atterward that he reported the buoy off our port bow. The mate gave me the order, "Hard aport." I obeyed and the captain hurrled up from his cabin and repeated the order. At that mendent she strink, not very pard, it seemed to me. Then the captain looked out and exclaimed: "There's the buoy. I am outside of it!" I did not see the buoy. The captain looked and pack her and threat the wheel over to starside of it!" I did not see the buoy. The captain rang to back her and threw the wheel over to starboard. He also gave orders to hoist the jib to board. He also gave orders to hoist the jib to cant her head off to westward. There were plenty of men on duty, and the sail was set very promptly. She swung off a couple of points, and then came back again. She would not back off the reef, and then the oaptain tried to go over it, ringing shead full speed. It was no use. She swung a couple of points each way, but I could not tell whether she drifted any. I knew of the swinging whicher she drifted any. I knew of the swinging of her head by the compass only. The vessel did not come off the rock at all. Then the captain told me to abandon the wheel and we all left the pilot house. The second mate took all left the pilot house. The second mate took charge of the raising of the jib, and by the captain's orders I went to help at the boats. Got a knilo to cut away the lashings of the boats, and went to No. 2 lifeboat. Several others were there on the starhoard side. The ship had just begun to cant when we got the lee lashings cut. The vessel when we got tho lee lashings cut. The vessel careened over and we had to abaudon the attempt to get the life-boat free. Some were at work at the port side boats, which were plunged under the water, all but one by the tipping of the vessel on that side. The second boat I went to on the starboard side forward was partly clear and the first engineer was at work on her. With the second mate we tried to clear her and slide her down the steep deck to the water, but we couldn't free the boat without killing all hands. I slid down a rope to the one boat that was afloat on the port jumped for her and fell overboard. The next sea frantically to every available projection that of Nearly and all deep to the one boat that was afloat on the port side. Four of five were already in that boat. I jumped for her and fell overboard. The next sea that swung her toward the vessel enabled me to catch hold of the gunwale. I sang out to a man on board to help me climb in, but he paid no attendent. Then the boat suddenly filled under a heavy sea. Three of the men on board jumped into the water from the boat suddenly filled under a heavy sea. Three of the men on board jumped into the water frowned before they could reach the silp. It was a life boat and did not 'sink when she filled, and I climbed on board, before they could reach the solly with each other in frenzied attempts to secure every coign of vantage of the silp. It was a life boat and we drifted away with the boat full of water. We struggled for the shore. The others wanted to strike for the nearest shore under the Gay Head Laht. I refused to allow them, knowing we would be dashed to pleces on the rocky headland, toward which the swift tade was carrying us. We haddled a little with a collection of the water and suffered fearfully as we struggled along around the hoadland. We drifted and pardled along, we tried to along around the hoadland. We drifted and pardled along, we tried to that a little with a fleece of hoard, and one man pulled.

off his boot and tried to pay, nothing, the sea breaking over us all the time, as we afterward found there was a hole in the hoat also. We left the ship soon after 4 o'clock, not also. We left the ship soon after 4 o'clock, hoat also. and kept afloat until daylight—about 7 o'clock. Then we succeeded lu landing about two miles from the week. Chas. F. James, one of us, dled just from the wreck. Chas. F. James, one cius, ded just hefore we reached the shore. The rest of us were hardly able to move, none could walk, and we criwled up the beach. I reached a house after a while and sent help to my companious. Those with Mr. McDonald were Samuel Gallant, Edward Leary and James Brown.

The Cause of the Disaster.

From the testimony of the quartermaster it is evident that several causes combined to bring about the disaster. First of all, the direct rewhose negligence in allowing the ship to run three miles off her course it is impossible to understand. The quartermaster says that the same course he was steering had always taken him safely through the sound, but the vessel was only one-quarter loaded instoad of a full cargo. A gale was blowing on the starboard bow, and a strong tide setting in about the same direction. All these conditions would have veered her strongly to the south and upon the fatal veered her strongly to the south and upon the fatal ledge. The captain did not make due allowance for this great veering to lecward. If the vessel was being steered by compass only, this would be the only explanation of the disaster. But all the lights on the coast were in plalu sight, and there appeared to be no excuse for the second mate's failure to early detect the mistake in steering that 'course. 'Again, the quariermaster says the buoy was on the port bow when they struck, and that the captain so exclaimed when he looked from the window after the first striking. But this can hardly be possible, the first striking. But this can hardly be possible, for the vessel now hes fully a quarter of a mile inside the buoy, which is in its proper place, and the ship has probably shifted only a few feet since she first got aground.

The Statement of Parser Spaulding.

The Statement of Parser Spaulding.

Phrser Spaulding glves the following story of the wreck of the City of Columbus: I retired at 10 o'clock Thursday night when the City of Columbus was off Pollock Rhy Lightship. I was awakened by the shock when the vessel first struck on the ledge. I hastily threw on my olothing, and rushing out of my stateroom inquired of the first person I met as to what time it was. A passenger replied, half-past three. The vessel kept grinding on the rocks for several minutes after the first hock, each heavy sea alternatoly forcing her on and off the slope of the ledge. I met First Officer Fuller a moment after I came out of my stateroom, which was on the hurricane deck. Fuller was then on the port side amidships, working at the davits. I said to Fuller: "What does this mean?" He roplied. "It seems to me that we are on the Devil's Bridge; if so we are lost." I asked how much deeper the ship would slake. bridge; if so we are lost." I asked how much deeper the ship would sluk: "No deeper," he replied. I then went into the cabin and saw there Charles Howes, the second steward. I said to him: "Get your crowd out. Knock in the doors and pull the passengers on to their feet." I remember having heard him tell at least two of the rassengers in the staterooms to get up and go to the social hall on the hurricand

deck. He went through the starboard side of the main eabin, knocking on all the doors of the staterooms, and I went through the port side doing the same. I rapped at every door on any side of the cabin. Before I got to the last door on the port side the vessel heeled over. There were a number of passengers in the saloon, and I called out to them to save themselves as best thoy could. I then rushed through the main saloon and up the staircase, climbing up to the weather side of the deck. The vessel heeled over so far on the port side that all the staterooms on that side of the slup were completely submerged. On the weather side of the deck there were three or four passengers. We stayed there for a few moments. When the ship righted and settled there was a terrible scene of confusion on the deck. Men and women, some with children in their arms, clambered up to the deck, ellinging frantically to every available projection that of-fered resistance. They crowded upon each other

carried her head up again on the ledge, when she settled permanently, apparently between boulders or on a hard bottom. I don't think she shifted her position more than fifteen feet after she first struck. The sea at this time was making a clean sweep over the ship and the wind was blowing head on. From the maintop, I saw the life raft on the after part of the hurricane house. There were a half a dozen men standing, as if waiting for a wave to launch it luto the sea. One of the firemen cut the lashings of the raft with a razor when the vessel was lying on the port side. I saw one of the port boats launched carried her head up again on the raft with a razor when the vessel was lying on the port. sido. I saw one of the port boats launched and upset. Then I saw port boat No. 5 (the purser's boat, belonging to me) launched by Quartermaster McDonald and sailors Robert Gallant and Edwin Leary. A passenger named Tibbits also get into the boat. Many of the passengers were swept overboard as soon as they came on deck. When I saw the lashings of the raft cut I thought "Here's a chance for Spaulding." I let myself down the mainstay hand under hand, but before I could reach the raft a monstrous wave rolled in down the mainstay hand under hand, but before I could reach the raft a monstrous wave rolled in and swept the raft overboard, carrying those on it off into the sea, the raft floating away in one direction and the former occupants in another. These minst all have been lost. I hung to the rope and endeavored to swing myself upon the hurricane house, but before I could do so the waves had torn it away and the same gigantic sea caught me and swept he again in the port rigging. I was hadly lurf. the again in the port rigging. I was backly hurt but after a while managed to crawl again into the but after a while managed to crawl again into the maintop, where I stayed until 9.30 o'clock in the morning, when takeu off by the life boat from Gay Head. A steamer passed the wreck four niles to the southeastward before 8 o'clock that morning, and although we all waved signals and the torn jib was flying in the wind, a she paid no attention to us. The life boat crews of the Massachusetts Humane Society were the bravest men I ever saw; they are all volunteers, but they came out in the terrible sea and rescued us, risking their own lives a thousand times. These men saved that morning twenty men; seven were landed here, and the cutter Dexter took These men saved that morning twenty men; seven were landed here, and the cutter Dexter took als from the volunteer crews' boats. The brave and gallant men who manned the volunteer life boats are as follows: First hoat—Coxswain, Jos. Peterson; stroke, Samuel Haskins; No. 2, Sam'i Autory; 'No. 3, Joseph Cooper; No. 4, Moses Cooper; bow, John T. Vanderhoop, Second boat—Stroke, Leonard Vanderhoop; No. 2, Conrad Jeffers; No. 3, Patrick L. Devin; No. 4, Charles Grimes; bow, Poter Jensen.

Neither of the life boats dared to opme nearer to the vessel than fifty feet, so we were all obliged.

Neither of the life boats dared to opine hearer to the vessel than fifty feet, so we were all obliged to leap from the rigglug into the angry sea and swim for our lives. When the first beat came we jumped in turn into the sea, and were picked up. The first life heat landed us on the heach, and the second took thirteen more off the wreck, were transferred to the cutter Dexter. Too i cannot be said in praise of the half-breed Indians who composed the Humane Society volunteer Their bravory and devotion were neve paralleled.

An Important Difference.

It will be observed that furser Spaulding positively states that the ship did not change her positively states that the ship did not change her position more than 15 feet. Captain Wright states that he backed the vessel two of the ship's lengths, when he reversed the engines, and although he struck outside of the buoy the vessel drifted inside the buoy. The wreck now lies about one-fourth of a mile laside of the buoy, and men on Gay Hoad Bluff say she lies thus where the struck. No news of any kind had been received at Gay Head up to the arrival of the tig Nellie with newspaper correspondents, and Purser Spaulding was entirely ignorant of Captaiu Wright's statement about the vessel Form moved two ship lengths and then drifted unside of the buoy side of the buoy.

Statement of Heary Collins.

Second Assistant Englneer Henry Collins stated he was asleep in his stateroom when ho was awakened by the shock of the vessel striking on the rock. "I hastily dressed," he said, "and hur riedly ran on deck. A terrible sight was then revealed. Passengers from the main saloon were crowding on deck and being washod overboard as

not therefore detail the circur . Utter returned home, between the

of the again as energy as I did that ight. I don't think the vessel has moved om the place where she was when she struck, he did a good deal of grinding on the rocks and led with water very rapidly after she struck, ithin thirty inhutes. I think when I came on eck I saw the buoy off our port bow. I was not yor three minutes in reaching the deck after the asset struck."

ement of the Gay Head Light Keeper. rement of the Gay Head Light Keeper. oratio N. Pease is the keeper of the Gay Head t, which, by the way, is one of the sheet on the st. He has been stationed there for fourteen as keeper and six years previously as assistile is also in charge of the lifet of the Massachusetts Humane Society on the headland. He says: The Devil's considered the most dangerous spot the coast. It is about three-fourths of a mile tre, and all below the surface, except at tide. The distance from Gay Head Cuttyhuuk, an island just opposes seven miles, and two-thirds of vessels passing through the sound hug the reshore. At 1 o'clock Friday morning I was syed in the charge of the light by my assistant shore. At 1 o'clock Friday morning I was ved in the charge of the light by my assistant er, Fred Poole. At 5 he saw a white light on bridge that did not move. An hour later called me, and we talked it over. y concluding that it must be a wreck. That burned till 7 o'clock that evening. Just c dawn I sent my assistant to summon the le living on the headland. He went as fast as le from house to house, but it was rk. The whole town of about 150 souls, d, was finally aroused, and came flocking to the west daylight came I but out my light.

Ite from house to house, but it was rk. The whole town of about 150 souls, to do was finally aroused, and came floeking to re. When daylight came I put out my light, go out of the tower I waved a sheet in not to let the poor fellows know that we saw, and that help would come. This was in view of the Lighthouse Service rules, but I felt used when I learned that my signal had enlaged some of them. Then I got out the lifeth and called for volunteers to man her. There is plenty of responses, and I put the time charge of Joseph Peterson, an seaman. The rest of the crew were Samuel kins, Sainuel Anthony, James Cooper, Moses per and John P. Vauderhoof, all natives of a Head. There was a heavy sea running, and was blowing strong from the southwest. It was rety inhutes before they could reach the wreek, but three-fourths of a mile away. The crew came back exhausted with seven from the wreck. Lhad forgotten to put life to on the first crew. They had been pulling bours and were unable togo out again. A seederew equipped with life belts was organized follows: James Mosler, in command, Leonard inderhoof, Conrad Jeffers, Patrick L. Devine, ties Grimes, Peter Jensen. When this crew ched the wreek the Revenue Cutter ster airrived, and thirteen men, which crew took from the rigging, they transferred be thexter. The cutter did not rescue all the enteen men they took away. Of those saved they were rescued by the men of Gay Head, have described. The second crew did not e the wreck until four o'clock, when dead man and one insensible remained er ging. These were afterward taken out the Rhodes. While the first crew was off the crew took from the region as a sparently a raft about two miles in the Sound, but the boat soon filed swanped. The crew got ashore as best they are the sounder crew, but when they was apparently a raft about two miles in the Sound, but the boat soon filed swanped. The crew got ashore as best they are the sounder crew, but when they ded the wreck there was nothing more to be statement by the Lookout.

"For God's sake, what will become of my trunks?" the fellow exolaimed. "Don't think of your trunks, but of your life," was the captain's reply. Mr. Tibbetts next saw the captain on too of the pilot-house. He was wrapping his coat around two boys. When that position became unsafe the capiant drove the lads ahead of him up the rigging to the maintop. It was too crowded thero, and heroically sacrificing himself, Captain Wright dropped into the waves below, but by a lucky chance he was carried to the bow, which was out of the water. There he maintained his position during the trying hours that followed. He was the coolest man ing hours that followed. He was the coolest man on board during all the awful experience. When help did arrive, he directed the movements of the on board during all the awful experience. When help did arrive, he directed the movements of the men in the rigging, teiling them when to jump. Mr. Tibbetts says that a stout man with him on the ratines suffered greatly from the cold. He was terribly alraid to dic. Mr. Tibbetts continues: "I told him to pray, but he said he couldn't. I told him that there was little chance, for life, and he should take the opportunity to make his peace with God. I prayed with him and he did so and said he felt better. Then he told me how he had become separated from his wife tn the cabiu. She saw that they could not both be saved and begged him to leave her and struggle for life so as to care for their four children. She was not seen again and he also perished. A young man near me was in great mental distress. He told me he didn't know how to pray and couldn't, he had led such a wicked life. At last he said 'I will not go before my Maker with a pack of cards in my pocket,' and he threw overboard his card case. He, also, was lost." Mr. Tibbetts was rescued by the first lifebeat that put off from the shore. He speaks in terms of highest praise of the hospitality of the half-breed Islanders. "They call them savages," he sald, "but in the house where I was entertained they read and prayed every morning as devoutly and intelligently as do any so-called civilized Chrisread and prayed every morning as devoutly and intelligently as do any so-called civilized Chris-

SAD STORIES.

Two Brave Boys Who Pulled Through-Sorrowful Experiences and Members of the Crew.

and Members of the Crew.

Two boys were among the survivors, the Farnsworth brothers, George W. and Herbert W., or Townseud, Mass., who, In spite of the fearfut storm and cold, managed, by the aid of one of the crew, to escape death. A sailor, John White, as soon as he saw the danger of the boys, hurried to their side, and placing them in the lee of the wheel house, tore away some of the clothing which had swept into the rigging and wrapped them up in it. Then, as their position became unsafe, he aided thom to the rigging, and pushed them up the rope ladders, where they clung in safety through the terrible morning until rescued. The younger of the boys seemed scarcely to realize the danger through which he had passed. Said John White, the sailor, "Itwas fearful, the way those women were swept away. Some I saw rush on deck with their husbands, and as the full force of the storm broke in them, realizing that all was lost, they threw if a rims around their husbands' neck and bade to my coerboard, for no power on earth centid save them. A mother with her little child held tight in first arms was borno away by the waves almost before fairly reaching the deck. Not one woman reached the rigging. The waves took them immediately, while a number were probably snothered in their bertus.

Mr. H. A. Phtilips, the first assistant engineer,

of the crew launched a whale boat to go to was apparently a raft about two 'miles in the Sound, but the boat soon filed samped. The crew got ashore as best they in the boat was dashed to kindling wood 'reakers on the rocks. A team was also sent life Saxlag Station at Squambrocket, four way. The life boat there was brength over anned by another crew, but when they ded the wreck there was nothing more to be statement by the Lookont.

Statement by the Lookont.

Frank Leary, the lookout on duty at the time of the control of the disaster I referred the norming of the norming of the disaster I referred the norming of the norming of

Twis done for, but I managed to get 1608e and ryam for the boat. Was just sinking when some doo seized my hand and pulled me on board. Two of my ribs are broken now." Just as the sallor had finished his story a young man hurried up to ask about another of the crew. "Jack?" said the survivor in reply. "No, ho's gone. He hang on for a long while, but smally crod out that he couldn't stand it any longer. I urged him to hold on, but it was no uso. Hor-died, I believe, right on the rigging, for he dropped like a dead man into the water. Did you know him well?" The reply was almost inaudible as the stranger dropped his head, saying. "He was my brother." Then others, came to to inquire for friends only, in most cases to be disappointed in a similar way.

One of the saddest stories is told by Engenc McGarry of Somerville (some time, printed McCarrhy), who with his brother Henry was a passenger. The brothers were perched high in the rigging a number of hours. He says: "I saw a poor fellow down at the leeward side of the rigging who would not jump into the water and run a chance for the rope, but kept his hands and fingers in continual and frantic motions toward the life crew, crying over and over again, 'Come and take me!' A piece of wood came down the next instant and knocked him into the water. The wood must have kelled him, for he never came up after striking the water. About 11 o'clock a fellow near me fell from the rigging into the water completely exhausted. 'There goes another poor fellow to his grave,' says I, and Henry said 'Aye.' Then the topmost part of the mainmast fell, and striking a man in the rigging who had worked hard for two hours to get his position, knocked him dead luto the water. About noon I saw a steamer coming, which turnod out to be the revenue cutter, and I says to Henry, 'By lingo! Here comes a steamer that may save us. Only God knows though.' Then we agreed to try to get on to the steamer if there was a ghost of a show. The whaler sent her life-boat out again about this time. I have a maden

CAPTAIN WRIGHT.

than IIIs Share of the Responsibility

A Weart-broken Man who Shoulders More than His Share of the Responsibility.

For the first time since the wreck Capt. Wright of the lost steamship Thesday night returned to his home in this city. He is an utterly heart-broken man. Many points about the great disaster were issassed with The Journal representative during his second mate, then whom the responsibility of the disaster seems for rest. The captain says that Harding was one of the most capable young men he ever met. He had no bad habits and was well acquainted with the duties of his position. Born and brought up in Chatmam, he was theroughly acquainted with the waters through which the City of Columbus passed while in his charge. When Capt. Wright took command of the ship, Harding was a quarternaster. The captain says that the second officer at that time was a drinking man, and he got rid of him on that account, and gave the position to Harding. Capt. Wright described his experience in the rigging and how he got into the bow, substantially as is given in Mr. Tibbetts's statement. All through the tong hours ho encouraged those in the rigging to keep up conrage, and when help came he told them how to act. If waited for a billow to come in and then shouted to a man the right moment to imp. One poor fellow hesitated a moment when the captain gave the order, and was lost. The billow had commenced to recede, and did not carry him out to the boat that was waiting to take him in. Captain Wright was the last man taken off alive, and he said: "I would have died rather than leave the ship while any one else renatmed." Although utcriy exhausted physically, as well as mentally, tho captain dreaded his return to Boston.

"I don't know whether I can go home," he said, "On whether they will have to send me to the insane asylum. I have got an ordinary amount of nerve, but there is a limit to every man's endurance," and the tears came again as they had several times before during his pathetic recital. The newspaper man endeavored to cheer him with the prospect of quiet

THE LOST AND THE SAVED.

What is Belleved to be an Accurate List of Those Who Perished and Those Who Escaped.

The following list of names is corrected up to the hour of going to press, and is believed to be accurate with hardly an exception. They are arranged in alphabetical order.

Briggs F(ward T., porter, residence unknown.
Brown, J.mes. passenger, Lawrence.
Butler, Momas, fireman, Prince Edward
Island.
Colling F.

Collins, Harry second assistant engineer, Taunton, Mass.

iallant, R. scaman, Cape Breton,

Hammond, F. R., passenger, Gouldsboro', Me. Hanson, Furber, walter, residence unknowu. Hines, John, fireman, Boston. Kennedy, Michael, seaman, St. Johns, N. F. Leary, Edward, seaman, residence unknown. Madden, John, seaman, Charlottetown, P. E. I. McDonald, Roderlek, quartermaster, Boston. McGarry, Eugene, passenger, Somerville, Mass. O'Buien, Edward, seaman, 8t. Johns, N. F. O'Leary, Thomas, fireman, Boston, Phillips, H. A., first assistant engineer, Boston. Phillips, H. A., steward, Brooklyn, N. Y. Spaulding, William, purser, Boston. Tibbets, F. R., passenger, Somerville, Mass. Vanoe, E., passenger, North Truro, N. S. Waterbouse, Horace, passenger, Bath, Me. Weidman, H., passenger, Lawrenoe. White John, seaman, Prince Edward Island. Wright, S. E., captain, Dartmouth, Mass.

White John, seaman, Prince Edward Island. Wright, S. E., captain, Dartmouth, Mass.

The Lost.

Atkinson, Mrs. J., passenger, Woodstook, N. B., Atkinson, Mollie, child, Woodstock, N. B., Batchelder, Henry L., passenger, Boston. Batchelder, Mrs. Henry L., Dartiet, Dr. Horace C., Lyndon, Vt. Bartiet, Mrs. Horace C., Lyndon, Vt. Bartlett, Mrs. Horace C., Eyndon, Vt. Beach, Miss Elizabeth R., passenger, Mansfield, John.

Beal, Mrs. James, passenger, Boston. Beal, Mrs. Jinez, passenger, Boston. Bell, Charles D., passenger, Hollis, N. H. Belyea, R. B., passenger, Woodstock, N. B. Bigney, Daniel, waiter, residence unknown, Boardnian, William, waiter, Hyde Park, Mass. Brooks, Helen, passenger, Nortboorough, Mass. Carney, Thomas, fireinau, Boston. Chase, Mrs. A.

Clark, Phillip, quartermaster, Boston.

Cumnings, A., passenger, Watertown.

Daniels, Mrs., C. E., passenger, Lawrence, Daniels, Henry L., passenger, Lawrence.

Day, Michael. olier, residence unknown.

Davis, Miss L., passenger, residence unknown.

Davis, Miss L., passenger, residence unknown.

Durland, H., passenger, residence unknown.

lown,
Durland, H., passenger, residence unknown,
Eaton, N. D., passenger, Hermon, Me,
Fawcett, James, passenger, Lawrence,
Fitzpatick, Wni., pantryman, Nashua, N. H.
Frost, C. F., passenger, Natick,
Fuller, Edward, first officer, Barnstable,
Gallagher, Thomas, second cook, residence unlown.

Ganaghet, Thomas, second cook, residence unknown.
Gebson, Miss, passenger, residence unknown.
Gelddings, T. E., passenger, Nashua, N. H.
Goddard, G. E., passenger, residence unknown.
Griffin, D., passenger, Milbury.
Hagar Mrs., passenger, residence unknown.
Hale, F. L., passenger, Boston.
Hammond, G. Fritd., passenger, Hyde Park.
Harding, Augustus, second officer, residence

Hearer, John J., passenger, Taunton.
Hines, G., passenger, Lawrence.
Howes, Charles H., second steward, residence

Hutchinson, E. T., passenger, residence un-

Hutchinson, E. T., passenger, residence unknown,
Hutchinson, Mrs. E. T.
Lasigi, Oscar, passenger, Boston,
James, C. F., passenger, Everett.
Kellogg, George H., passenger, Fitchburg,
Kellogg, Mrs. H. B., passenger, Foston,
Kelly, Annie, passenger, residence unknown,
Laphatz, W., passenger, residence unknown,
Lawrence, Capt. Levi, passenger, Ashby,
Low, James, oller, residence unknown,
Manoney, Frank, pantryman, residence unknown
May F. A., passenger, Boston,
McCarty, T., passenger, residence unknown,
McCarty, Damiel, haker, residence unknown,
McDonald, Danlel, mess boy, residence unknown,
McGarry, Henry, passenger, Somerville,
McGiggan, Alexander, coal heaver, residence
unknown,

McGiggan, Alexander. coal neaver, residence unknown.
McKenna, John, oiler, residence unknown.
Merrill, Cobey, child, Woodstock, N. B.
Merrill, James A., passenger, Boston.
Mitchell, D. W., passenger, residence unknown.
Morrison. Archibald, chief englueer, Bostou.
Moore, Harry, waiter, residence unknown.
Morton, Nathaniel J., passenger, Bostou.
Murray. William, third assistant englueer, residence unknown.
Nourse, Joel, passenger, Boston.
O'Leary, Cornelius, coal heaver, residence unknown.

wn. earson, August, passenger, residence un Pearson, August, passenger, residence unnown.
Pinkhain, Mrs. S. J., passenger, Dover, N. H.
Rand, Rev. C. A., passenger, Haverhill, Mass.
Rand, Mrs. C. A., and daughter.
Rand, Edward S., passenger, Boston.
Rand, Mrs. Edward S.
Rich, Mrs. Edward S.
Rich, Mrs. Dwlght B., passenger, Boston,
Richardson, Caleb, passenger, Boston,
Richardson, Mrs. Caich.
Roach, John, coal heavor, residence unknown.
Sargent, Frederick M., passenger, Merrimac,
lass.

Sargent, Frederick Mass. Skeane, Mrs., passenger, residence unknown. Slade, Mrs. Henry, passenger, Chelsea. Small. Mrs. D. R., passenger, Southampton,

ass. mith, Tacresa, stewardess, rosldence unknown, smith, Susie, passenger, residence unknown. smith, Michael, fireman, residence unknown. smilyan, Richard W., waiter, Prince Edward

land. Walber, John, passenger, Lawrence. Whiteour, Mrs., passenger, residence un-

Whitehead, John, cook, residence unknown.
Whitehead, John, cook, residence unknown.
Willett, C. A., passenger, residence unknown.
Wright, Wallace W., passenger, Lyun,
Wright, Mrs. Wallace W.
Wright, W. E., passenger, Nashua, N. H.

THE LOST.

NATHANIEL J. MORTON, one of the un o vietems of the City of Columbus, was on o Florida in search of health. He had inte-eave by the steamer Gate City on the 1

inse, but finding her accommodations pre-engaged, hought a stateroom on the steamer whose wreck is the topic of the day. Mr. Morton was a native of Bristol country and about 25 years old. In his boyhood he was employed as a cierk in a Tannton dry goods house, after which he became a reporter on the Tannton Gazette. Thouce the went to New Bedford to connect binself with the Mercury of that city, where for several years he did excellent work, making many friends and winning an enviable popularity. He came to Boston in 1880 and Joined the staff of the Glohe, on which he has sluce done constant, faithful service. During this period he acted for some time as the Boston correspondent of the few York Dramatio News, it owas the author of several songs which have met the favor of the pablic. He leaves a mother in Froetown, to whom he was deeply attached. His ancestry is traced back to the noted Morton family of the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, from which the present Chief Justice is descended. He was beloved hot fully by his associates on the Globe hut by all the journalists of the city with whom he cable in contact.

Alf. Edward Spragete Rand, who together with his wife were among the lost, was one of the oldest and best known conveyancers in Sulfolk County. Mr. Rand was nearly 75 years of age, was a gracuate of Harvard of the class of 1828, which also sheluded the Rev. Charles F. Barnard, Dr. Henry Lugersoil Bowditch, Frederle Daimey, the Rev. Thomas B. Fox. Hon. Robert C. Withthrop, Hon. George S. Hillard, Francis Caleb Loring and charles Minot, Jr. 11831 Mr. Rand received the degree of L. L. B., and although well fitted for a general legal practice he confined himself entirely to convexacing, which he mado a specialty of during hife, and acquired a reputation for thoriuginess and accuracy in that line of business which few possess. Indeed it has heen said that in the Sulfolk Registry of Deeds were destroyed by fire an almost exact duplicate of the records could be found in the office of Mr. Rand, who has spared uo p

second Chiversailst Church, Lynn. He was bright, gen. d. and social, and was President of the Lynn Chapin Club. They had no children. He was about 37 years of age, and resided on Nahabt place.

"The Engly eers of the steamship were Messrs. Archibald Morrison, chof; Hiram A. Phillips, first as istant; Henry Collins, second assistaut, and William Murry, third assistant. Inquiry at the office of the local inspectors of steam vessels elicited the information that Mr. Morrison was an engineer of seventeen years' standing in this port, having held a chief's license for that time. He was born in Scotland, and came to this country 22 years ago. He was 45 years of age, and has a family at No. 144 Thenton street, East Boston. Mr. Hiram A. Phillips, first assistant, was 40 years of age, and livel at 89 White street, East Boston. Mr. Hiram A. Phillips, first assistant, was 40 years of age, and livel at 89 White street, East Boston. Mr. Hohad for several years worked for the Atlantic Works, and had lately become an assistant engineer. Mr. Henry Collins, a native of Nova Scotla, was 35 years of age.

Mrs. Dwicht B. Rich of No. 57 Clarendon street, in this city, whose name does not appear in the passenged list because she was making the yoyage as a rivest of the captain. Mr. Rich died a year ago last October at Orange Park, Florida, whither he had gone at the head of a party of excursionists. His death was the result of a sudden attack of libres and was a severe shock to his friends. Mrs. Rich had never left that she could visit a place which had so many sad momories, but her inter's had persuaded her to make the journey, and no was on her way in the captain's charge. She was about 60 years old and leavos fivo children. What is rather remarkable, her nother and rine brothers and sisters are all living. Mrs. Pib h was well known in Hyde Park, and her lusband was one of the Twenty Associates who founded that town.

CALEB RichertBoson, of the firm of Caleb Richardson & Co. Nos. 10 and 12 Clinton Market, was traveling withhis wif

The funeral wil take place at Everett to-day.

Dr. Horacy C. Bartlett of Lyndon, Vt., and his wife were toing to Florida on account of Mrs. Bartlett's health. Dr. Bartlett was a son of the late Hon. Thomas Bartlett, ex-M. O., and was about 50 years old. Some years ago he practiced medicine in Marbiehead two years and in Lynin two years, his home during tho rest of his life being in Lyndon. Mrs. Bartlett, whoso malden name was Sarah Brown, was from Marhiehead and was one of the helrs to the Marbiehead Neck property. Dr. and Mrs. Bartlett leave no family. Mrs. Bartlett's only surviving nephew. accompanied her to the steamer on Thursday and did his numost to persuade her to givo up' the trip. Mr Robert Bridge is loft the helr to the estate, which is yory valuable.

MR. AND MES. HENRY L. BATCHELDER of No. 16 Everett a cenne, Dorchester, were widely known, and their loss will be sincerely regretted in the neighborhood where they contributed to the social life and happiness of a large circle. Mr. Batchelder was about 44 years of age. He was formerly a member of the firm of Batchelder Brothers, from which he retired two years ago. He was intereased in real estate, being the owner of some 30 or 40 dwelling houses. He was a member of the Union Lodge of Freemasons, of the Royal Arch. Chapter, Boston Commandery of Knights Templars and other institutions. Mr. and Mrs. Batchelder accompanied the commandery on its visit last yeaf to California.

Mr. Oscar lasigi was a son of Mr. Joseph lasigi of this city, for many years a member of the firm of lasigi & Goddard, on Central wharf. Mr. Iasigi was ahout 40 years of age, and at the death of his fisher (May 22, 1877), he was appointed to fill the post of Turkish Consul General, which his father had held for many years. He was also Treasurer of the Vassalboro' Woolen Mills for the pact three years. Mr. Iasigi was deservedly esteened by a large circle of friends. He married a canghter of Mr. Nathanici Walker of this city. His wile and two children were not on board.

Rev. Charles A. Rand, wife and young daughter of Havenhill and the entire native was on a

REV. CHARLES A. RAND, wife and young daughter, of Haverhill, and the entire party was on a visit to Mr. Frederick Rand, the youngest son of Mr. Feward S. Band, who resides in Florida. The Rev. Charles A. Rand, who was born in Dedham,

visit to Mr. Frederick Rand, the youngest son of Mr. Frdward S. Rand, who resides in Florida. The Rev. Charles A. Rand, who was born in Dedham, where his father resided for many ye man about 23 years of age, and after receiving a collegiate education was ordained as an Epicipal inhibiter and was rector of Trinity Church, Haverhill. He was a young man of excellent acquirements, and had a large circle of friends in Boston and other places where he has been settled since entering upon his profession. He was a son of Mr. Edward Sprague Rand, also lost, and was starting on a six months' tour in the South.

Mr. Augustus Harding, the second male of the steamer, was 21 years old, and was born within two miles of the place where the accident occurred. He, as well as nearly all of the officers and crew, was well acquainted, so his brother says, with every foot of the coast in that yielnity, and his brother is puzzled to know how, with clear weather and plenty of sea room to be had the vessel came to be so near the ledge, unless the buoy had dragged from its position. The mate is reported to be one of the men on the life rait, which may have reached Gay Head, but the probabilities are that the strong ebb tide carried it onto sea, where its passengers would either be swept off by the waves or would die from exposure.

FREDERICK L. HALE, of the firm of F. L. Page of the firm of P. L. Page of the firm of Parker, Hale & Co. In 1881 the present firm was formed. Mr. Halo lived in East Somerville and leaves a widow and three chilater from 9 months to 7 years in age, two boys and hall probability lost, had been in marked before the firm of Parker, hale & Co. In 1881 the present firm was formed. Mr. Halo lived in East Somerville and leaves a widow and three chilater from 9 months to 7 years in age, two boys and hall probability lost, had been in marked before the mass and on daughter. Mr. Cummlings was

known, and bis sad death will be mourned by the whole town. His body was recovered, and awars the arrival of the undertaker at New Bedford. Undertaker Graham of Hyde l'ark has gone to that city.

Mrs. James H. Beal, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Inez Beal, was on her way South to meet her husband, who went there about three months are in quest of health. Mrs. Beal had, since her husband's departure, been boarding with a sister at Mattapau, Miss Beal was about 18 years old, accomplished and very beautiful. Mr. Beal, the affitted husband, had for many years been a member of the firm of Lewis Coleman & Co., until his health compelled him to retire.

Henry L. Daniels and mother who were among the passengers, lived at No. 128 Haverhill street, Lawrence, and wore on their way to Jacksonville, Florida, Mrs. Daniels for the benefit of her health and the son to see her safely there. Young Daniels was a student in the State Normal Art School in Boston, and was to return to Boston inmediately after his mother was pleasautly located. Mrs. Daniels was about 46 years of age and the son about 18 years old.

Mr. James A. Merrill was a native of South Hampton, N. H., but has been a resident of Boston should be years of age and the son about 18 years old.

Mr. James A. Merrill Brothers, tailors, at 225 Washington street. He was a member of Mt. Lebanon Lodge of Masons, of Massachusetts Consistory, having taken the degrees at Springfield He leaves a wildow and live children, who reside at Linwood square, Roxbury.

Mr. Joel Nourse was formerly of the firm of Ruggles, Nourse & Mason, and was one of the original proprietors of the New England Farmer. He came to Boston from Worcester and was about seventy-five years of age. He leaves a son, Mr. Henry-Nourse, an architect, and a daughter who married a son of Governor Holbrook of Vermont. Mr. Nourse had retired from business, and has boen a resident of the Parker House for several years.

Miss L. Davis resided with Gustavus Andrews, No. 24 Fayette street, Lynu, and was on her way to

R A. M.S. was a civil engineer lately ed on the improved sewerage works of the Boston and on the Inland Railroad, and ler engagement to the United States Government to make surveys on the Savanniah River, ahout 20 years old, and his home was ou street, Boston Higlands. He leaves a mother and sister.

ERICK M. SARGENT of Merrimae was a builder hy trade, and a son of Frederick ent of that town. He was about 27 years, known as a steady and industrious workfe was going to Savannah for an opening ice of business.

N. BROOKS of Northborokkey

ne of business.

N. Brooks of Northboro' has been a member firm of Brooks & Colhurn of Northboro', he largest concerns in the comitry manning piano and organ stops. The firm was d. Jan. 10, Mr. Brooks's health necessists withdrawal from business.

HARLES F. JAMES belonged at Everett, he was a sen of L. K. James, a partner in his business. He was on his way to Florpend the winter, He was a member of Lodge, No. 36, I. O. of O. F., and served rding Secretary the past year.

LES F. Frost was a resident of Natick noe stitcher by trade, having heen foreman past two years in the factory of R. Hayes on account of ill health he was intending 1 several months in Florida. He leaves a und two childron.

HARLES D. BELL of Hollis, N. H., whose

HARLES D. BELL of Hollis, N. H., whose given as Ball in the first accounts, was a lo farmer and a pronlinent man in the afhis town. He was journeying South in the health. He was about 45 years or age was a widow and five children, the oldest lng 17.

ng 17.

D. Faton was a well-to-do farmer living on, Me. He was intending to pass the win-lis son in Florida. He was a widower, ormerly a Courty Commissioner in his

orge H. Kellogg of Fitchburg, Mass., printer, an ex-member of the Common and for many years Chairman of the le Senatorial Committee, He was a law of Alderman Edwin F. Leighton of

HEARER of Tannton was going South His father has identified the hody at ord, and will remove it to Taunton for

IAM C. BOARDMAN, a pantry-man, resided a parents on River street, Hyde Park, when the boat. His father and mother and sisters monrn his loss.

S. J. PINKHAM of Lynn came to Lynn wer, N, H., a few weeks ago on a visit to She was on her way to Florida to meet, who is a resident of Sanford, Fla.

H. B. KELLOGG, sister of the wife of Rev. ush of 9 Park square, Boston, A most es-lady, with a wide circle of friends in Bos-vicinity.

ANCE belonged in Londonderry, N. S., bound for Pensacola. Florida, to take a ship, Van Valke. He was about 20 and leaves a widow and one child.

LEVI LAWRENCE of Fitchhurg, Mass., In the Fifty-seventh, Col. William F. d was bonorably discharged Sept. 19,

ADE of Chelsea, who is reported lost, way to Fjorida to see her son, who is of an orange plantation.

THE LOST VESSEL.

the Finest Iron Steamships on the -Loss Thereon \$300,000-Captain t and His Record.

The Loss Thereon \$300,000—Captain at and His Record.

City of Columbus was one of the finest vesthe coast. She was built in 1878 by John & Son at Chester, Penn., for the Ocean hip Company of New York, to run between rt and Savannah. She was purchased by the and Savannah Steamship Company in Sep. 1882, and has since been plying between y and Savannah, making fortnightly trips mation with her sister ship, the Gate City. lumbus was built of iron and thoroughly in She was rated Al for 10 years, and 1.07 tons burden. Sho was 270 feet long of feet beam. Sho had passenger accomns for 84 first-class, 45 second-class. The steamship was insured at a lower rate yyossel on the coast. She was valued at yossel on the coast. She was valued at it is and insured for \$250,000, of which old is in English and \$80,000 in American les. The home Insurance is as/follows: Marine, \$30,000; New York Underwriters, Great Western, \$20,000; Phenix, India, \$5000.

In S. E. Wright, the commander of the yessel, is a seaman of large expended oxcellent reputation. He has been in of the City of Columbus since she was purply the line. He never mer with an accident of the steamers of the Boston and all line since 1860, He has been in of the City of Columbus since she was purply the line. He never mer with an accident any sort until Septembel last, when his fan down the barque Arthur C. Wade off the Shore Light at Nantucket.

Boston and Savannah Line has an excellent They have carried between 150,000 and passengers and no hife was ever before the success. F. W. Nickerson & Co. are the Eosten.

THE FATAL REEF.

e Devil's Bridge" Is-A Long Which the Sea Constantly

Devil's Bridge," on which the steamer s a dangerous, ragged reef, a large portheh is hare at low water. It juts out y Head promontory about five-eighths of and in southerly and westerly gates the ks over it with great violence. The reef owever, considered dangerous except in eather, because all salling directions warm mariners against it and because a plonty of room for vessels to

pass it. There is a black nun buoy on the northwestern extremity of the reef, in five fathoms of water. The City of Columbus had successfully passed the dangerous points which lie thick in the path of vessels traversing Vineyard Sound, but the last—and, from its location, the one least feared—proved her destruction. A minute or two more and she would have been in comparatively open ocean and free to shape an unobstructed conres for the Carolina coast.

LIEUT, RHODES.

The Humanc Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, whose representatives at Gay Head were so prompt and efficient in their efforts for saving life on the occasion of the wreck of the steamer City of Columbus on Devil's Bridgo on the morning of Jan. 18, has been busily ongaged since that sad occurrence in obtaining facts whereon to base action in recompensing services rendered and recognizing in a proper manner instances of heroism and humanity there displayed not only on the part of the people of Gay Head, but also on the part of the officers and crew of the revenue cutter Samuel Dexter. The following report was made to the

The Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, whose representatives at Gay Head were so prompt and efficient in their efforts for saving life on the occasion of the werek of the steamer City of Columbia on Devil's Bridgo on the worning of Jan. 18, has been busily onsages of the worning of Jan. 18, has been busily onsages of the worning of Jan. 18, has been busily onsages of the college of the Columbia of the Columbi

Before the first mentioned boat returned Mr. Pease dispatched simeon Devine for our lifeboat at Sombonocket. It was now about half-past nine A. M. At 10 A. M. the first hoat from the steamer landed with the seven men. The crew was very much exhausted, and it became necessary for Mr. Pease to get another crew, which took thirty minutes. The boat was again launched in charge of James T. Mosher. Postnaster of Chinark, with Charles Grimes, Leonard Vanderhoof, Thomas C. Jelfers, Patrick L. Devine and Peter Johnson of Gay Head. This boat left the shore at about noon. During the trip the men rescued and transferred to the revenue cutter Samuel Dexter (Capt. Gabrielson) as lollows: First time at the wreck, 5; second time, 6; third time, 2; total, 13 sonis. The boat was absent three and a half hours, retirrned to the boach, and was honsed somewnat lapured.

Lieut. John V. Rbodes of the United States evenue entire Dester, the braw officer who twice several contents of the Child States of the United States of the West, and on his second attempt incoeded in resembra Mr. Caleb Richardison of Soston, who died soon after being placed in the State is was appointed to the revenue marine service. He holds the rank of Second Liciteant, o which he was promoted to the revenue marine service. He holds the rank of Second Liciteant, o which he was promoted a tew months are of the Common with the Common will be undertaken under the authority of the United States Local Inspectors for Steam Vessels, Mesers, Andrew Burtham and Andrew Very Seels, Mesers, Andrew Burtham and An

Motley and B. W. Crowninshield, who have been the executive officers of the society for the last few years, the houses, boats, guns, oars and other property of the society are in exceilent condition. Indeed, its boats have been occasionally used by the United States Life Saving Service when their own crafts have been deemed unsuitable for certain contingencies. For throwing lines it uses the Hunt gun, earrying a lighter projectile, its rolving an entirely new principle, which is believed to be more efficient than Capt.

Lyle's gun, now used in the United States service. From July, 1882, to July, 1883, this society noticed and rewarded nearly fifty cases where life was saved or gallant deeds done. It conterred 20 silver medals and 20 bronze medals, the silver medals heing awarded where the rescuer risked his lite. During the same period It expended \$030 in rewarding those who preferred money to medals. The Society is not rich Its funds heing derived from grants from the United States Government and from the State of Massachusetts, and largely from the benefactions of private citizens. Excepting the Secretary of the Society was organized, This income, which supports about skyty stations, would not be sufficient to pay for move than two posts of the United States service. It is hoped that in the future its meens may be eularged by generous contributions from those who desire to and all hunnane societies. I and Ist the water Action of the humane society.

Acting upon these reports, the society, at a meeting heid Monday, voted to make the following awards:

To Joseph Peters, Moses Cooper, Samuel Harkius, John Vanderhoof, Samuel Anthony, Jas. T. Mosher, Charles Grimes, Leonard Vanderhoof, Thomas C. Jeffers, Patrick L. Divino and Peter Johuson, to each mau the silver medal of the society, "For gailant and successful efforts in saving 20 of the passengers and erew of the steamer City of Columbus, Gay Head, January 18, 1854," and twenty-five dollars.

To William S. James, a boat.

To Thomas Jeffers, Henry Jeffers, John Lula, Charles Stevens and Simeon Divine the Society's certificate, "For humane and intreple exertions in attempting to save life at the wreck of the City of Columbus, Gay Head, Jan. 18, 1884," and \$10 ACTION OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY. assisted and all numano societies.

Southbooked.

To Zacchaeus Cooper, \$5 for use of his horse to Southbooked.

To Zacchaeus Cooper, \$5 for use of his horse to Southbooked.

To Zacchaeus Cooper, \$5 for use of his horse to Southbooked.

To Zacchaeus Cooper, \$5 for use of his horse to Southbooked.

To East C. Pease, the certificate of the society. "For intelligent and extract of the lifeboats and earne for persons rescuel from the elecaner City of East C. Pease the passengers and cere of the society." For Intelligent and Sylver, Blidd C. Maybew, Benj. F. Maybew, William Walker and Cyrus C. Look, the Unione medial of the steamer City of Columbus, Gay Head, Jau. 18, 1884," and \$15 to each man.

Cooper, Mrs. Phoebe Cooper, Mrs. Charlotte P. Harklis, Mrs. Georgianna Powers, Mrs. Beulah Vanderhood, Mrs. Aliee Cooper, Mrs. Charlotte P. Harklis, Mrs. Georgianna Powers, Mrs. Beulah Vanderhood, Mrs. Aliee Cooper, Mrs. Charlotte P. Harklis, Mrs. Georgianna Powers, Mrs. Beulah Vanderhood, Mrs. Aliee Cooper, Mrs. Charlotte P. Harklis, Mrs. Georgianna Powers, Mrs. Beulah Vanderhood, Mrs. Aliee Cooper, Mrs. Charlotte P. Harklis, Mrs. Georgianna Fowers, Mrs. Beulah Vanderhood, Mrs. Aliee Cooper, Mrs. Charlotte P. Harklis, Mrs. Georgianna Fowers, Mrs. Beulah Vanderhood, Mrs. Aliee Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Problem of the Steamer City of Columbus, Gay Head, Jan. 18, 1884 and 362 Mrs. How the Steamer City of Columbus, Gay Head, Jan. 18, 1884 and 362 Mrs. How the week of the steamer City of Columbus, Gay Head, Jan. 18, 1884 and 362 Mrs. How the week of the steamer City of Columbus, Gay Head, Jan. 18, 1884 and 362 Mrs. How the week of the steamer City of Columbus, Gay Head, Jan. 18, 1884 and 362 Mrs. How the week of the steamer City of Columbus, Gay Head, Jan. 18, 1884 and 362 Mrs. How the week of the steamer City of Columbus, Gay Head, Jan. 18, 1884 and 362 Mrs. How the week of the steamer City of Columbus, Gay Head, Jan. 18, 1884 and 362 Mrs. How the week of the steamer City of Columbus, Gay Head, Jan. 18, 1884 and 362 Mrs. How th to West at daying It get all Said steamer City of Columbus, Jan. 18, 1804, on Gav. Head."

To Captain Eric Gahrielson, of revenue cutter Samuel Dexter, the society's silver medal, "for humanc efforts on the occasion of the wreck of steamer City of Columbus, Gay Head, January 18, 1884."

To such of his officers as he may designate the society's certificate "For humane efforts on the occasion of the wreck of steamer City of Columbus, Gay Head, January 18, 1884."

LETTER TO CAPT. GABRIELSON,

By vote of the society the Corresponding Secreand Let the motels Linish, ainds went too Stewing down hack hat By Ols 38:36 By vote of the society the Corresponding Secretary was directed to send the following letter to Capt. Gabrielson: Lang By Litz & 5" 250 The Captain Eric Gabrielson, U. S. Revenue Cutter Samuel Dexter:

Sir—The Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, recognizing the gallant and successful efforts of yourself and of the officers and crew of the revenue cutter Samuel Dexter in saving life on the occasion of the wreck of the City of Columbus off Gay Head, January 18, 1884, and destring to express its grateful appreciation of strivees rendered in the cause of humanity, has someting to express the grateful appreciation of severe special destributed among your grew in a doctor of the distributed among your grew in a slo votod to second Lieutenant John U. Rhodes, for herole oxiding the proposed proposed proposed proposed and of the society.

If there are others of your officers who, in your opinion, deserve speelad recognition, the society will, on your recommendation, transmit them its certificate commendation, transmit them its errice. To yourself the society has awarded its silver medal in warm acknowledgment of the prompt and able manner with which you discharged the duties imposed upon you by the sad event.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully, your objects your officers warms. I Content Warms.

Something About Title society.

Thus the Humane Society of the Commonwealth.

Thus the Humane Society of the Commonwealth. im the My and the Eastern tack to yeares at 10 AM) nd twent to Gasting The reduced to fifty-seven in number, and fy Colors 25. 24. 30



by be satisfactory to the Board. ne Kiangsi Province, just west of us, and were gence from the insurgents. A few days since reached us that they had appeared in great urgents.- We have recently received importall before them. Nine of the prefectures or be province are in their hands, and the gav-

> requires both men and means at the hands of the Church. Let them be forthcoming. letter of April 25th, 1856, dated at Fuh Chau: "Our THE FIRST CONVERT .- Rev. R. S. Maclay says, in

brethren of the American Board here baptized their art a way days since. He is a man of apparent

...dd. There are 824 foreign residents, of whom 88 a list of foleign residents has been earefully J. Roberts writes from Canton, April

R. WENTWORTS, under date of May 20th eners.-A month ago the report was current bels had taken the province west of us, and ACLAY, Superintendent. males. The population of Fong Kong now amounts are missionaries. This number only included the males 379; females 95, children 97. Mr. Roberts saw rebels have gained possession of Han Yang, a large fifty-eight rebels executed on the 23d of March. The "All that comes to notice is suggestive of coming The editor of the North China Herald remarks:

Yours truly a

half of the 1 sely 6

kingdera

he following items;

change in the empire, and there is but little to augur a long time to come." that any suppression of the rebellion will take place for DE THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL

aring for a descent upon this. Large num-idiery were gathered from the surrounding o this city in anticipation of their coming

s.-A few night's ago thieves had dug a hole

watchman raised an alarm, when they fled,

sion Rooms, in New-York, on

12th, at nine o'elock, A. M.

Other Church papers please e

n boatmen made a descent upon the shop of

arpenter, our church contractor, situated on after them curses and stones. Last week gh my garden wall before they were discovnothing has been heard of them of late.

> Henderson, a merchant who has a house in "I had also the privilege of a long interview He makes a happy reference to his visit

cutered. 1 do, mdoge, esc. God ni mese

tion, with notes of introduction to their missi sions; and he also most kindly gave me muel Rev. Dr. Tweedie, Convener of the Free Ch

20th of August for Calcutta, from Southa his advice about several matters. "We leave in a few days for London, a "We are all well, thank God.

Wesleyan Missions in the Madras District

"I also visited Rev. Mr. Hardy, late Chairn

Europe to you. When you next hear from probably be many leagues nearer to "This will probably be my last community

Missionary Committee will take place at the Mis-W ednesday, November statement to this effect—that, after your fittle had your fittle had your SIXTEEN YEARS' PERSONAL EXPER Rev. B. Rice, a missionary in the serv Missionary Society, at their late annimorning distinctly to deny the truth of missionary work in that land, I see Now, after more than sixteen years' I read some time ago, in an influe

nat enslav'st
ong, long, thy power is
Now I'll not drink any more.
Now I'll not drink any more.

Thou, thou, bringest me ever.
Deep, deep, sorrow and pain;
No, no, no, no, no, No, Yill not serve the gain.

Rum, rum, thou hast bereft me,
Home, friends, pleasures so swee
Now, now, forever I've left thee,
Thou and I never shall meet.
No, no, no,
Thou and I never shall meet.

Joys, joys, bright as the morning, Now, now, on me will pour; Hope, hope, sweetly is dawning, Now I'll not drink any more. No, no, no, no, Now I'll not drink any more.





Life let us cherish.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows, Touch not the deadly draught or it will close. The bird on water gaily sings, His onward course he lightly wings, The rose on water fipward springs, Let life be then as gay.

Hope let us cherish, while yet our life shall last, E'en till our life shall close hope is not past; The sun shall set at close of day, The flowers in winter die away, At morn and spring they are as gay;

Let hope be then as bright.

Joy let us cherish, till life with us is o'er,

Arunkard's joys, they mis'ry pour;

runkard seeks for bliss,

SOLLOW IS,



Away the Bowl.

Tune-Away, away to School.

Our youthful hearts with temperance burn,

Away, away the bowl;
From dram shops all, our steps we turn,
Away, away the bowl;
Farewell to rum and all its harms,

Farewell the wine cup's boasted charms, Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.

See how that staggering drunkard reels!

Away, away the bowl;

Alas the misery he reveals!

Away, away the bowl;

boul.

His children grieve, his wife's in tears!
How sad his once bright home appears!
Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the

We drink no more, nor buy nor sell,
Away, away the bowl;
The drunkard's offer we repel,

unkard's offer we repel, Away, away the bowl; ed in a temperance band, United in

We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand, Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.

Juvenile Glee.

Come join the Cold Water Army, Join us now, join us now. Come join the Cold Water Army, Join us, join us, join us now.

SISTERS.

Now brothers all, come at our call

even and eight o'clock in the ex use forsaken, and discovered out—he called for his wife and discovered nd sought them in vain he then eighbor's, who returned with his reighbor's, who returned with him to search or his family—and after his seeking for berg ome time. Mr. Utter stumbled over a leady lying in a foot path—it was his daughter. The monster, it seems, had overtaken his victim at this place, and ended her life by giving her several forrid wounds, with the edge of the averal forrid wounds, with the edge of the averal for the head and other parts of her body.—Mr. and his neighbor then returned to the hot seround which they prosecuted their scarch for Mrs. U.—they soon discovered 1 r. many led remains near the wood pile, a few hards f. m the house. Who need attempt to crib the feelings of the bereaved husband and fair ? with him to

HARRISBURG, Apr. urbed by a serious riot. A gentle Maryland had followed a runaway whom he had obtained information, absence of more than a year found. gentleman runaway slat absence of more than a year, found him in place and lodged him in jail. He was bre He' was br place and lodged him in jail. He' was by ug, up on a writ of habeas corpus; and after a hearing, in which counsel occupied most of the day udge Bucher awarded the slave to his master a great number of blacks had attended the in great number of blacks had attended the intestigation, and were mostly armed with club and cathelian exhibited some menacing appearance. pedrances. As a matter of precaution, naster the the hands of the slave; but a eft the court house steps, the blacks runiously upon him and attempted a resemble of the slave; in which a number of the combat ensued; in which a number of the ceived injury. In the squabble, one of the ylanders fired a pistol, after having received hlows from the associants and war but as landers fired a pistol, after having receveral blows from the assailants and woun the blacks in the arm. of subsided, and the slav c house, and secured. Resisting then slave

ken to a public house, and secured. A cake gathered about the door, and refter a ne another fracas took place. The co pence was, that the civil authority it tern ad about 19 blacks, were committed to probe court commenced its sessions on More of the grand jury found a "true bill," a of them. The trial lasted till We do ening, and yesterday morning the jury ening, and yesterday morning the juncted a verdict of guilty against twelve of an acquittal for

d an acquittal for four.

George Morris, Stephen Stewart,
illiams, George Moorly, Charles De
d George Hill, were sentenced to one

d George Hill, were sentenced to one ye prisonment in the county jail.

Peter Hains, James Simonton, Thomas Brohn Thomas and James M Clintock, were sentenced. aced to six months' imprisonment in the

jail. John Andrew, James Baker, F Francis Paul an

Jennings, were acquitte l.

Jennings, were acquitte l.

jam Groves, being called, did not

name. His bail, Ezekiel Carte

hame, about 50 y william Groves, being william Groves, being the frizzle pated black man, about 50 years, who owns some real property in ace, was then called and directed to bright the body of William Groves, &c. Whe pon Zeek stepped up before the court, in sorgitation, and the following dialogue ensued Zeek.—Yes, yes, massa—he in. Mr. Espellar—helping down a hogshead molasses alar—helping down a hogshead molasses he watch himsthere—Cau't get in the second court of the cou

recognizan

Judge.—Take care that you have him I mediately, or you forfeit your recognizationstable, go along with him and assist him Zeek started with his pose; but was the—Billy concluded that liberty was swe han molasses, and took to his heels; and n ur påder went to press, Zeek was yet in

Eleven of them, however, are safe; and derstand, that the good for the erection grand jury ap of a tread-mi appropr 300 employment. [P]Intells

an hour—when the enraptured mind far above this world of care and sorrow-the anxietics of life are banished, banished, n the The anxieties of the are banished, indinot a thought disturbs the soul's deviction. When sweet tranquility pervades all nature, and the soul drinks ber fill of happiness. But 'tis not in the brilliant hour of morn, When nature wakes to life—and all is gay; The mind is dissipated by the varying scene, and ill enjoys the calm of contemplation. But when mild Evening sheds her And all is hushed to silence—and s her purple ray, -and the toils over-and the voice of mirth Resounds no more—and through all nature's works
Reign peace and quiet—touch'd by the melting scer melting scene The heart expands, glows with philanthropy And gently heaves the sympathising sigh. Passion is hush'd to rest—and Virtue only Reigns in the heart in the still hour of even. Soft on the enraptur'd ear the music falls Reigns in the manual state of the music falls Soft on the enraptur'd ear the music falls Of the Whippoorwill, that sings the day to rest. Bright through the encircling trees, the silver lake, The mirror of the skies, shews its fair face, And each meandering rivilet is bright With moon-light glory: Turn thy eye to hea And view the countless suns of other worlds, Rolling in order through the fields of ether, Proclaiming to the ear of Faith, the name C. the Almighty.—O peaceful scene!
Cold is the heart that feels not thy soft influence. Even Affliction's self sooth'd by gazing, and she feels that life, and she feels that life, and she feels that life, and the clouds of sorrow and misfortune, not eternal—that a kindred evening fast approaching, when her aching head is fast approaching, when her aching he hall slumber sweetly in the peaceful garden and Tall the bright morning of Eternity, and when the toilsome day of life is o'e Shall etui grave, And when the toilsome And death's long night And death's long night approaches—at this hour back to its Gorl, I would resign my breath, and calmly sink to sleep—the peaceful sleep of death FOR THE OBSERVER. BU NKER HILL MONUMENT. Raise not the Column large and high; No dee p foundation need be laid; Here Freemen's bones in quict lie, Distur b them not, by vain parade. How many ways the money, spent To raise that lofty Mohument, Might be expended to increase The sun of human happiness? Ir ancie int times, a tower was huilt, an af ter the first blood was spilt: What ollowed need not now be told. The language was confounded then; And his it not confusion now? What 's honor, glory—called by men, But pride, and murder, and vain s you ald not derogate the cause, In which our Fathers bled and died; at love our liberty and laws; Ye t hate all ostentatious pride.

Rais e not the Column, large and high, A plain low pillar may suffice To show where Freemen dar'd to die, V here proud Invaders strove to rise

ODE TO SPRING.

BE NEATH the leasless oak I stood, And listened to the moaning blast;
The roaring of the distant flood,
Told of the storm that now was past.

When from the south advancing slow, A form of beauty-caught my eye, I saw her tears in torrents flow, And from her lips burst many a sigh.

she view'd with shrinking foar Twas SPRING-The frozen stream, the larren plain, The joyless vale, and forest drear, Press'd beneath the Tyrant's reign.

oft she stopt and look'd behind, With wishful eye to southern field.
Where vines are round the green oal
And every grove its music yields. oak twin'd

But fate's commands must al! obey And still advanc'd the weeping fair, Vhile every sigh that forc'd its way, Pour'd heavenly fragrance on the air.

And soon she notic'd with curprise,
That where coe'er her tear drops feil,
Straightway the sweetest flowers work.
And bloom as though by magic speil. Pleas'd with the sight she raised her eves,

That long were fix'd upon the ground No toupest foul deformed the skies. tream, the barren plain,

Winter's reign. groom of

Also, a luge stock of Silver Ware, Spoons, Forks, Butter Knives, &c. Tea Spoons as low as \$1,35, the silver warranted Finger Rings, &c., of diamond, opal, urquois, garnet, &c., al the lowest prices, and warranted to be equal to any sold in the original con- | mental and Uscful Articles is exposed. Britainnia and Plated Ware, of the alf a dozen gra- HALL. A very extensive and e. cters, with a trans- | 170 CONTINUE ONE WEEK quality, sold at a small advance on * Cooper, (London,) Tobias and R. to be equal to half dollars. Co., closes vol. 1. It is em-2, "Steps to Ruin, No. GAZINE, for December, recember." There are the other is a view of "The Skin Lodge" ii Chief." Among the writers are utiful engravings: No. 1, "ely, if ever, seen a more exquisite Fash-'sitely finished, especially "The Trounoted up in all its original beauty and worth. antitat for December. The engravings, , a truant for some time from our table, has HAM'S MAGAZINE.-This fine monthly, r, Mrs. J. C. Neal, &c. &c. TOWER MOUNTES. C. M. Kirkland, Caleb I SEARS' NEW PIC December. We hav receipt of this cherr agents for this city firkin, or a bucket, for onght I know." 'I don't know, sir, you may be a tub, or a ke 'Sir, am I not a little pale?'

A. S. Harvey, Miss Sedgwir's

SIN III SIL RIII

THE CHEAPEST ASSORTMENT

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and the public prime, wherever the broad founds both old and new, for now from the order's affecting the confidence, to require a given for the restore of new forms. the propling to the support.

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To those who are acquainted with the Marson sending FIVE NA.

To those who are acquainted to the device one of the constraints of the device of the device one of the device of the device of the constraint of the device of the device of the constraint of the device of the device of the constraints. chain his continued exterence, or the tricks of pa

Publisher to know, that the universal approbation of seful Knowledge against diout, have not with the universal that found its attention to release against

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not, we will make a mer to anothe one, and v find himself the owner design of this work was a notific one concerns weather the owner. to that chast of faitzens whose circurstar IND control to that the sending the subscribe design of the worn vehicle for conveyin leather binding. It was intended as a vehicle for convenience. containing more than PHOTORIA of the Events and Sc.

Marginal Reference One copy of the MA ars. The Book of AVO been receiv-

of the Car lefts, edited l. it ion, with engravings by the first ar The above English Annuals for

her of Ladies of the City and County,

HISTORY OF THE nent Oneens, and tho

One copy of the







many carrie Det 14th Jan-inthey I in Builing and Mis. Sight and many Binds Middle and ...

a gate from My by to the implay I in.

Staming dawn out and Isting Thooks hat By Dec 13th) in Bailing and Thaming thous West by too .
Thooks heavy gates and a tremendous Se.
Modele and I gast hast have maderate implanting harby this Thes 16th of a heavy sweeth runing to South. at a from Sau eine Phast a Mr. get Start implayed in Bailing and Stauring daw at 12 M & finished Pailing Nest part a gate hunselay havit with Ithing winds and rainy Det 14th Simpley in Flowering down bill a Van Whates Chart Cauld nat get of at & alight fit the Papsoids Steening Lypan at & alife furtinds too and drawd from all

Some and Chast 4 11 Whates fastend too and hast the Withate t Knight Thankend Sail by an the Narthern Their to IM Jaw Mhales to rundewand tack. Lat By als 38 208 Loung By Goford 25:24 ams with Istmany Guinds from South at I Names I e Beats and Chast a Mithale Cald not git to hay hooking parting throthe the inand & & hades fastend and Kilds are at to tack their to not Comes Cuting Lat Dy aly 38 10 ems Husth Thrang ruinds fram harthe wholay, in litting at 2 % on finished the fane Taysails and Steine of to South unhales Chart Could not get feet In and Cams Barling at charlight set all seil Lat By als 38:29 Leang By Ching 25 2 29 245

Deeplet an the bustern lack at a rease sing Sunth at 4 Jour Allhales fastend and Kilds took him to the Things If took in all Paid him. next Brain I lupsuit und. Have Suit het the % along Side three the Knight simpley, I in Bailing at is finest. Lat Dy hang Sigo Isresday Cams with Strang wings from Marth Edic 927 (under schent sail simplay) in Bon Stanning dann ail Shiddle front to down nathing of nemant Middle and thest y at 8 Am ruane Ship to Marth Lat By Ol Lang By toth Medinesday 6 ams mith a gale from West 1. Pose 237 Of under shart Suit implayed in and stanningdown bill in the a Middle frast the Jame last front have no the All and Misen hat Dy Obs 38:19 h. Theresday Cames with Itmany ruinds and pheasand be 24th of finished Builing Caapend the ails &C. Middle and last past Much the in Staning damen ail

ins with a gules from 1'41' by to I'll under hast sout in play, in stanning dawn ail I dest part Strong minds and thick. pag I deting up Shoots Later By als 3 8 29 with rain of under shart sail to Jys en el member of Birts and Whate feed Thong gate from My to MEnnand maderate and think ruether Jan three Whales nat git fast hat By als Lang By Ast s with Strong winds and thek feel at 1 /h This to West impolared in Cheaning Derand Ting up Shooks Briste hast a heavy gate by the West that that theire Maderate g and heavy rain Ma Gels to West under shart Sail hiddles spart "twind Shighed to South Nast spirit turing Esist to ISM imphayed in Cheaning Dean Lat By Als 38 450 Lang By Colity 25:33:150

E hee 29th (under Thank said infolay) in Cles Sam at munher of hinas fut no tuha Middle and dast want thick and rainly by to Mednesday Some with thisk rainy wether and buildle opent much the Same Hest front Mane moderate Set the Payseils & Il Saw Two Bankers Lang By &. Lang By &. Dec 31 th Steering Sil Saw Mathing of remarks of Shartends South by Rnight at day the Tapsails Steend South the wind of Mill an heat Dy Lang Dy E Enday Came with Anisk winds and thick January 1st MM MM Steening South Some many Whates simplayed in Ships duty Middle frust land last spart the Same at & & Withhale fastend and Kild thin at y took him and Counst Puting 30

Buting at 3 finished und ment to Builing a mare Ships to Marth under Shart Sail Nost spart theavy Squass and as leavy swell and Ships oflinged into it with grate rialunce fram hope to Santh of an the Landand tack hat Dy Obs 40 42 hang by Phrs. 25° 109 Cams thisthe Strang gales and squaly twellers involve in haiting by to West under Schent If the Same dast Great Mane maderate Set at a a he spinisched painting hat Dy obs 40228us mithe hight airs fram South and pleasant ther theane Ships to EDE Set all Sail Sam many s ful me Whales hiddle that Colm' Thrang gales from North Steered South at 11 AM and have too heading lAR No Obs Dy Ast 41:00 In Staming Janual with Long I The 25:30. zuns with a heavy gate fram North by to EME nder we Chart neeft Main Taysails and staysails . Huether thick and vering at 4 the Murinds hauld to and the nucleur fair at at daylight Set cell Saul I I at a Jaw truckator fastend and Kilds true at 12 took

January 6th (implay I in leting at 8 p Me fines: Whate and took in the throat & hips. and Sarke dann took in all Sail It daylight Court Cuting agains at 8 finished and lar Set the Sileh and Minen Laterly Obs 40 hange 2. thursday deine with light winds and pleasan Jan 7th Simpany in hailing and seting up Mendelle and last spart hight ruinds Huether haplands in hailing and fleeting than Lot Dy br Jane 8th (W. Whater simplayed in Trailing falling. Till troom middle & last hast light twinds twether simpley I in haifing and staining down Saw the What Cald not git fast lat By & Spatrasveller Comes with light winds from the by Sam 9th (under Thast Saids simplay, I'm Mailing -ne bil a grate number of Sinds in Si Middle and Nest spart light swinds and of

mis militing - your asth implayed in staning down air 4. The Sum and Willhale fastends and Kilds him It to the Ships took in all Suit and set wet and fatugues, Meddle short Theory name " Hunder & hightoning it daylight thether fair Last Dy Ofes 40:41 Lang Py AP- 24:50 Cames with a gate from AMI by to SWHy yes At to the wave This to New suplay I in niting sating up Thooks Sam are HV Alhabe ick to rundwards a grater number of Directs in Shook and aller Sales hot By als 40:16 Lang By the 25.120 barns mith hight minds and pleasant wells t, the Be more Ships to South t thent Itrang gales from South at 11 finished Backing Comes with Strong winds from MIN implay? In Stawing down and S.G. Middle and last iast much! the Sume implayed in Stewing Daniel (40:42) Lang By Ols 23 1502 In Dains & Dayly

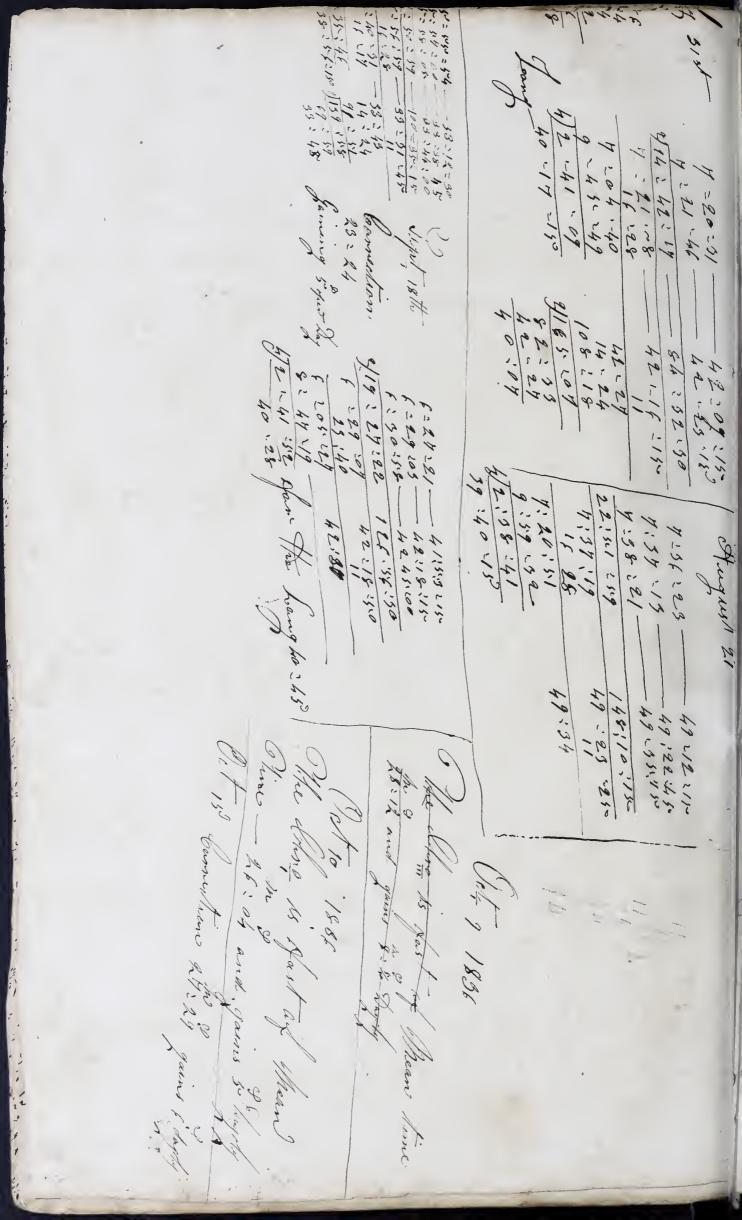
Jan 14th f to the the are a swinds simplify in and Leting up Shooks a grate number of Sight fout no Whates Briddle and last feast Strong Som South by an the SH tack as thick stag and Lately Ob horse Lange Hriday Coms with a gate from North attend; Jan 15/1) rainy wither at & fithe the wind Shift, Throne Ships to North a Meany Swell and Mid-la p Ship to Thy Me Lat By Chang Lang By Who Janu 16th at 2 took a square doubtle neight the I but fu Birds and no Whates Middle and Mast spent a gale ofnam West Lang Dy c Tunday Jane 17th Coloms with Anish ruinds ofram When at 1 Set the hopsoils doublite neight La At knight shartened Fairls at daylight set daws. Playsaids and Courses at & a Me Steend of to Sty very by de

at 4 tout in the Reposits at 6 finds the Faresuit at dayshight Set the Perpraise daulabe neeft at 8 ind waste & Mil at noon the hat was 41246 James with Strong mind from West Theering Silly Sure a number of Disids furt no Whales neldle and last front a gate fram West by to how the thought at y to the Steened at to East hat Dy les 41:19 Lang By Sohna 21227 Clans with a gale from West Steering East. under Schart Sail at thought those too theading North - daylight set all Guil Steering & Ith Lat By Obs 40:46 Lang By Office 20:04 Camps mith plinish ruinds from West and My North Steering & It simplayed in Mending its &. C. at knight sheetends Sail to It ight at destight theird of to Illy & at is have too Let De Obs :41 :04 is with a garle from My by to All under Ships in Sight hat Dy als 40:34

Jana 23? Sty to North al gale ifrance Lat by Blis 4 Lang Dy dertist 14 Turnday Cains with hirst ruiness and pleasant land 24th & Steering it I'll at 1h Mes? Separke the Ship, Hanable & hinew Took with 1300 libbs Lat Dy Ms Lang Pho 14 hang Dy Sohre. the Shore being The two far to the ruest - rwhich gives the law 36:12 to be Substract of fram the Color Pline and gaining i dayling Manday Junes with fresh gales from Sarth Steering land 25th at & Sharting Said to ME 3 Ships in Figh, middle and fast sport the Same Leat Sy Lang Dy bis Tuesday benns with a gale from West My 1. Jan 26th Junder Shart Sails Horse Ships in 9. Middle and last don't mane Mader. Let all Sail to Al Ahe ruether thack and name Firsteen Days since we took a Whate there being in giting any mare and d'am menadred to try the ance Mane May God gide us in the way Let 39:30 hong

In towns this Strong gards Green Parthe at Knight of Thereigh Shortend Sail Middle fast the Same to thank Mare Maderate Mane Ship to My L. " Impraids danstole need Steen Myly & Hand Lat Daly 39 15h D. Lecuna Lang By define 13: 90 remoter single neeft Paysails and Silds Fam a plenty of Dinds but no Milales That that much the Same at 10 a Mh Saw the pristands En. accura harring NE Dit 40 Miles Latily als Que so ams ruith Strang gardes from Wist Steering be they to at Thought Sharten Sail to Narth tand having East Dist 20 thises at day hight ins much Itrang winds from West they are and ? He Hand at & W M went and Shave the a neight of bank for water swinds Arreasing are from the Marth have and a Lear and Metich quested the realt newpe and Besets that I best potestores

ANCHARLOTTE



by 5th Meddle and Mast part the Same at & look as Luned als Muhich give the La Lang By 6 inday Cany with light airs and spleasant wither with at hoon spake the Thip Theretes 2000 dals of Lat By 6 Tuesday All these strains straining thinds from the the sat y grane Things to Sift More that the hat is hat is hang - By di Rednesday Cams with Frang Huinds from South here 8th Sity an the Mistern trok Moderle and in Thight thinds and Cloudy Misther Fam nothing Thrumsday bonn, with hight airs and pleasant wether?

Time 1th & heavy swell and speake the Shrips Java how

thinks soo that's air soo of rupich is sopene he

Lang Ine 10th Sturing It the per Camp saw at number of that the Whates

Long By Show 120. The Her at hours birisk runds and pleas The theod at hight Shartends at day hight Set all Fail at Lat By Pos 12. 4) All these 24 hours thisithe ruinds and pheasant If nuther at 1 ph the Sealer Jaan De Maria Treaming Elys Auis to My MI Lat By Oh 16:11
Lang By Orhna 41:38:50 at Knight Thurstend Swil to West at daylight All these blothauss thousek Minds and pleasun, day light steened at to NN M hut By Of 15:21 Long By Marg 4/203 Claims Mithe Minist rounds and theaseunt thether get to the Saw the Hand Theuring MAM My San Thankend sail they thought - It went at daylight set all sail at wind Mosenshepue histage in sight Theere Staff hat By fly . 14: 40

Tune 28th Strong My IV Middle sport the sound upon the Bay at 19 M & Come to I'M Muster sin the manning thank an' Thane Wednesday Clams thirth Night airs and Calm Amer? Anew and But up the Day af Tironan at 10 Came to with the thest hower thisth so the Mrs at is of a Mild from the reef Fand and Scholes the Faint Treasing & Mily M Manday & bams north linsk minds and opheasant Or I tothe) & a Mr took the Annan and Thook and No all Said Set to the thest advantage Lindy & Mil Distance 1x. Insessan All Mese 14 thours hight thinds and Det 11 th Sail Sail set Steering In Smith G Lat a Wednesday All these 24 thanks think theines and ofleasas Let 12th (Theines N'E Steering I M all Said set to the thest advantaged
have "ane Hinhack the mether incheing mann hat By digles is heset the things that these gails have nute thy this

Threstelde spart Strang Minds Kram Sil & Santho last that hight airs gram the Same & Studding Pail and Chrast the yards at day stiget And Comsent and the thether haw heat Buts 18:36 t to NW heaving Dy deline, 58 2950 All Mese 24 hours May Strong Winds from III Theoring Ith thy Mat & Pith tacke things to Shiff & It of the tooks Schip to Sty Silver Lang By Colors 58234 It to South hands By Mis 19200 Holl there 14 thours August Theinds from Style Theening at tanked Ships to Se at 8 the twinds how me This to SMI at 1. a Me tack, I Think to Edic Lat By 2/3 21:00 Lang By Sh 38 258 Il these 24 hours light airs from It at 4 th the 'And Phish to Pall are Brig in Sight Steering 1. Saw nathing of remark in the Phish Ame Lang . By Eva: 38 202 Lang Br doping 37 2/44

It ithe I can nathing of remark was " by whop is, Jet 18th Set to 22 Steering Sout all Sail Set Day Lang Dy Chs Wednesday Kams This Hight Heris from NE. Pot 19th Sat 1 fathe the mind thewled to Styl on at h a the took but the have & think hapson dast grant a pringin Stanno by to Fil No Who hat a Oct 20 th Should to Stay & more I Ship to IMfy, Heriday All these 24 Thours Strong thinds and So, 41 114 Shartend and Mode Sail as macian required hat Patriorday All these 24 hours Anish winds and you Not 227 Saw Several Puntrantes quinds East Steining &

with Saw nathing of remark Lat By less 34 hang I before 34:16 Camps Musthe Might airs and at Theory Sweet muning to the Me Mind Manying all naund the Campage hang Dy Colore 32 200 ins tegetet airs from I'll at I the Guind Phipled Selling the ry to Is a under Solast needs at a took in and Maison Payesail and need to the Hanesail Mane Madewate the Squary with heavy main Set the day All these the hours we thank stone Aram Papsails dureing the 24 hours a wary high Lea and Alhatraus, and wither Jainie Birds Alging aver of the thation Experience? a Atrang Journant seting Yout By Us 29 843 Lang By Whoma 33 20 in See mader That Sail It Hes Mink and rain All these 24 hours en starm from Sylo I to Se under Shart Fail, at many high Seal and heavy Squeeds of vain , So To

Of Det Strend Sypo all Sail Set Lat By G. Menday Came with hight ains and palm of Botto Middle Thank Strong Munds and Squaly Dandolds The Payesails latter part the Mind laten many; arses took in the Sible and Spanker hat Dy Bls hiand Dy destine. Conday Cames with Strang ruinds from Sty by to Sile Wet 31st & Middle Part hight ruinds were Ship to Sill " Set at 1 All took a huner of rushick give the Lang. Lat By Als Tuesday land 1st Clams with Anish Kinds Anam Lottle Steering ups of the Proposits that Fast a pringer Starm from a hat I Wednesday bams with a Stanm from Ist Hening is how his sat of the Mr.c gail incressed to a purple ... took in the Stanbard Baat the Ships head? took in the Stanhand Baat the Ships head! To his under runter the brink Steene him haily at a the Misth a theory Sea are notich throath wer the Strip. I himed dightfrings thering Othunder and turnance of I the This of the fane the Sweet hand By Chine

I hime the Steering Mat at a Saw that the rusing in hawling round to the thest wand a thereny thank of own a lang that quater with lightning took in all Said &. to Jel Theany Squarts Misth nain Mighthing & Mind Mr. w at dylight the ruther Mane fair It the Paysail's Colors that by to Narth at 10 at the Manc Schips to Sty Lout By Ales 33 200 Lang By cloping 31:54 All these twenty four thours Ithoung gails from West My No South under three needt Haysails, yunghen Shart the dawlible this Cape of the nat Knaw Lat By Ohs 33:33 Lang By Copie 3/2:14:15 All these Cams with Strang gail from Mest at 4 / Me Mare Maderate Set all Juil Mane Ships to N; to theare Shirts to SME Thawing almost a Sanno My 12 him under at three meet Main Topsails and Stagsails i ever new hefere et this season of the year. hang by Ship 3h:10=00 Lang By Luner 31:49:15 in the tarners at 12 Mr. Ro. carm Last By lets 33 " Land By Star 3/21

Most shart thing of the at to with took on Sque Dept bolast must the Paysails Lang By Chr. 29: 50 Missing Sums mith thand gails from WIM by to Saw In 8th & at 4 1/2 the trane Phip to Will get the . Mainsand Mast part Calm line Bartine . hat By all hang By Colore Sedmesday Cames with a Calm with a cheany Sweet.

and It & Maiddle sport Strang gails from life I took is

last hant Strang gails from English took is and Misien Happgarla. It Sails and Have tay Mar Steering hat By Oh Long By Solmo Thursday Cours mith Strang gails from Edde Steering Mist at & tack, I Ship to It il Lat By Wes 35: 42 Lang By Kolore 24216211 Freday Cames with thrist winds from West at & youth any 11th & hander to ISE Steen West Clark recht the Hatters frast have moderate Shook aut the neights & Set the Claysqueant Sails and Steering Perils hat By Gh 36 Lang By Chang 2124

initiage "Middle sport Bush the June tather frant light theinds from NIM Steering Illian a mi hat By Phs 31 444 hang By Chro 19:31 bounds thisto Strong quits from Westward Hight Sell at o place to the Ship to All hatter speart hight with main hat by this 31:43 Lang By D 18:47 Il. These 24 thours Nigolt ains from PM Steering Mily W Jan Many Birds and fintworks Whates
experienced a way Strong Courant Seting West

Lat By 219 36 153 ams theith Strang theines from North by un the Mestern to & of the Saulithe neight the Papsails tooks in the Sible Spanker at he mane Solvings to My hat By Whs 36 2010 hang the 1502/19 Lang By Chry 1128 All Hiere 24 hours Missills Buind from South Steering us Fires ine finhack Whale Lat By Hes 35-214 The Copie 25 14 and Gains Frank (Loung By Da 14:13=45° Lang By Da 14:13=45° Lang By Da 14:13:45°

I fast spart the Same at is with Spake the Burgu New Bedderd with you Spenm six Withhale No Bles ? Vary 29th (Schartend Sail more Ship to Mystry ?) Lang By W. R. 9:50 Midnesdery Comes Mish brish Minds and Squarty mether by an Mish Sant Sant Set the tay sails Spake the Ship Sat of Jahun mith 1800 the 35. hang By Chro'18 2 List Same matting of memark of Ofes Like Some mathing of semant Me als Patenday Games with dight airs and calm Middle from Deg By Start yourt a Pliste air from West Men Do W. Lang By Wohang B hat By Oys

Middle fast the Same last part thinish minds from My M Steend you Saw Hump Mach & Kinhacks & Birds at By Oh's 36:04 Lang By Sohne 9 12/130 at 5 yr. M. wore which to My Same na My Allals

Shift to IDE Same many Phinhacks
Same na My Allals

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Laty of Greenpart & My Males hang By Many 10 201:30 All these 24 chains Itrang ruinds and opteasant that the Same une It I Whate going quick to Giffs to Ships to at 4 tack Ships to still atte M. H. Mane Ghips to hat By less 36:450 hang By line 10 ing Muse 24. haurs hirisk thinds from Mostly and the When tack at & tack Shife to News at 12 M. Sto. e Ship to SPM at day hight Set all Suits ing liss he seast appearance of any multing Comeing That and Trouscoan

last part light wins and Calm Saw no What. IMMARIN Coms with Strang gails from IM Streed to so the Same last part hight airs and Calm to the Same hat By ales on Lang By Strang 2004 Sonday Champs with Itrang gails from Narth Steering les 12th to Steering the Ship to Steering have Ship to St. Hand Misser Ship to St. Lang By Chron 8 203 Thresday beams think Startety twinds from twest by I Steering be 15th on a maderate Sut last plant part hight airs 316 Years Comesday Sams with Sight airs from I Mat of 14th Ship M Middle and last that hait ! Mississellis Came thiste think thinks from Nash.

Dec 15th Of St an a think at a With tack to

at again took I to Whit Houdand Carris Knish Anish Huinds and Isleasant hull.

Der 1th Steering Hust are at Hind at 9 All Saw this

Cohast Cauld nat git fast Lat By Ching 14

ening West ein at Whint Middle & Mass, span ? It I a M. theore Ship to S'M saw & chast are

"Histories Charles and get fast Lat By als 58:04.

Suttons Chione the never to return Suttings Chione the never to return have Shall the May Gaaldins und. All these a4 thouses thinist therings and ofleasunt the then saw and chast seneral All the hoter Caula nat get it at Ringht Sharter's wail at 12 M have Ship at day hight Let all Sail to IM an a Hund hat By als 34:31 Lang By Mohs- 1:530:30 Eas All these 44 hours Itrang Turno's from North at & a.M. Meane Phip to North for By als 38:20 have By Interior que last This of the Sturing It I'll an as theirs all Sails Set to Lest advantage Baune for It Sielena histh " sich this estates Lines The flet

Jane natheng by nemanth Patrinday (Aluste Schams Mith Strang gails from All Sturing with Middle and last hast history by memark hat and pleasant withen Saw nathing by remark hat I amy (9) Sunday Cams with hight thinks from South Strend Steen South Strend Strend Soll hast fair fair Land By Change and havers strong thinks from Est change and memory have hat By bly 2, have the sun of the sun 11 18 Stary All There 24 thouse the Mondes from Se Steering Lat 26-4 Wedstesday All these 24 hours Sirist trades from Il. Sec 28th all fail. Set to the Sust advantage Lat By Lang By & Mourisday All these 24 thours linish things and your see 19th Sturing Nasth Lat By

I de sillenne ville ov. Jaws nakling, fa semaste hat By D. P. 50.40:00 Jam nathing let nemante haut By all 9:03 Last By Als 9:03 Lang By And 7 1519:45 Saw nathing of hemark thinds and twether fair Lang By lots & 10 20 1/2. Saw nathing of nemant hang By John 12:54 All these twenty faunt thours thrist Trades Fram SE Steering Will at is the Me strand of the I the Dist is Miles hat By ales & 1: hat By ales 8:13 ung By Color 14:40:

Mension of Mestern Lite and that ment lite and Hedresday Con swith right airs and Cat. March 9th Sharting Some mathing of nemen Miche The dast hast hight rinds implay in Stamming Parum with Long By Office Loung Dy Bir Instally barrish the state from Sant South airs and Sant State airs and hat spect light airs and hat Marcho 11th summer & findable spart the Same at 1. Jalurdan Come with light new do and Thereson March 12th Pan Several prempoteertis and 67 Middle and test that therists minis at 12 M. R. Huane Shirts in at day hight hat Het all Sail

Me sweether fairl and She sweether fairs and me sushars when and that that That Thomas theirs from Jauth all South Mening Illy at The Abs 25 254 Land By Act 43:00 is mithe a gate from Puith Theiring Sety & at 2 /r. Mr. Daw adher of Aper Mhales spatend

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the history he may be medically the strength of may have

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main hand, I a good was of I sugar him being to may have

rept the Main the mood of I sugar have got in source and hand

and Mark Madder again where of them was seriously hard.

My de Marin Dy Min. Leans mith thrisk thinds from Styl Steering. It by at thingst Their tend Sail and mare This Last of mean Time 1:00 and gains 6 9 days Lat By Dr 25 48 hang By Loty 43 2150 30 Danis with light ines and Colon at a 4 Me as therese Ifring who at Mily Deterned & Why Her 4 1/2 the Saw a Thout at Whates Cald net the black at To Ath Saw St. augustteens

The 1914 and squaly with rain Thursing or Lat By 4. Lany By de iday (The 30th Sams with Strong gates from Mest Si. Hunds frame I'M steering Me My M implant in. Lat By So March 1st Thund Ith Steering Mil Saw ane to the Milast mand thiddle and they Estean and pleasant implayed in lanting Toats Mednesday / anch 27 Come with brish ruinds and fifee Iteming little all Traying said & intelle and tast spent Itrang gales from South the March 32 Steering AM Modelle and Sast span the Same Saw a This Steering Mills

advantage Lacks and alherons fallowing the Ships side that light wins last part Calm Leat Dy Glos 26: is with hight airs and Calm implayed in 's duty Middle and last yeart the Same 4 3 The Saw a School of Whater Spenn there their we stand the Suits to All they & at dayshight the Ity gat Soutedast and Samed the Boats fastend There suffer and so takeing them to the Ship? 50 Lang By Act 42:10 is with hight ares from South simplay? in ing the Whates I to the Phips at & Counst Cuting hed and took in the Gaddy of one kuhale they buy is the Knight at daystight loans Perting at nown I the whate went to training the Case hat Dy Als 250: 301 Long By Chan 42:39 ms with Anisk winds and squares wether sniplag ing and Bailing the Case at to finished finder the Hoy Santhe Set the mater. Same snighterf in Fass. sails and Mane Sthiff to dust went much the heat Boales 25-240 hand The Short 42 98

Minder and Marianing for morning From It. Steering May of and hours linish and ane Schoo Steering too Easterand Dames With Right Hounds Fram SE Ster Whiddle yeart thind East and l. S. ?? ast shart thunds last Lat By Ole hans By Shing Sams Must diget airs from E. S.E. Steering S. middle front theind Ithe & squarly thather t that Much the Same hat By frist Alos Lang By (D) 30. 940 hang By Supra 31:03:30 Sams with Strong trades from NE Steer. hat By Chief so Lang Dy disting All Mese at hours that Strang In In

The third, which we'de Saw nathing of remark hit All these twenty James hours Thomas strong I'll Steering Willst Saw nathing of nemark Except flying fish in abunance hat By Saw neething wy nemark hat By Lang By C I All these therenty faux thours this advantage Saw nathing of remarks water. Impolar, In Phips duly hat De John with and pleasant huther are thatter Strips duty hang. By Arsday All these twenty faun hours it the thest advantage Lat & o hat & Daw nathing of remark heang By Linds the Example all well will main



